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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Vol. IV. No. 7. Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1936. PRICE 3d. SYDNEY

Spinning Wheel

Recalled to hearts that are battered with life
In the clamor and stress of to-day
Are thoughts of a girl whose tranquil repose
Is the grace of her old-fashioned way.

Even to think down the years that are gone
(Spinning our hopes as the linen strands)
Brings us the courage that calmness imparts,
Dreams that were spun by a woman's hands.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

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MARGARET DARE *Finds Romance* and A CAREER

Leading Role in Zane Grey Film Should Open the Door to Stardom

HOW SHE GOT CHANCE

Opportunity in a very big way has opened up for Margaret Dare, 23-year-old Sydney girl, who has been chosen as leading lady in "Rangle River," the film which is being made in Australia from the story by Zane Grey.

She will play opposite Victor Jory, famous Hollywood star, who arrived in Sydney on Saturday last.

Not only a career but romance has come early to this decidedly attractive young Australian. She is not long married to Mr. Jimmy Wentworth, radio singer, known as Jimmy Dare.

It is a happy augury for the future married and professional life of this young couple that Mrs. Wentworth has chosen as her screen name the professional name of her husband.

MARGARET DARE'S sudden leap to fame will capture the imagination of the public. She has been given her big opportunity and if perseverance, grit, and personality can achieve anything, she will win her laurels.

Lots of girls have pretty faces, slim figures, and attractive manners. More is needed, however, to sustain success, and it would appear that Margaret has the necessary qualities to do so.

Beauty is hers, and personality. In addition, she has the will to win, or in more modern parlance, she is "a trier."

She has achieved outstanding success posing for art photography, and has done extensive mannequin work. She has posed for The Australian Women's Weekly, and one of the studies for which she posed appears on this page.

Margaret Dare's success in this highly competitive field, and in other contacts she has made with life, have given her a poise and an outlook which add considerably to her naturally attractive personality. She will bring all these attributes to her film work, and it will be richer in consequence.

Radiant Outdoor Type

IN appearance this new star is graceful, slim, and five feet five inches high. She is an ash-blonde, has lovely hands and feet, and an attractive speaking voice.

Her most arresting feature is her eyes. They are greeny-grey, full of expression, and fringed with long dark lashes.

She is an outdoor type, and can be described as "radiant," giving one the impression of a forceful character, behind a rather shy manner.

In private life she is Mrs. Jimmy Wentworth. Her husband is a singer, heard frequently over the air. He is known professionally as Jimmy Dare, and when Margaret found herself in need of a screen name she therefore took the surname her husband had adopted.

But to the world of mannequins and art photographers Margaret is known as Peggy Barnes, and no doubt that is always how she will be affectionately remembered by them.

Continued on Page 55

MARGARET DARE posed for the Australian Women's Weekly at the Zoo some time ago, when the picture on the right was taken. Below is a new photo. of her.

RICHARD CROOKS *will Earn Over £20,000* IN AUSTRALIA

Great Artists Turn Their Gifts to Gold

There is real gold in a golden voice. And although plenty of people have criticised the musical taste of Australia, popular visiting artists are still able to garner very big rewards here in a very short while.

At present in Australia is Richard Crooks, the world-famous American tenor, and it is estimated that his four months' tour will earn him at least £20,000.

THE Richard Crooks season opened in Sydney and will be continued in Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, Brisbane, and New Zealand. There will be a total of 45 concerts, and if the opening concerts in Sydney can be taken as a guide the season will be one long success.

The season in Sydney ran to eleven concerts in the Town Hall, and on each occasion there was not a vacant seat in the building.

The maximum seating accommodation of the building is 3100, so that over 34,000 people heard the tenor in Sydney.

Admission prices ranged from 3/3 to 10/10, the odd pence being the entertainment tax demanded by the Commonwealth Government.

The average amount paid by each of the 34,000 listeners for admission would be about 6/6, making a total of just over £10,000 for the singer's earnings, and £850 for the Commonwealth Government—over a period of a fortnight.

These figures seem high. Actually however, concert prices in Australia are on a much lower scale than in Europe and America, where for high-class concerts the admission charges range from 7/6 to 50/-. And out of the total receipts has to come the concert director's percentage, publicity, hire of concert halls, and other expenses. Also the artist, before he leaves Australia's shores, has to pay income tax amounting to, perhaps, one-quarter of his earnings.

Just what percentage of the gross takings goes to the artist is known only to himself and the promoters. Even if he receives only half of the total amount the season would be a pretty profitable one for him. His share on this basis would be £10,000.

Again, however, this is not so good as it sounds. The Australian pound is at a low value compared with American money, and £10,000 would therefore be reduced to £8000 when converted into American currency.

The Other Side

WHILE the Richard Crooks season established a record for the greatest number of consecutive concerts in Sydney it was by no means a record for takings. In former days Madame Melba, Clara Butt, and Galli Curci charged one guinea for reserved seats, whereas 10/- was top Sydney price for the Crooks season.

Since 1921 the following world artists visited Australia under the management of J. and N. Tait, and in each case played to capacity houses on every night of their appearance:—

Heifetz 9 concerts	**Clara Butt (1925) 10**
Levitski 9	**Heifetz (1927) 8**
Clara Butt 9	**Moiseiwitsch 1928) 9**
Moiseiwitsch 10	**Philip Hargrave 9**
Galli Curci 8	**Menuhin 9**

No one of these stars would have earned less than £20,000 in an Australian season.

The bringing of great artists to Australia involves a big financial risk which, according to Mr. E. J. Tait, is lessened by the appreciation of the Australian public.

"Unless an artist comes up to world standard," said Mr. E. J. Tait, "it is no use bringing him to Australia to face audiences that are among the most discriminating in the world."

While all these visiting artists have come to Australia and taken away so much of our money, it must not be imagined that the concert business is all one-sided.

Our own immortal Melba went abroad and did the same thing in other countries that visiting artists do here. In fact, Melba probably made more money in Europe and America than any half-dozen of the great visiting artists ever made in Australia.

She left a huge fortune of over £200,000, quite a fair proportion of which was earned in Australia during her many seasons, both as a concert artist and in grand opera.

Dame Clara Butt died in the height of her musical glory. She left a fortune which was considerably depreciated by some years of serious illness, but her estate was worth £39,000.

No one begrudges a great artist the reward of his God-given gift of a glorious voice. It has to be remembered that such a voice as that of Richard Crooks was only developed and brought to perfection after hard study and intense training over long years when there was no reward

MOTHER versus DOCTOR

Should the Dionne quintuplets be returned to their mother or remain with Dr. Dafoe?

Turn to page 29 and see what 26,000 Australian women think of this vital problem.

Then turn to page 18 for a full list of the winners of the beautiful Shirley Temple dolls given as prizes.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY *Face Powder*

9D. NEW SIZE BOX

Now the loveliest face powder of all, exquisite Californian Poppy, comes to you in a new size box for 9d. Faintly perfumed with a gay light-hearted fragrance, it gives your skin a soft bloom, yet reveals its natural loveliness.

in 4 shades

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

BLIND ENGINEER.

ALTHOUGH blind, Ralph Teetor, has been made the new president of the Society of Automotive Engineers in the United States.

Mr. Teetor lost his sight when six years of age, but this great misfortune did not in any way curb his ambitions. He is now the biggest maker of piston rings in America, turning out 300,000 "perfect circles" a day. In Hagerstown, where his factory is located, the population is nearing the 2000 mark, and more than a third of the inhabitants work for him.

Mr. Teetor frequently walks through the plant, never bumping a machine or a workman, or missing a door.

WIFE OF NEW RABBI

MRS. RUBIN-ZACKS, the young and charming wife of Adelaide's new rabbi, when interviewed recently, said: "I found something even more beautiful than music when, on getting married, I gave up hopes of an operatic career for social service."

Petite, dark-haired, and bright-eyed, Mrs. Rubin-Zacks studied singing in Milan before her marriage, and gave concerts there and in Lovera. She is a lyric soprano, and for the last three years has sung only to her husband and to the sick. Her duties now do not give her time for practice.

Rabbi Rubin-Zacks himself is a young and keen student, a good linguist, and enthusiastic about his calling.

WRITER AND ATHLETE

HENRY DE MONTHERLANT, whose novel, "Perish in their Pride," has caused wide comment abroad, is a member of the ancient French nobility. His family's rank dates from the 15th century, one of his forbears being Cup Bearer to Louis XIV, and another losing his head in the French Revolution.

Monsieur de Montherlant served in both the United States and French armies during the war, and headed the propaganda service of the Comite France Amerique after the Armistice.

A sportsman and athlete before he was a writer, he played football, and ran the 100 metres in 11 4-5. An amateur matador, he had killed his first two bulls when he was 15. In 1925 he had to give up all athletics for health reasons.

WHERE OUR *Divorce Courts* GO WRONG

Legal Torture That Kills All Romance

By a Divorce Lawyer

With the appointment of Australia's first marriage conciliator, Brigadier-General Weir, in Adelaide, greater public attention has been given to the failings of our Divorce Courts.

More clearly is it apparent that the Courts, with their atmosphere of bitterness and sordid publicity, approach domestic troubles from the wrong direction.

GENERAL WEIR has recognised this by deciding that no legal air shall surround his discussions with husbands and wives who take their troubles to him.

Australian courts for the most part are a mixture of ancient and modern buildings which, while not so dismal and gloomy as the courts in older countries, are nevertheless rooms of tragedy and despair.

Under present conditions, both parties in a divorce sit in the same room, the court room, listening to other divorce cases while they await their own turn.

No one except the men and women concerned can know the mental torture suffered during these long waits, the wavering of decision, the march of memories from the past, the horror of knowing that soon their turn will come to divulge in public the most intimate secrets.

No Friendship in Divorce Fights

THE law's stern view of collusion makes it almost impossible for men and women to discuss the prospect of divorce in a rational, friendly way.

Because of the law's attitude it is unwise for a man and woman who, although there is no hate between them, feel they cannot continue to live together, to arrive at the Court together or even exchange a friendly greeting.

This atmosphere of suspicion adds bitterness and rancor to an atmosphere already burdened with hate and hopelessness.

In the Divorce Courts Mrs. Wronged Wife sees the husband whose socks she has mended for years, whose every mood she has studied, whose every little phrase and mannerism she knows so well, suddenly change mysteriously into a distant stranger known as "the respondent."

People who oppose absolute privacy for divorce cases contend that the prospect of publicity is a deterrent to divorce action.

Divorce barristers, however, state that men and women seeking divorce rarely think of the publicity until they are actually in the Court, and many times a horrified wife will say to her counsel, "I cannot possibly talk about my husband in front of all those people."

The only comfort the barrister can give is that a proportion of the "audience" are too preoccupied with their own matrimonial troubles to listen to hers.

Woman's Pride

PRIDE is one of the predominant emotions of women who face the Divorce Court. Many of them deck themselves out in their most startling clothes and use extra make-up as an unspoken challenge to the husbands who have lost interest in them. Counsel usually advise their clients to wear sober clothes and unobtrusive make-up.

The worst and the best of human nature is revealed in these cases. Barristers say that more perjury is committed in the Divorce Court than even in the Criminal Court. In the Criminal Court a man is fighting the law for his personal liberty.

In the Divorce Court his hopes of liberty rest in the bad impression he can create about the individual who stands between him and his freedom.

Occasionally in the long hours of accusation and recrimination there are instances of rare nobility and self-sacrifice among men and women. A wife, who still loves her husband, divorces him in the hope that he will be happier with the "other woman," though she rarely takes this action for the happiness of the "other woman."

The courage of these women who, still loving their husbands, feel that they are failures in not being able to make their husbands happy wins the admiration of both Judge and counsel and brings a shamefaced look to the faces of sensation-hunters in the court.

This sense of failure is one of the saddest aspects of divorce cases.

Love Letters

THE reading of love letters in Court is one of the worst invasions of privacy that men and women must endure.

It is a strange truth that frequently a husband's love letters to the other woman are written in almost precisely the same terms that he used in his love letters to his wife.

Occasionally there is a ray of hope in the gloomy recital of broken marriages. A case is withdrawn or a husband and wife leave the Court arm-in-arm to discuss their differences amicably. Not all these patched-up marriages last, however.

Some of the saddest cases, fortunately very few, are those of very old people who seek divorce. Frail and white-haired, their children grown up and married, and desperately in need of each other's company, they sometimes prefer to separate, one of them to face a lonely old age and the other—usually the husband—to marry a younger person.

Please turn to Page 4

NO ONE . . . can know the mental torture suffered . . . the horror of divulging in public the most intimate secrets.

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Frederick Gray,
The Man Who Gives You This FREE Book.

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Please send me at once, free and without obligation, a copy of your new book, "How To Overcome Nervousness," in plain wrapper.

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"SPARE" DIET *May Make Us Live to a* HUNDRED!

Millionaire Rockefeller Claimed as Outstanding Example!

Exclusive—From Our New York Office

John D. Rockefeller, millionaire, medical miracle—97 years of age last week, a patient who has already outlived two of the doctors who struggled to keep him alive—is he the triumphant example of a new longevity diet, or just an "Old Parr," the type of centenarian which periodically emerges from long-lived families?

This question holds an especial interest for women because, in their endeavor to follow the vogue for slimness and to retain a youthful vitality in middle age, many have adopted a restrictive diet similar to that prescribed for the famous millionaire.

And until recently this slimming diet has been denounced as conducive to ill-health, even to shortening of life, by many medical authorities.

A COMPARATIVELY short while ago John D. Rockefeller was dying of digestive maladies. Then, as a result of laboratory experiments upon animals at Cornell University, Dr. Biggar, his personal physician, placed him on a new "adult-life longevity diet."

Ageing rats placed on this diet live to the human equivalent of 150 years. This diet (it is claimed) practically retrieved John D. from the grave.

"Twenty-odd years ago," says Winkler, his biographer, "he looked like a mummy. His skin was as colorless as desert holly. Mystifying digestive maladies swept away his hair, even the eyelashes, and all but a faint wisp of eyebrow.

"A Living Corpse"

"SO serious was his condition that at one time he was compelled to exist on human milk. Strangely, his teeth were not affected. The disease revealed all the strength of his great head, with curious bumps now concealed by a wig. The eyes were small, glittering, yet curiously stony.

"Without its mask of moustache, the Rockefeller mouth was revealed as a long, narrow slit. The cheeks were heavy and puffy. The nose alone was distinctive, small, fine, sensitive, arising like a thorn between the jowls. The bald, unmasked Rockefeller struck imaginative observers as 'an Indian with a tomahawk,' 'an old monk of the Inquisition,' a living corpse 'dead as a devil fish.'

"Another comment clings to the memory: 'Nothing will ever again bring a smile to that seamed face.'

"Well, the face is still seamed. The lines of very old age are there. But Rockefeller has come back, and come back smiling. Acidulated milk and crackers were his diet for a long period. Much flesh dropped from his frame while Dr. Biggar and associated specialists were experimenting.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, who ate cake on his 97th birthday on Wednesday of last week. The cable says he celebrated the occasion without indigestion.

"Finally it was discovered that the patient's system was antipathetic to three varieties of foodstuffs—tomatoes, cucumbers and heavy sweets. These are the only dishes now barred from the Rockefeller cuisine.

"Otherwise his diet is very eclectic. But he eats only to live, and very sparingly. Cheese and olive oil, once shunned, are now consumed moderately. Two or three spoonfuls of olive oil are swallowed each week 'to lubricate the joints.'"

For Young and Old

THAT last sentence will provoke a smile from scientific dietitians; but the real crux of the Rockefeller regime is the spare diet—a "low calorie" diet, semi-starvation, according to accepted values.

This is "longevity diet," according to the Cornell experiments on senile rats; and its sponsors claim that John D. is a living example of its application to human beings.

Sceptics may note that Dr. Hamilton Biggar, who "revived" John D. with this diet, who was of the same age, and who proposed to play his patient a round of golf on his hundredth birthday, is already dead. He died in 1926, aged 87. And his successor, Dr. Disbrow, died last March.

The "old monk of the Inquisition" has outlasted his advisers.

Diet or heredity—which assured his survival? Rockefeller is so convinced of the former that he has donated a grant of 42,500 dollars to the Cornell Research for further "longevity diet" experiments.

The theory put forward is that for long life semi-starvation must begin in middle age. Rats so dieted retain their youthful characteristics much longer.

The experimenters claim to be the first to investigate scientifically the problem of nutrition in old age and its adaptation to senile changes. But they also claim that the "minimum diet regime" can be applied to young adults. It slows their development, but increases their span of life.

A SLIM, graceful figure, such as that of Gloria Stuart, the film actress, seems to be within sight—if J. D. Rockefeller's slimming diet is adopted by women.

It is surmised that "sparing the calories" may be also the secret of life and health for the average youthful citizen.

And yet, centenarians survive everywhere, and attribute their health to every dietary under the sun, from vegetarianism to meat-eating, from teetotalism to (as in a recent Australian case) consumption of a quart of wine a day. In such cases it appears that longevity is an inborn characteristic, not an acquired art. The problem is whether Rockefeller acquired or inherited it.

Looking at the seared, lined face of the ancient millionaire, the mystery deepens. Rockefeller is surely no ordinary individual, no average citizen of advanced years.

Yet the man himself claims that a new diet has ensured his survival, and will triumphantly waft him over the century!

Stop for some tea . . . when your brain is foggy from concentration . . . when friends drop in to see you! Tea is a good friend always . . . on all occasions. Nothing so good as a cup to restore your freshness. Nothing so friendly as a cup with friends on a chill, raw day.

Tea has benefits no other beverage can give. Stimulates, animates. Makes your mind alert when work presses . . . makes you responsive to bright conversation. Have tea at home regularly. Have it just as regularly away from home — slip into your favourite cafe for a good hot pot of tea.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POT OF TEA

1. BE SURE TO SELECT A GOOD QUALITY TEA. 2. Boil fresh water. 3. Warm up clean teapot. 4. Put in one teaspoon of tea for each person and one for the pot. 5. The moment the water comes to the boil, pour it on the tea. 6. Let the tea brew for 5 minutes. . . . AND ALWAYS REMEMBER that "one for the pot."

ANYTIME IS TEA TIME

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU

TEA OF COURSE!

TW27G

Where Our Divorce Courts Go Wrong

Continued from Page 3

IN Australian Courts husbands and wives are for the most part spared the humiliation of sordid hotel or boarding-house evidence. In England this type of evidence is far more prevalent, but Australian law is so strict about collusion that this type of evidence is used less frequently.

The most tragic cases in the Divorce Court are those involving a divided family. Children in their early teens, self-conscious and ashamed at the public airing of family secrets, or younger children frightened and restless in the strange atmosphere, are ranged either on the side of the mother or father. Their evidence is nearly always accompanied by heart-broken tears.

Cases involving custody of children are even more tragic, when the parents fight over young human beings that become, in the Court, mere items of property.

In this confusing and frightening legal atmosphere there is little opportunity for romance to find a new basis on which husbands and wives can come together again.

Adelaide's newly-appointed "marriage conciliator," Brigadier-General Weir, whose work is attracting notice all over Australia, has declared that no legal atmosphere will attend his discussions with unhappily-married couples. That is a move in the right direction.

But until the legal machine itself is re-formed to encourage the adjustment of domestic differences instead of the complete severance of all ties the daily tragedy of our Divorce Courts will go on.

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It's not too late to commence Agatha Christie's thrilling new serial . . .

A.B.C. MURDERS

Illustrated :: by :: BOOTHROYD

Once or twice they quarrelled—seriously. Betty and Don. He was one of those quiet people who, when they lose their tempers, lose them with a vengeance.

M. POIROT, famous detective, is challenged by a murderer who calls himself A.B.C.

A.B.C. writes a letter to Poirot saying when and where a crime will be committed.

CAPT. HASTINGS is telling the story of the crimes, and it is a remarkable fact that the madman—if such he be—is working from an A.B.C. railway guide and removing his victims in alphabetical order. A directory is always left beside the body.

What Has Happened

MRS. ASCHER, of Andover, an aged women, is the first victim. She is found dead in her shop. It is the work of the mystery man—the A.B.C. murderer.

INSPECTOR GLEN, of Scotland Yard is baffled, and M. Poirot is at a dead end with his clues.

A.B.C. has challenged Poirot and won the first round in this battle of crime.

WHO will be next? The letter B carries fateful significance. Will A.B.C. write again? Where will he strike? Poirot, helpless, sits and waits. The story continues:

I READ in the paper the account of the inquest. It was very brief, no mention was made of the A.B.C. letter, and a verdict was returned of murder by some person or persons unknown. The crime attracted very little attention in the Press. It had no popular or spectacular features. The murder of an old woman in a side street was soon passed over in the Press for more thrilling topics.

Truth to tell, the affair was fading from my mind also, partly, I think, because I disliked to think of Poirot as being in any way associated with a failure, when on July 22 it was suddenly revived.

I had not seen Poirot for a couple of days as I had been away in Yorkshire for the week-end. I arrived back on Monday afternoon and the letter came by the six o'clock post. I remember the sudden, sharp intake of breath that Poirot gave as he slit open that particular envelope.

"It has come," he said.

I stared at him—not understanding.

"What has come?"

"The second chapter of the A.B.C. business."

For a minute I looked at him uncomprehendingly. The matter had really passed from my memory.

"Read," said Poirot, and passed me over the letter.

As before, it was printed on good-quality paper.

"Dear Mr. Poirot,—Well, what about it? First game to me, I think. The Andover business went with a swing, didn't it?

"But the fun's only just beginning. Let me draw your attention to Bexhill-on-Sea. Date, the 25th inst.

"What a merry time we are having!

"Yours, etc.,

"A.B.C."

"Good heavens, Poirot," I cried. "Does this mean that this fiend is going to attempt another crime?"

"Naturally, Hastings. What else did you expect? Did you think that the Andover business was an isolated case? Do you remember my saying: 'This is the beginning'?"

"But this is horrible!"

"Yes, it is horrible."

"We're up against a homicidal maniac."

"Yes."

His quietness was more impressive than any heroics could have been. I handed back the letter with a shudder.

THE following morning saw us at a conference of powers. The Chief Constable of Sussex, the Assistant Commissioner of the C.I.D., Inspector Glen from Andover, Superintendent Carter of the Sussex police, Japp and a younger inspector called Crome, and Dr. Thompson, the famous alienist, were all assembled together. The postmark on this letter was Hampstead, but in Poirot's opinion little importance could be attached to this fact.

The matter was discussed fully. Dr. Thompson was a pleasant, middle-aged man who, in spite of his learning, contented himself with homely language, avoiding the technicalities of his profession.

"There's no doubt," said the Assistant Commissioner, "that the two letters are in the same hand. Both were written by the same person."

"And we can fairly assume that that person was responsible for the Andover murder."

"Quite. We've now got definite warning of a second crime scheduled to take place on the 25th—the day after to-morrow—at Bexhill. What steps can be taken?"

The Sussex Chief Constable looked at his superintendent.

"Well, Carter, what about it?"

The superintendent shook his head gravely.

"It's difficult, sir. There's not the least clue towards whom the victim may be. Speaking fair and square, what steps can we take?"

"A suggestion," murmured Poirot.

Their faces turned to him.

"I think it possible that the surname of the intended victim will begin with the letter B."

"That would be something," said the superintendent doubtfully.

"An alphabetical complex," said Dr. Thompson thoughtfully.

"I suggest it as a possibility—no more. It came into my mind when I saw the name Ascher clearly written over the shop door of the unfortunate woman who was murdered last month. When I got the letter naming Bexhill it occurred to me as a possibility that the victim as well as the place might be selected by an alphabetical system."

"It's possible," said the doctor. "On the other hand, it may be that the name Ascher was a coincidence—that the victim this time, no matter what her name is, will again be an old woman who keeps a shop. We're dealing, remember, with a madman. So far he hasn't given us any clue as to motive."

"Has a madman any motive, sir?" asked the superintendent sceptically.

"Of course he has, man. A deadly logic is one of the special characteristics of acute mania. A man may believe himself divinely appointed to kill clergymen—or doctors—or old women in tobacco shops—and there's always some perfectly coherent reason behind it. We mustn't let the alphabetical business run away with us. Bexhill succeeding to Andover may be a mere coincidence."

"We can at least take certain precautions, Carter, and make a special note of the B's, especially small shopkeepers, and keep a watch on all small tobacconists and newsagents looked after by a single person. I don't think there's anything more we can do than that. Naturally keep tabs on all strangers as far as possible."

The superintendent uttered a groan.

"With the schools breaking up and the holidays beginning? People are fairly flooding into the place this week."

"We must do what we can," the chief constable said sharply.

Inspector Glen spoke in his turn.

"I'll have a watch kept on anyone connected with the Ascher business. Those two witnesses, Partridge and Riddell, and of course on Ascher himself. If they show any signs of leaving Andover they'll be followed."

The conference broke up after a few more suggestions and a little desultory conversation.

"Poirot," I said as we walked along by the river, "Surely this crime can be prevented?"

He turned a haggard face to me.

"The sanity of a city full of men against the insanity of one man? I fear, Hastings—I very much fear. Remember the long continued successes of Jack the Ripper."

"It's horrible," I said.

"Madness, Hastings, is a terrible thing . . . I am afraid . . . I am very much afraid. . . ."

I still remember my awakening on the morning of July 23. It must have been about seven-thirty.

Poirot was standing by my bedside gently shaking me by the shoulder. One glance at his face brought me from semi-consciousness into the full possession of my faculties.

"What is it?" I demanded, sitting up rapidly.

His answer came quite simply, but a wealth of emotion lay behind the three words he uttered.

"It has happened."

"What?" I cried. "You mean—but to-day is the 25th."

"It took place last night—or rather in the early hours of this morning."

AS I sprang from bed and made a rapid toilet, he recounted briefly what he had just learnt over the telephone.

"The body of a young girl has been found on the beach at Bexhill. She has been identified as Elizabeth Barnard, a waitress in one of the cafes, who lived with her parents in a little recently built bungalow. Medical evidence gave the time of death as between 11.30 and 1 a.m."

"They're quite sure that this is the crime?" I asked, as I hastily lathered my face.

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Unspoken

A thousand blossoms burst before the sun,
And in the evening perfume filled the night.
A thousand words sprang to my feeble tongue,
But ere I spoke, you passed beyond my sight.

—*Norma Hawley.*

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She waited calmly. When he was only a few feet away, she raised the gun and fired.

THREE MEN

Illustrated By FISCHER

Sheldon knew that Grant was in love with his wife Anna—And the three of them were adrift in an open boat

BY STEPHEN PHILLIPS

THE sea was smooth, glassily smooth; with the white glitter of the dawn, like burning silver, across it.

Sheldon pulled at the oars mechanically—or, rather, he used them in a crouching position, like paddles. Grant stood up in the boat. His dark eyes watched the sea-line fixedly. It was empty. It had been empty, like that, for three days and nights now.

When Sheldon ceased to paddle, leaning forward, his face white and drawn, with dirt and sweat on it, Grant turned slowly to look at him. The eyes of the two men met in a steady glance of inquiry. The same thought was in both their minds: How much longer could it last?

Instinctively, then, their eyes fell, rested on the woman who knelt motionless between them.

She was young, with a slender body, and her red-gold hair had fluffed itself untidily about her small, well-shaped head. Her long green eyes stared out across the water. What her thoughts were neither of them knew.

"I believe I saw a sort of smudge across there just now," said Sheldon, his voice husky against the eerie stillness of the sea. "Looked like land. Then it sort of—vanished." His face twisted in a ghoulish smile.

"Mirage," said Grant.

He spoke shortly, without feeling almost. That was like him, of course. He was—well, an adventurer. That was the only word which, in Sheldon's estimation, fitted him.

Tall and lean, like whipcord; that was Grant. Scarcely human at times. Sheldon's rather innocent blue eyes, as they rested on him a moment, expressed a kind of dumb respect, almost an admiration. In a way, he did admire Grant. The fellow was always so unusually cool about things.

Even when the disaster had happened, and most of them were running blindly about the ship, in the throes of a sort of nameless panic—well, he had noticed Grant walking quietly and calmly across the deck, his hands stuck in his pockets, a rather cynical and disgusted smile on his lips.

GRANT was a cynic. He seemed to believe in nothing and nobody. But, just lately, Sheldon had noticed a subtle change in the fellow. The cynicism had died out of his face. An earnestness had come into his eyes which had never been there before.

Sheldon frowned; and, in frowning, his gaze turned again towards the spot where his wife knelt.

He crouched under the blazing sun, thinking. Grant was in love with Anna. Sheldon might be a bit dense at times, but he wasn't quite dense enough to fail to notice that, at least.

On board the Callagerina he had seen it. Once, unable to restrain his jealousy any longer, he had asked her excitedly if she had got fond of Alec Grant.

Her answer had been firm, almost matter-of-fact: "Don't be absurd, Charlie. I'm not a schoolgirl any longer."

Sheldon hadn't quite understood what she meant by that. But he had been relieved. He was very fond of Anna.

Indeed, Sheldon worshipped her. And, when a man of his character worships a woman, he can see no wrong in her at all.

To Sheldon, her husband, Anna was beautiful, perfect; he adored her, and in that adoration there was the absolute blindness of a good man's love.

Grant turned.

"Let me take a hand with the oars, Charlie."

Sheldon got up stiffly, aching in every inch of his body. He stumbled and almost fell as he went across the boat.

In silence, still with her green eyes staring out across the sea, Anna filled a tin cup with a few drops of water. Sheldon moistened his cracked mouth with the lukewarm liquid.

His face was blistering, his bare arms and shoulders peeling with the heat. He had given Anna his jacket. Her skin was white and beautiful; he couldn't bear to see it burnt and stained, like his own.

"I—I suppose we're heading in the right direction?" he ventured, presently.

Grant was paddling like a machine.

"I suppose so," he said.

SHELDON put down the empty mug. His glance flickered towards the small barrel wedged in between the raised portions of the boat. There couldn't be much more of the stuff left now. . . .

His mind switched back again. He crouched there, with the hot sun beating on an almost unprotected body. It was agony, and, at times, he sank his teeth into his cracked underlip.

A bit of a weakling, he couldn't stand pain like Grant—or even like his wife, Anna. It wasn't that he was a coward. He wasn't afraid of dying in the ordinary way. But he couldn't stand up to physical punishment. All his life he had been the same.

Grant was different, of course. He could stand up to most things. His face, although pale and set, revealed no trace of bodily torture.

Even Anna's face was rigid. Those green eyes, looking out across the water, seemed to be absolutely devoid of fear or suffering. There was a sort of smile in it, too; and something else which even Charlie Sheldon couldn't fathom.

SWITCHING back, Sheldon's mind travelled over the events of three nights ago, when the giant liner had gone down.

The ship's band had been playing "Red Sails in the Sunset." There had been a dance.

Sheldon himself hadn't danced. He had been content, as always, to sit and watch Anna. She was probably the most beautiful woman in that ship.

Grant had had most of the dances. Sheldon had watched them rather furtively. To lose Anna would be to lose all.

Few men can sit and contemplate the complete loss of their own individual world without a single tremor. Anyway, Sheldon couldn't. At one moment he was cold as ice, at another hot as fire.

Possibly it was the way they danced together, Grant and Anna. To watch a man and woman dancing—well, it's like a mirror reflecting their movements and emotions.

Twice during the evening, she had danced with John Forrester. Decent fellow, Forrester. Fabulously wealthy, too; indeed, he was reputed to be almost a millionaire.

Sheldon had held long conversations with him, mainly on business matters, and felt honored that a man of Forrester's station and influence should condescend even to notice him.

A gentleman by birth, Forrester, something of an aristocrat, even; one of the old school. Sheldon had liked him tremendously.

They had become quite friendly. Sheldon had found himself smoking Forrester's cigars, and liking them. That was odd, because Sheldon had always entertained a rooted dislike for cigars. An occasional cigarette was about as far as ever he went. Yes, a decent fellow, Forrester.

Sheldon stared at Grant; and, staring, felt his hands clench suddenly. He remembered the intimate way in which they had danced together that night. They might almost have been—well, sweethearts. That was the decent way to put it, at any rate.

Then, suddenly, disaster. Those few minutes had been terrible ones to Sheldon. It was the first time he had ever been mixed up in a wreck at sea, and it frightened him. The officers and crew had done their work efficiently and well. Most of the boats were got away in time.

A place had been reserved in one of them for Anna. But for Grant, she might have taken it. At the last moment he had hurried Sheldon and his wife off the ship on to another boat.

Sheldon hadn't protested. For one thing, he had a weak side to his nature; for another—well, Grant had been in shipwrecks before that night. He could be trusted to do the right thing. That, at least, was how Sheldon regarded it.

SHELDON crouched there, and, watching Grant, a glare began to grow in his pale blue eyes.

"This—is serious!" he said. "Why doesn't somebody say *something*?"

"What is there to talk about?" Grant asked, without turning his head.

Sheldon rose. Maybe Grant saw his shadow looming black across the boat. He ceased to paddle. One hand moved to his jacket pocket.

He had a revolver there, and he didn't like the expression in Sheldon's eyes. The fellow looked as if he might go clean off his head at any moment.

"Oh, yes, there is something to talk about," said Sheldon, with an inane giggle. "I suppose you think I'm blind?"

Grant stared back at him fixedly.

"What are you talking about?" he said.

Sheldon sat down heavily. Anna turned her head slightly to look at him. Her face seemed expressionless. One hand, as she knelt, held a pair of night-glasses.

"Listen," Sheldon said. "What the dickens are we all pretending for? Why, we may all be dead soon."

He started to laugh. Anna made no movement. Grant rapped out sharply: "Stop that, will you?"

Sheldon ceased his half-crazy laughter. A look of cold sanity crept back into his eyes.

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ONE Saturday NIGHT

Complete SHORT STORY

THERE were lonely days for this girl alone in the city—and Saturday was the worst of all. Then came the letter from Mary's friend—Colin was coming to town.

John Trent waited. It was foolish to expect Tony to be punctual.

MARY always thought that Saturdays were the worst. It didn't matter so much, somehow, having nowhere to go, nothing to do, and nobody to talk to, on week-day evenings, because you were too tired, when you got back to the little room you called a flatlet, to care—much. But Saturdays! Nothing to do after one o'clock, nowhere to go, and the whole of Sunday stretching endlessly before you like great eternities of time.

There were people, of course, who would take you out. Fat, smooth men—travellers, mostly—who came into the dress shop where Mary worked, and, more seldom, as escorts to the gay young women who bought their clothes from Madame Juliette.

But apart from them, there was nobody.

Nobody, at any rate, until Janey's letter came flaunting its way through the letter-box one Saturday morning. Mary read it carefully, over her breakfast, and then read it through again.

"Mary darling," Janey had written, "you probably don't remember Colin, but listen to me. He's home on leave from Kenya, and he'll be passing through London this week-end, he's got nothing to do, so be a saint and meet him at the Plaza entrance-hall on Saturday—to-day, when you get this—at half-past six, will you? Now don't let your girl friend's brother down."

Mary blew thoughtfully on her coffee.

"Get cool, will you?" she told it furiously, one eye on the clock, while her brain was going back, trying to remember Janey's brother, Colin, from those far-off days at Little Chuddingley, when she and Janey had run bare-headed about the fields. That had been long, long before Mary had decided to cease being a drag on her father and his tiny living, and had come alone to London to get a job, writing glowing letters back to the rectory about how happy she was and how well she was doing.

Tiny lines formed across her forehead as she tried to remember Colin, three years her senior, dark, square-jawed. All the way to Madame Juliette's little green and chromium shop, in the bus, she was thinking.

"Oh well," she told herself, "never mind, the Plaza won't be plastered with unattached dark young men. I'll find him all right.

JOHN TRENT shifted his weight from his right foot on to his left, and then back again. He eyed his watch with distaste. It was foolish, of course, to expect Tony to be punctual on a Saturday night, with his rugger club and all its temptations hanging over his head, but all the same six o'clock might possibly mean a quarter-past or even twenty-past, but nearly twenty to seven, no! Oh, most definitely no! He looked up from the contemplation of his wrist to see a girl looking hard at him.

She stood there, half-hesitant, her brown head a little to one side. "The deuce," he thought angrily, "she's summing me up! The little minx, wondering if I'm worth making eyes at."

He stared at Mary quite impolitely.

She thought, "dark, tall, about three years older than I am; yes, of course it's Colin"; and her little heels clicked bravely across the foyer as she walked towards him.

"Hallo," she said, and smiled. "Been waiting long?" Her mouth felt suddenly dry. Goodness, he didn't seem very pleased to see her! She hoped devoutly that Janey hadn't forced him into this through some sympathetic reason like "Giving Mary a Good Time!"

For perhaps the first time in his life John Trent was completely at sea. The nerve of the girl, he thought, speaking to him like that, without really giving him a chance to show he wasn't waiting for some girl to happen along! For the first time in his life, he hesitated, and was lost. She was attractive, no getting away from it; not over-smart or crude like other girls who generally get off like this. Rather the sort of girl you'd be proud to have your friends see you with. John salved his conscience nicely with the thought, "she's too nice to do this 'get off with any worth-while fellow' stunt; a sharp lesson would do her good. Might bring her to her senses." And he said:

"Shall we go in here?"—in what he hoped was the approved manner; he felt quite noble and uplifted. He, John Trent, would show her that this cheap game didn't pay.

THEY followed the tall, slim back of an usherette down the aisle. She flashed her light questingly to and fro, and found two seats. Mary found that her hands were shaking as she sank gratefully into the farther one. This wasn't too good, she thought desperately, this was—awful! The way he'd looked at her, awfully surprised, somehow, and then his eyes hardening like that until they changed from that devastating blue to a cold sea-grey. Perhaps he was disappointed in her, perhaps Janey had said he'd be sure to like Mary grown-up, and—and—he hadn't. She thought, "Thank goodness, anyway, we're in here and I shan't have to talk to him for at least three hours."

A Mickey Mouse cartoon flashed its way across the screen and she relaxed. John Trent, watching her covertly, thought, "Gosh, those dimples! Marvellous." He laughed, too, a flash of white across the sunburn of his face, acquired, not as Mary had thought, under the fierce sun of Kenya Colony, but at countless swimming-pools in and around London.

Perhaps without that sunburn he wouldn't have been sitting beside her now, although he didn't know it. Such a little thing, a tanned skin, but it had been enough to turn Mary's doubts into certainty, that, of course, he was Colin. Such a little thing, but it's the little things like that that are so often the turning-points in lives.

He thought grimly:

"I suppose I ought to hold her hand—or something."

He looked down apprehensively at her lap to see if there was a hand lying hopefully along the arm-rest. There wasn't, he noted with a deep sigh of relief. Far from it; both Mary's coral-nailed hands were lying close together—clasped together—tight, so that the skin showed white over the knuckle-bones. He realised suddenly that she was nervous, too, and thought:

"Jove, she's not used to getting off like that—accounts for the lack of overture and technique. Your lesson, my boy, will be all the more welcome."

He fell into a reverie, picturing himself a cross between Sir Galahad and Walter Raleigh. Walter Raleigh reminded him. He felt in his hip-pocket for his long, thin case and flicked it open.

"Smoke?" he muttered in her left ear.

One of Mary's thin hands slid out from the other and groped towards his case.

"Thanks," she whispered, and meant it from the bottom of her heart. She wanted a cigarette more than anything else in the world just then—a cigarette, just a little white tube—but the armor of nervous women all the world over.

IT seemed hardly any time at all before Mickey Mouse once more made his bow to an adoring public, and Mary crept out of the Plaza on the heels of John Trent. She thought: "Please let him say 'Thanks for a jolly evening,' and see me to my bus." She thought: "It sounded so nice, reading Janey's letter, to have a date for a Saturday night, but it's not nice; it's embarrassing and, somehow, horrible."

He said:

"Hungry?" And took her arm to guide her through the Lower Regent St. traffic. "We'll go to a snack-bar," he added, because he wasn't going to take her to some dashed expensive place, he wasn't going to let her golddig a single thing out of him.

He crushed the unmanly thought that it would be rather nice to take this wide-eyed child to somewhere awfully expensive, so that he could watch her eyes light up with appreciation; he presumed they would light up, but that was no good. That wouldn't be a lesson to her. He'd just frighten her—he'd no intention of making himself unpleasant at all, really. But he'd show her how silly it was to go around picking people up. He marched her firmly into the little cafe.

They sat each side of a black glass-topped table behind three-decker sandwiches and steaming beakers of coffee, and somehow Mary found herself talking. He had said:

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Illustrated by FISCHER

She thought, "Dark, tall, about three years older than I am; yes, of course it's Colin."

By HELEN BRETT

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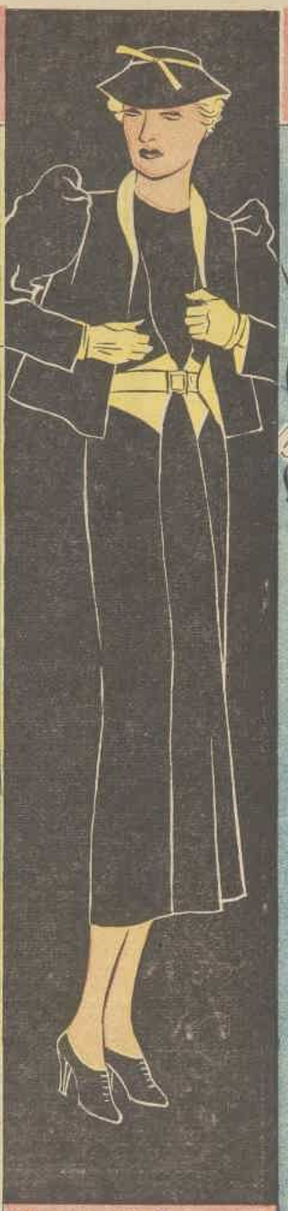
The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

• ENSEMBLE showing one of the new bolero jackets. Skirt and short jacket are of bright blue woollen, the blouse beneath, with its swathed sash, red and white crepe.

• THREE-QUARTER swagger coat and a skirt of green pastel sheer wool; the blouse, hat, gloves, and shoes are dark green. The coat has a loose, swinging back.



• BLACK CREPE ensemble brightened by touches of yellow. Yellow velvet hip yoke and belt, yellow lining to short, loose jacket. Sleeves wide at top.

• A FULL length coat of pale blue sheer wool is worn over a black dress and with black accessories. The coat is trimmed with rows of tucks and the epaulets are tucked.

• DARK BROWN WOOL or crepe dress with a matching wrist-length cape gathered on either shoulder. The dress has a twisted scarf and a belt of pink and brown crepe.

EVERY SMART *Little* DRESS LIKES *a* JACKET

THE first new mid-season outfit, if not a suit, will be a dress and jacket, or dress and coat. Every new frock is accompanied by a jacket in some shape or form.

If you have a winter dress that you are tired of—give it new life by adding one of these smart jackets.

THE new long coats are made on slim lines, just meeting at the waist centre-front, and hanging open to reveal the dress beneath.

Shoulders are rather wide, with epaulets, pads or intricate sleeve treatment. Sleeves can be simple or elaborate. They are often very full. Trimmings are tucks, shirring, quilting. There are lots of belts—either matching the coat or the dress beneath. Materials used are sheer wools, velveteen—and later on, dull crepes and taffeta.

The loose swagger coat is immensely popular. It can be wrist or three-quarter length. It hangs straight out from the shoulders, and can close at the throat with buttons or a bow, or hang straight. The back can be flared, or have a pleat down the centre, giving the required width. These swagger coats can be of the same fabric as the dress, or contrast in material and color.

Study Your Height

UNLESS you are tall, it is not advisable to have a three-quarter contrasting loose coat. It will cut your height. A fitted coat is a different matter.

Capes often replace jackets. They come in every length from waist to hem. When they are long, they should be as close-fitting as possible. When they are shorter they can be any width. The most approved length is anywhere between waist and wrist. Again, do not choose a cape if you are short.

Jackets have never been so popular. They are from above the waist to finger-tip length. Interest is concentrated on the sleeves. They are nearly all of the wide-at-the-top variety, accentuating the shoulders, and giving the silhouette a square-cut look.

This is achieved by gathering the sleeve into the armhole at the top of the arm, or by pleats, folds, and drapes. There are elbow-length sleeves tight at the elbow, and wrinkled or wide above; three-quarter sleeves open and wide; long sleeves rather full or fitted.

Where the jacket opens there may be tailored lapels, a roll or contrasting facing, or it may do right up to the throat with buttons or scarf.

The shortest jacket is the bolero style. This is Spanish in inspiration, and is generally worn over a skirt and printed blouse, or a dress with a wide colored sash.

The bolero is of the same material as the skirt or dress, and hangs a little away from the figure. It stops just a little way below the top of the sash. It may finish with tailored revers; with rounded points, or with little buttons right up the front. The next length is the typical coat and skirt coat length. Here the jacket is generally tailored, fitted to the waist and with revers.

Contrasting colors and fabric are now used—printed crepe, quilted more often than not; corded taffetas; velveteens, contrasting wools, and satin; a black satin jacket over a black wool dress; a navy-and-white print jacket over a navy dress; a pink, or blue, or yellow wool jacket over a dark wool dress; a cyclamen or purple crepe jacket over a bright blue or black dress; a tan jacket over a green dress.

Important Sleeves

IF the jacket is not tailored it can be loose—slightly swagger at the back, and straight in front. The length comes anywhere between waist and wrist length. Taffeta in dark colors worn over light or dark frocks is smart. Printed taffetas and crepes are worn over dark dresses. Wools and crepes contrast with the dress beneath.

Sleeves again are of great interest. Three-quarter, short or long, they are draped, folded, tucked, and intricately shaped with fullness towards the upper arm.

Whether your dress is old or new, see that it has its accompanying jacket if you wish to be in the very latest mode.

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RADIO PRINTS...
Fabrics of Romance

• *THIS CHINESE TUNIC of white silk crepe is adorned with a fascinating motif in black silk embroidery and wide black girdle. The Chinese hat is worn off the face, supported by a wide bandeau.*

• *LEFT: This attractive afternoon frock is fashioned of black silk printed quaintly with little white mice scampering in all directions. The smart belt and buckles are of black leather. Quaint prints are much in favor for spring. This is an Ardanse model.*

• *SCHIAPARELLI presents something distinctive in the way of evening gowns. Dots and dashes form a series of messages which run to and fro over this unusual radio model, which is from the mid-season collection.*

New Use for Dots and Dashes

IT takes somebody like Schiaparelli to think of making an evening dress out of a print patterned with a series of dots and dashes that spell out various radio messages.

It is a cute notion, especially when a few aeroplanes, and boats, and swallows, and hearts are worked in with it. And the fact that the messages slant round the figure in wide bands makes the frock seem so slim that its success was assured from the moment it first appeared.

Schiaparelli likes those little frills round the necks of simple summer evening dresses, and she also likes waist-length boleros with military collars and puffed sleeves. She puts one with a patchwork frock in coral and blue cotton, and it is so gay, so young, so flattering that one is astonished that nobody thought of it before.

In all the collections there is this tendency towards youthful high spirits. You notice it first in the skirts, for they are wider and decidedly shorter than they were in the spring, flaring grandly in the Russian manner from incredibly slender waists.

They have almost a nursery air when they are entirely pleated, but they are works of art all the same, for, in order that they shall fit the hips without adding an unnecessary iota to their width, they have to be made by hand.

It is even the same in the evening. Short skirts—really short ones—are a long way off yet, but ankles are "in" again, and it is not only permissible but smart for a leg to peep coyly through a centre-slit which almost reaches the knee. The same sweeping skirt line prevails, though it is sometimes achieved with surprisingly little fullness.

It is just a matter of cut, plus wind-resistance, for, if the slit at the front is high enough and the skirt is long enough at the back, you must get a grand sweeping line from the hips to the floor.

Padded Shoulders

AS for shoulders—we are just going to square them bravely and do away with all nonsense. They are padded inconspicuously, without any frivolous flutes or accents. Actually what has happened is that attention is being diverted from shoulders to lapels. They are having great fun with them. Some are high and wide. Others curve upwards like a swallow's tail, giving a beautiful impression of lightness, while yet others are classic in line, but widely banded in unexpected colors.

There is a new way of dressing up your head at night. Schiaparelli thought of it. With all her evening dresses she ties a swathed band round the hair, ornamenting the front with beads or flowers or some detail repeated from the frock. If you want to picture it clearly it is exactly like the headband that Suzanne Lenglen used to wear when she was playing tennis.

They have even thought of new ways of using flowers, and that is a miracle, for they did nearly everything with them in the spring. They put enormous calla lilies, complete with long stems, on huge hats. They make tiny caps with one large rose jutting out over the face and the ten-inch stalk pointing upwards across the crown. Lanvin masses carnations beneath the chin. Molyneux crowds peonies or full-blown roses on his decolletages. Peter Russell pins long sprays of bluebells or sweet-peas from the shoulder to the waist of his chiffon afternoon frocks.

What it really comes to is this: You can be as neat and trim and gay as you like by day, but at night you must do things in the romantic manner. You must look like a wood-nymph or a dryad, and if you can't manage that you should be as glamorously mysterious as the night itself.

From Mary St. Claire, Our Special London Representative. By Air Mail.

Amazing

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure obtains its amazing results WITHOUT the use of narcotics. Doctors are fighting for many a life to-day because a "simple cold" was neglected in its early stages. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

C12

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MARCH of the MODE by RENE

The Way of a Veil with a Hat!

Coarse meshes are the smartest . . .

TINY TOQUE, with tied-on veil for sole trimming. A veil tied at the back is effective over almost any hat. The veil can be short or long, tight or flaring.

TINY shallow black hat in shiny straw tied on with veil. Cluster of violets projecting from brim.

SQUARE-CROWNED black panama, with all-over veil caught under chin and tying on top of crown.

A TOQUE of Chinese genre embroidered round the rolled edge and peaked crown adds a long, stiffened veil reaching nearly to the shoulders.

A TINY frilled fronted Thaarup toque in pearl-grey adds a frothy veil flaring in harmony with the toque frill.

WHITE crinoline bonnet, hand sewn, with intriguing veil in coarse mesh flaring over the face.

THE VEIL on the black patent hat above is caught all round the band and flares over both crown and brim.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4610338

LITTLE Star LOST

Complete SHORT STORY

By . . . STUART JACKSON

GET a close-up of Vince Carewe. Take a good look at that hatchet-faced one, for the Crazy City, where life is celluloid, is not likely to look upon his like again.

At a glance, you'd put Carewe down as the sort of well-dried individual whose wife, if he'd had one, would have kept his slippers in the refrigerator.

He looked about as domestic as a solicitor's office situated within easy access of a graveyard. Perhaps his profession had made him like that. Vince Carewe, you see, is "ace" publicity man of Star Films.

It so happened that I'd just come out of my pen when Carewe emerged from the bomb-proof presence of the vice-presidential big shot, Monte Schultz. Carewe's fins were a trifle whiter than usual.

"'Lo, Vince. . . . What's biting you?"

"'Lo, yourself!" he growled. "And if it'll afford you any inspiration, my exiled young Napoleon of the pen—Schultz is about to launch an infant prodigy. An' I'm to play tag!"

Then, gritting his teeth according to custom, he lurched off down the corridor.

It was obvious that the idea of making the world "Bunty" Browning-conscious had stricken him to the core. And having already seen something of the peculiar poison that is usually a child prodigy, I could understand Carewe's consternation.

A concerto of groans went up from the studio when the information got around, as bad news will. One director, a couple of cameramen and three electricians resigned on the spot. I felt like doing the same when Schultz informed me that I was to have the singular honor of writing a script to fit this five-year-old—but even an author must eat. I resigned myself to the worst.

As it happens, we were all wrong about little Barbara Browning. Maybe the "Bunty" has given you the wrong idea, too.

Probably you've imagined a little pudding in a pink frock, all precocity and pose on sight. But "Bunty" wasn't that sort of prodigy. She was as unpolit as a spring morning. And a lonelier-looking little kid I've never clapped eyes on.

I understood the last bit better when I saw her mother, Mrs. Georgia Julia Browning gets a line to herself. The strongest wielder of these marionettes would have to watch that she didn't become the whole works.

Think of a vulture turned platinum blonde, with a tight-looking little mouth as cruel as its beak, and with talons tipped too vividly with crimson—think of these pretty similes, and you have a picturesque little miniature of Mrs. Georgia Julia Browning. As a mother, she must have been the original ogre. I'm afraid we shall meet her again.

The meeting of little "Bunty" Browning and the hard-bitten Vince Carewe was memorable. It took place on the set, when Lola Lang was rattling off unladylike adjectives at the utterly unmoved Carewe on account of something that had displeased her.

We gathered that if Vince were on fire, Miss Lang, being translated, would not summon the slightest suspicion of saliva to put him out.

And it was as these conflagatory sentiments echoed over the sound-proof stage, that Monte Schultz himself came on the set—his entry being the signal for silence and for Miss Lang to assume the dentifrice smile that has endeared her to fifty million fans.

With Schultz were little Barbara Browning and her mother.

IT may have been the grim humor of the little gods, the attraction of opposites, or what you will—but for some reason that I can't fathom, "Bunty" seemed to form an instant affection for that hatchet-faced publicity "ace."

There was Vince Carewe standing there without saying a word, his face as unexpressive as last year's calendar, in full view of the studio, the little Browning girl sidled up to him, slipped a sympathetic paw into his, and whispered:

"I heard what she said—but she's just a nasty cross-patch. I shouldn't mind if I were you."

Then a high-pitched voice cut across the set like the sudden thrust of a knife.

"Barbara! come here—and don't make a little fool of yourself!"

The child, shrinking, went furtively back to her mother's side. I thought I caught a queer look in the eyes of Vince Carewe as he shot a glance at Mrs. Georgia Julia Browning.

WELL, "Bunty" went to work in pictures, and she completely captured the studio and the great big world outside.

Yet I wonder what the millions of mothers who cooed "little darling" would have hissed had they known that in secret the "little darling" loathed being a child star? And what would all those childless women, whose eyes became dust-laden when looking at "Bunty," have thought had they known that the word "Mother," as applied to Mrs. Georgia Julia Browning, was a cruel travesty and a sadistic sham?

For that woman was something worse than a pest of the studio. She was a female Svengali hovering over the life of the little girl. There was something almost sinister in the way she bargained with Schultz over salaries and contracts, but nobody ever saw any evidence of her little daughter being the beneficiary. Conversely, we could not help seeing how Mrs. Georgia Julia Browning launched out personally on an even more sumptuous scale with every succeeding increase in her little daughter's earnings.

She bullied the child on the set and elsewhere in a way that made our blood run cold. She would admit of no fatigue, even when the director would readily have called a halt. She bullied him when he remonstrated with her.

"Mr. Molding—I brought the child here to make pictures, and make pictures she shall! She is contracted for six pictures with this company within a scheduled time, and I shall see that the terms of that contract are kept—by me, anyway! If you and your personnel find yourselves unequal to the task of keeping within schedule, then perhaps you would like me to inform Mr. Schultz, so that he may make other arrangements."

Of course, Molding and the others went up in the air about that. But Schultz, when approached, couldn't do a thing. The Browning vulture had got her talons well and truly into that contract. There was a clause to the effect that she was at all times at liberty to "supervise her daughter's interests"—even on the set.

ORDINARILY, Schultz would not have allowed any such clause to creep into any contract he'd renewed. But then, "Bunty" wasn't "ordinary." She was "box office."

Vince Carewe looked on at all this with the eyes of a hawk. When everybody else was telling everybody else what a darn shame it was to treat such a charming little kid like that, Carewe didn't say a word. But I could see he was smouldering, all right.

For the incongruous couple were firm friends now. They seemed to have a secret understanding, those two. The studio started to call him "Uncle" Vince. But he didn't turn a hair.

One day he came on the set with a large box under his arm. "Bunty" was filming at the time, and there was a hitch. It was a sob scene, but somehow the child's tears had run dry. Several re-takes had not produced the desired effect, least of all the brow-beating of that ogre of avaricious motherhood, Mrs. Georgia Julia Browning.

The director called a brief break. At once "Bunty" slipped over to Vince Carewe, and we saw him put the box into her hands. Her eyes excited, she tore off the wrappings—and next moment was nursing quite the largest and most extravagant-looking doll I have ever seen.

With a whoop of ecstasy she flung her arms around the neck of her hatchet-faced, deputy "uncle"; and Vince seemed to like it.

Then Molding signified that he was ready to start shooting again and, as he did so, Mrs. Georgia Julia Browning swept across the set with steely eyes. We knew that Mrs. Browning did not "allow" her daughter dolls.

Without a look at Vince Carewe, she pulled "Bunty" to her. Then she yanked that extravagant-looking doll from the little girl's affectionate arms, raised it above her head, and deliberately dashed it to the ground. Mutilated, dismembered, the doll scattered into a score of pathetic pieces.

"Now cry, will you!" hissed Mrs. Georgia Julia Browning, between clenched teeth.

Please turn to Page 16

Black and Blue Vogue

Youthful frock of royal-blue wool crepe worn by Rochelle Hudson, Fox player. The scarf is of black cellophane satin, and the black hat, of knitted fabric, has a blue quill thrust through the side.

Smart "Smokes"

Smart women everywhere are turning to "Garrick" Filter Tip. They like the smart new tin in its handsome green and gold, and they appreciate the soundness of the "Garrick" Filter Tip. This very modern device delivers to the throat and palate the filtered smoke of a different and thrilling blend of finest tobaccos—cool and mild and fragrant.

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An Editorial

JULY 18, 1936

WAR UPON TREES

WHENCE arises the fatuous vandalism that throughout Australia is now finding vent in hacking down stately old avenues of trees in our parks and streets?

Chief offenders are the suburban municipal councillors of our Australian cities. But they are backed by a certain following of citizens whose warped viewpoint seems to be, "Here's a fine old tree—it must be nearly a century old. Let's hack it down!"

This unreasoning war on the picturesque trees planted along our older streets is, no doubt, a reaction.

With the twentieth century revolt against nineteenth century gloominess, owners of suburban houses and gardens demanded sunlight and air. Trees vanished from gardens; the old-style rambling thickets were replaced by neat grass plots, cement paths, and a wealth of small flowering plants.

Having tidied his own little plot, the suburban dweller next turned to his streets, and in his zeal for "cleaning up" has destroyed (and is still destroying) stately avenues (many of them rich in historic associations) planted by preceding generations.

The craze for artificial tidiness has entirely vanquished his appreciation of natural beauty.

The tree-killer, of course, justifies himself with specious excuses. Deciduous trees shed their leaves, and the councils have the job of cleaning them up. Trees cast shadows at night which worry the speeding motorist and joy-rider.

Besides, they are nuisances to the telephone and electric light people, who are forced to hack them into stunted and unnatural shapes to avoid contact with overhead wires.

There are signs, however, that this craze for smug artificiality—this spirit that drives a council to hack down figs or oaks, replacing them by tiny blooms regimented in hideous stone grottoes—is on the wane. One of the healthiest indications is the "fashion" for shrubs, now suddenly evidenced by home gardeners throughout the Commonwealth.

From shrubs to trees is (we hope) only a step. Then, observing how even one tree can glorify and add dignity to a small home, the citizen (and his council representative) will wake to the beauty of the older tree-avenues.

They may, at last, take steps to preserve them—if any remain after the present wild orgy of destruction is completed. —THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

No Win—No Pay

SO Haile Selassie's millions were a myth after all, and his Minister in London says his Emperor's private means are a mere £9000. This explains the attempt to raise a loan with the League of Nations of £10,000,000 to carry on the war in Ethiopia.

The League turned down the proposal, a circumstance which caused a correspondent to write:

"Seeing that Selassie is broke and is holding out for better terms for a lecture contract in America, and seeing that the League has been unable to do anything for him in war or peace, shouldn't they return his subscription?"

If they run the League on the no-win-no-pay basis it does appear that the lion of Judah has a growl coming.

Jury Reform

TASMANIAN Chief Justice Sir Herbert Nicholls has petitioned the Government for jury reform. His proposal is that a majority decision should supersede the unanimous decision of the 12 good men and true which the law now demands.

This recalls the story of the lone juror who held out against the rest of his colleagues. When the foreman ordered dinner a disgusted court official said: "What shall it be, sir! Eleven dinners and a bale of hay?"

A majority decision such as Sir Herbert advocates would do away with all that. Further, the Chief Justice is convinced that no innocent man would be convicted under the operations of the reform.

Migrants and Marriage

THE hint from London that migration to Australia may be resumed at an early date is not without its significance to women.

Dr. Harvey Sutton pointed out recently that the higher death-rate of males in Australia would eventually give a preponderance of females in the community.

But Britain also has 2,000,000 surplus women and migration of Englishmen will not improve the position there. Perhaps some scheme of migrant marriages before leaving England would meet the case of these girls who would otherwise be left behind.

White and Blue

THESE moderns are incorrigible.

A society formed in London recently prepared a "white list" of films and plays to which any mother might take her daughters.

The girls retaliated. They said the "white list" was not full-blooded enough to provide them with their usual amusement, but as a friendly gesture they would form a society to discover which plays were "suitable for a girl to take her mother to."

The girls won.

Lyric of Life

WIND

I have seen the wind:
It is silver and strong,
And the arms of the wind are lean and long.
It clutches the clouds
And the shuddering trees,
And sings its litany over the seas.
In its gentle moods
It will murmur and weep,
And rock the stars in their cradles to sleep.

I have seen the wind:
It is silver and strong,
And the arms of the wind are lean and long.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Sir Galahad

PERHAPS the happiest title given to Jimmy Melrose, killed in Victoria the other day, was "Sir Galahad of the Air." This 22-year-old Australian did portray the ideal of the shining knight in armor, the armor of his own courage, and the shining light of a constructive patriotism.

The uncharted spaces of the air were his battleground, and stunting had no place in his career. Women admired him, too, for his simple, unobtrusive love for his mother, which became him as gallantly as his feats in the air.

Courage is a grace, and although he has lived and died within the span of early youth, that courage has won for him a place in the gallery of our national heroes.

THE SMALLEST GRAMOPHONE in the world is owned by the American film actress, Betty Furness, and was constructed for her by an engineer with whom she had a wager that he could not build a gramophone works to fit inside a watchcase. Twelve diminutive records were provided with the machine. —Air Mail photo.

Singlet For Psyche

APPARENTLY Paris and Auckland are separated by more than the leaping leagues of diving sea. In the French capital it was decided recently that the Venus de Milo at the Louvre Museum should be mounted on a revolving platform, and floodlit by colored lights.

At the same time, in Auckland, quite a storm blew up over the nude figure on memorial gates presented by a citizen to the city. The figure is of a shot-putter in action, and while local Scots agree that shot-putting is a braw game, and it's a bonny laddie of a statue, it might look better in a kilt.

Apparently it wasn't a Parisian who sang of "A singlet for Psyche and a nightie for Aphrodite," but a section of the Auckland people feel that the figure should at least wear shorts.

Sanity Returns

SOME statistical reporter of odd facts in America has discovered a few things about marriage. His major point is that married people are less prone to insanity than single people, and that they live longer, and are more thoughtful and solid.

Writers of romantic fiction will now have to alter the traditional happy ending to: They married, and were saner and wiser ever afterwards.

Actors Insist On Real Food On Stage

Acting on the stage is acting. But the eating part of the acting is stern reality. No one realises this better than the management which has to foot the bills.

During the run of a recent London success, "Anthony and Anna," amazing quantities of food and drink were consumed in front of the audiences. This was unusual only as far as quantity is concerned, for in Australia to-day, when actors and actresses have to drink champagne on the stage, they have real "bubbly." Roast beef is always the genuine article, and actresses invariably insist on the best brands of cigarettes.

WHEN Pauline Frederick starred in "Enter Madam" with J. C. Williamson in Australia, she polished off a bottle of the best champagne on the stage every night of the performance.

The late Oscar Asche was a perfect "whale on eats." In "Southern Maid" he insisted on a three-course meal being prepared for the stage, with soup, olives, fish, roast chicken, and plenty of bread and butter, and, it is said, used to go without his evening meal so that he could do justice to it.

In the same play four dozen bottles of the best hock were consumed on the stage every night by the performers.

When "Lilac Time" was staged in Sydney there were five bottles of the best sparkling hock used every night by the players. Think of it!—Players being paid to drink it.

Beer and Biscuits

AND more recently, when "Shining Hour" was played at the Theatre Royal, large quantities of ham, corn beef, meat pies, pickles, olives and onions were put on the tables, and there was never much for the scrap-tin.

Still those items constitute a mere snack alongside the food bill for "Anthony and Anna" in London. One of the actors, Harold Warrender, drank 30 gallons of ale during the season, while Morris Harvey swallowed 939 indigestion tablets and ate 466 charcoal biscuits.

Between them the cast disposed of: 502 lbs. of roast beef, 126 lbs. of potatoes, 568 cabbages, 11 gallons of gravy, 16 lbs. of Stilton cheese, 27 lbs. of biscuits, 429 lbs. of butter, 231 loaves of bread, 31 gallons of milk, 21 lbs. of tea, 54 lbs. of sugar, 26 bottles of mineral water, and 17 bottles of wine.

And as the actors owned the play, they had to foot their own food bill, so it can readily be understood that there was very little left on the plates.

"The public doesn't realise what it costs to provide food and drinks and cigarettes for shows in the course of a year," said Mr. W. Lincoln, property master for J. C. W., whose duty it has been for the past 40 years to attend to these matters. "But, of course, there are exceptions. For instance, the late Dion Boucicault would never drink on the stage. In 'His House in Order' he drank cold tea for whisky, but after the performance he did not mind a whisky and soda.

Must Be Hot

"WHEN a hot meal is part of the programme of the play the actors insist upon having it served hot, and after it has been delivered by the caterers we have to keep it steaming hot and ready to serve at the back of the stage.

"Strangely enough, in spite of the cost, the theatre management approves the best food and drink being supplied, because there is no risk of sickness with good food."

In many of the American and European theatres there is a kitchen attached where the meals for the stage are prepared, but the practice in Australia is to order food supplies from adjoining restaurants, to be delivered at a certain time, and the job of the property-master is to see that it arrives to the minute.

If there is any delay in bringing on the banquet scene, the food is kept hot by being placed on top of buckets of boiling water—rather a crude method in these days of electric heaters and gas stoves—but then it is not every play which has a banquet scene on the programme.

"Of course," said Mr. Lincoln, "we sometimes have cranks who are on diet, and when they let us know that their stomachs won't stand kidney and bacon we have to make our kidney and bacon with sponge cake and chocolate. But these are the exceptions.

"Also then there are actresses who refuse to smoke cigarettes in any circumstances."

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BEWARE! THE *Supreme Hooded Terror* IS HERE!!

New Secret Society That Will Appeal to Family Men

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

I have long felt the need of a really impregnable excuse for having a night out with the boys. All my excuses are worn so thin that my wife, when I get half way through, finishes them for me. Which is humiliating to a fellow who earns his living solely by his imagination.

I thought of joining a lodge. I did not know whether to join the Hibernian Society or become a Mason. And, being in doubt about some others, I decided to form my own society.

MY name not being Murphy or O'Brien, I was a non-starter for the Hibernian Society, but I was rather attracted to Masonry because of all the little hammers and trowels, and spades and gold-plated things. Still, the goat-riding part of the initiation ceremony perturbed me.

I was informed by a very exalted Mason (I think he was the Chief Rock-Chopper and Honorable Foundation Stone-Chiseller) that the lodge goat was a nice animal which had been donated by Mr. Skuthorpe from his buckjump circus as he was unable to control it. This rather put me off becoming a Mason.

The Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes did not attract me much. I know a few Buffaloes, personally.

Then there was the Ancient Order of Foresters. Well, you can't go home late at night and tell your wife you've been out planting trees, or chopping wood, or whatever the Ancient Foresters do.

The Ku-Klux-Klan seems to be a back number these days, and, anyhow, there is no scope for an energetic member in this benighted country. What's the use of lugging a rope around when there's nobody to lynch?

So I was driven to forming a society of my own.

It is The Old and Ancient, Antediluvian, Moth-Eaten, Cob-web-Covered, Neolithic Order of Complainers.

It is a secret society which has an annual meeting once a week, its object being to stay out as late as possible and assist charity by buying State Lottery tickets. All members of the Order are pledged to save up their old razor blades which will later be melted down into a battleship, thus helping towards the defence of the country.

The signs and countersigns are rather complicated. If you see a man with his vest on back to front, and wearing his wristlet watch around his neck, you will not be far wrong in guessing him to be a member of the O.A.A.M.C.N.O.C.

The fist must be clenched when shaking hands, after which the member must turn around three times and then yell in a loud voice, "WACKO!" They then exchange bootlaces.

After that they make a mouse. I am not quite sure what a mouse is, but Phillips Oppenheim is always making people do it. I read only last night where "The bewitching young Countess made a little mouse, and tapped Sir Edward lightly on the arm with her fan."

It must be some kind of knitted thing, because I can hardly imagine the Countess wandering about the ballroom with a hammer and nails.

Novel Benefits

HOWEVER, I digress. I'm afraid that my passion for literary research work overcomes me at times.

One good thing about my lodge is that you can get buried free. Any time you like. We have a lodge doctor who will give you a medical certificate for a small fee so that you can stay away from work for a week.

The fee goes into the Sick and Accident Fund so that any brother of the Order who wishes to have an accident merely notifies the Secretary to the Grand Canyon, who gives his official permission.

The Supreme Hooded Terror (me) has the last word in all disputes. Such a change from home life; I'm sure I'm going to enjoy it.

I am inviting tenders for the headquarters building. The bar will be on the top floor. On the next floor will be the meeting room, then the second (or novices') bar. After that comes the horizontal bar, where you can lie down to drink. Then the swimming pool and an ambulance station in the basement. Thus one progresses by easy stages towards home and mother.

Sympathy Free

ONE of the most important positions in the lodge will be that of Grand Chief Sympathiser. Last week I injured my wrist. I wrapped it up in most impressive bandages and put it in a sling and went around the town with an agonised expression.

Did anybody rush up to me and say, "My poor chap! How dreadful to see you so frightfully maimed, and what a blow to literature that it should be your right hand? I'm sure you're being tortured with pain, but I see you are bearing it with a gallant smile"?

Not on your life!

They just said: "Hullo! Been playing up again?" or "You ought to take more water with it," and "How's the other bloke look?"

All this will be altered when the O.A.A.M.C.N.O.C. gets going. Brothers with sore wrists will go to see the Grand Chief Sympathiser and be sympathised at and with so thoroughly that they will go home and take to their beds for weeks, complete with medical certificate and free burial chart.

Don't miss these benefits. Rip out a coupon!

The Supreme Hooded Terror in full regalia bidding a pathetic farewell to his wife on leaving for the annual meeting (held weekly) of his new secret society. He doesn't know what the night has in store for him, but she suspects.

Does your mirror reflect a Lovely Clear Complexion

YOU, too, can have that clear unblemished skin — that outer beauty which comes from inner health—if you remember to take Bile Beans regularly each night.

These fine vegetable pills tone up the system and daily eliminate impurities from the blood-stream. This purified and enriched blood feeds the skin tissues, removes all blemishes and unevenness, and gives what every woman desires — a matchless complexion.

So if you want to be admired for your lovely clear complexion start taking Bile Beans tonight.

"I am a hundred per cent. better in health since taking Bile Beans and my skin is again clear and unblemished. My digestive troubles are gone and I am so full of energy that it's good to be alive. I take Bile Beans every night and would not be without them for anything."—Miss E. H.

"It would do you good to see the lovely clear skin that Bile Beans have given me. My health is greatly improved and I am full of life all day long. Bile Beans also keep me slender and help me to maintain a youthful appearance."—Miss K. D.

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Only a *tiny* dose, just ten or so drops in a little water is *all* baby needs. As a ready nursery-aid **Bonnington's Irish Moss** is a blessing to Mother, it SOOTHES instantly. When baby's breathing is slightly hindered, it helps rid any phlegm—it EASES! It soon stops any sleep-disturbing COUGH. It's quite harmless and safe to use.

IMITATIONS:
Substitutes will not do! It must be Bonnington's. Price, 1/9 and 3/-.

For Coughs and Colds
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Acid In Your Blood Kills Health and Energy Kidneys Usually to Blame

Nothing can so quickly undermine your health, strength, and energy as an excess of Acid in your blood. Every time you move your hand, take a step, or use even the slightest amount of energy, cells are broken down in the body and create Acids. This process goes on even when you are asleep. Fortunately, nature has provided an automatic method of getting rid of these excess Acids by circulating new blood 200 times an hour through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes, or filters, in your Kidneys. It is the function of the Kidneys to filter out these health-destroying Acids, and to purify the blood so that it can take energy and vitality to every part of your body. But if your Kidneys slow down and do not function properly, and remove approximately 3 pints of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly but surely your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, run-down, and worn-out.

Causes many ills

If Kidney and Bladder troubles cause you to suffer from Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches, Rheumatic Pains, Swollen Ankles, Circles Under Eyes, Backache, Loss of Vitality, or Burning, Itching and Smarting, don't waste time worrying and waiting. Help your Kidneys with the doctor's special, guaranteed kidney diuretic prescription, called Cystex (pronounced Sis-Tex). Cystex works directly on the Kidneys and Bladder, and helps the Kidneys in their function of washing impurities and Acids from the system and in maintaining the purity of the blood. Don't try to overcome Acidity in your blood by taking medicines to offset the Acidity. The Acid is bound to stay there unless the Kidneys function properly.

Thousands of chemists and doctors in 31 different countries throughout the world recommend Cystex for its purity and prompt action as a Kidney diuretic. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless." Dr. C. Z. Rondello, another widely-known Physician and Medical Examiner, of San Francisco, recently said: "Since the Kidneys purify the blood, the Poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

Dr. T. J. Rastelli

Guaranteed to Cure

Because of its world-wide and unusual success, Cystex is offered under a written guarantee to do the work to your complete satisfaction in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Under this written guarantee you can put Cystex to the test and see exactly what it can do in your particular case. You must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs you nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. With Cystex there is no long waiting for results, because it is scientifically prepared to act directly on the Kidneys. For that reason most people report a remarkable improvement within the first 48 hours, and complete satisfaction within 8 days. Cystex costs very little, and as the guarantee protects you completely, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or delay. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Sis-tex) to day.

Cystex

Schaffer & Co., Sydney or Melbourne.

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

DOREEN WALLACE *Reaches Great Heights in Her* NEW NOVEL

Fine Character Drawing

Ever since Doreen Wallace wrote "Latter Howe," her progress as a novelist has been keenly watched. With the publication of her new book, "So Long To Learn," she establishes herself as one of the outstanding women novelists of the day.

LIKE the majority of brilliant English women writers to-day, she is a realist, and her work does not suffer on that account.

Miss Wallace, through the eyes of a thoughtful observer, shows us England. Not the England of the Piccadilly restaurants or the social round, but England of farm and agricultural activity. She is not a superficial observer set glamorously a'twitter at the leafy lanes and the rolling sweep of the hills, but a person who sees that where man is, there, too, must be activity and problems. To Australians the Suffolk setting of her novel will have a certain familiarity about it—the familiarity of rural life the world over.

Into this Suffolk setting she places a series of characters, who work out their lives against the background of the problems of the country dwellers.

The whole story of the soil is there—the successes and defeats of men and women on the land, their hopes and their despairs.

If you care for none of these things, the tale itself will supply you with all the satisfaction needed and afforded by a good yarn, well told.

Three principal characters march through the pages of the book. The gentleman-farmer who knows all about everything. His God-given post is to be a gentleman-farmer, and he leaves it at that. He delegates almost every job, and is even too lazy or self-satisfied to take the trouble to know and understand his own wife. He belongs to the old order—a retired colonel playing at farming.

A young farmer—a war-wrecked lad seeking the open air and a living on the land, is the other male figure in the book. This character is magnificently portrayed, with a fine sentiment which never becomes mawkish.

The girl, however, is the greatest character in the story. Country-bred, she knows the country better than these men who have come to it after trying other modes of life.

CAPTAIN F. A. M. WEBSTER, whose new novel, "Son of Abdan," is earning golden praise from the critics. Soldier, author, traveller and Olympic champion in javelin throwing, his "Shadowed Ways" was a very popular free novel published by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Loves Youth

SHE marries the Colonel—as a farmer's daughter would, pleased at being preferred by a man of money and position—but she loves the younger man as any woman would, eager and anxious to assist a war-wrecked youth beset with the bigness and perplexities of life.

Great reading when these types are thrown together, but the keen edge is sometimes missing when the author allows herself to rail at Fate and politics. A fine human novel, which is great because it is not highbrow, and satisfying because it transcribes life so charmingly and with such truth.

"So Long to Learn." Doreen Wallace. (Collins, 7/6. Our copy from the publishers.)

SHORT REVIEWS

"PERIOD PROGRAMME." Guy Pocock. Fun in an amateur orchestra is the theme of this new novel by the author of "Design for a Staircase." In reality the orchestra is just so many instruments to provide the author with a fanfare of mirth in the high jinks manner. Clever stuff most of it, with delicious fooling the predominant note. (Dent. 7/6.)

* * *

"THE SUNSTONE." H. De Vere Stacpoole. Two scheming villains, the sun splashed waters of the Malay Archipelago, and the jade eye of a heathen god are the ingredients of this story. If the plot seems familiar, and you wonder how many one-eyed gods there must be in heathen temples these days, you have also the assurance that Stacpoole is himself again, and ready to give you a rattling good adventure yarn. There's a treasure hunt, and a sequel which will surprise. Good light reading. (Hutchinson. 7/6.)

BOOKWORM'S CHOICE

"MRS. ASTOR'S HORSE." Stanley Walker. Delightful fun at the expense of American society. Breezily written, it's great reading from cover to cover. WHEN the author tires of twisting the tail of Mrs. Astor's Horse (which is his way of describing overdressed and overfed society), he turns to other aspects of American life.

FOR instance, there's the mayor's wife who said to Queen Marie at a civic reception, "You've said a mouthful, Queen."

WRITTEN without malice, and full of laughter, but it's tolerant mirth, with no hard feelings.

The Bodley Head. (Our copy from Angus and Robertson, Ltd.)

"THE BARONESS." Ernst Wiechert. A tragic and beautiful story of a farmer who turned soldier during the Great War. There is a deep poetic spirit in this tale of a man who lost his way in the war. Prison has warped him, and the farmer is lost in the man with a grudge against the world. Return to his native village and contact with the Baroness gradually work a change in his outlook. The world of war and waving plumes he decides may well be lost for the ploughed earth turned to the sun and the ripe corn whispering to him as he walks the fields again. A rare and unusual book. (Allen and Unwin. 7/6.)

* * *

"LADIES IN LOVE." Ladislaus Bus Fekete. This Austrian writer with the rather formidable name knows how to be humorous. More than that, he realizes that the old recipe of laughter and tears can be used with the greatest success in a modern novel.

The story, which is brilliantly translated, concerns the lives and adventures of three girls in Budapest. It is vastly entertaining, with a charm of writing and a ready wit to gloss over the risky situations which develop here and there in the manner of Continental stories. (Allen and Unwin. 7/6.)

* * *

"ENTICEMENT." Betty Trask. What can a beautiful girl do when she works in a museum, and her handsome employer treats her less tenderly than one of the exhibits? She can make him sit up and take notice just for his own sake as well as hers, if only to prove he's alive. David, the obtruse young man in question, is very hard to get going with, but help comes in the person of Hallam Chester—a wealthy art dealer. Charlotte uses him as a sort of decoy for David. David awakes at last, and Charlotte wins the day. Nice fireside reading, with no jolts in the plot. (Collins. 7/6.)

WINTRY *Weather is Spreading* COLDS & 'FLU

REPORTS to hand indicate there are colds and mild cases of 'Flu prevalent. There is no need to fear colds or 'flu—you can protect yourself in the initial stages by taking three 'ASPRO' tablets the moment the first symptoms appear and two tablets every three hours afterwards until you are quite well again. With the last dose when going to bed take a hot lemon drink. Sometimes influenza commences with a sore throat; if so, use 'ASPRO' as a gargle according to the directions. 'ASPRO' will not only relieve the sore throat, but, being an antiseptic will prevent infection and by taking 'ASPRO' internally you will quickly end cold and 'flu troubles. For safe and sure relief without any dangerous after effects always take 'ASPRO.'

Stop Them Now With 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' ENDS HEADACHES COLDS AND 'FLU

"Somerset,"
12 John Street,
GOULBURN, N.S.W.
7th May, 1935.

Dear Sirs,

Like many others I suffered from Headaches which were rather severe, until I found how good 'ASPRO' tablets really were.

As for Colds and 'Flu, I never suffer from them at all now, as when I feel feverish—aching in the limbs—weak or sniffy, I take 3 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink on retiring at night and seldom have to take the second dose, which speaks well for the beneficient properties of 'ASPRO.'

18/7/35 (Sgd.) Mrs. C. GIBBONS.

GEORGE EDWARDS BROADCASTS AN 'ASPRO' PLAY

Every Sunday Night at ½ to 9 (E.S.T.) Tune in to 2UW Sydney, 2HD N'Castle, 2GZ Orange, 3KZ Melb., 4BK Brisbane, 4AK Oakey, 5KA Adelaide, or 7UV Ulverstone for "A GEORGE EDWARDS' FANTASIA" on Sunday, July 19th

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SOME NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."

WIFE: Did you post my letter, dear?
HUSBAND: Nearly, darling. I'll try again to-morrow.

"So you're not going around with that young man from the service station?"
"No, he's given me the air for the last time."

HEADMASTER: And how did you get the idea of becoming a teacher?
APPLICANT: I thought the blackboard would set off my blonde hair so beautifully.

MANAGER: I thought you told me this man had diplomas?
SECRETARY: Not exactly, sir. They are worthless stock certificates showing that he has been through the school of experience.

YOUR FEET IN WINTER NEED
Regular Attention With
Zam-Buk

THIS weather is very trying. Your feet are often cold and wet, and you are liable to have painful and annoying chilblains, or maybe a touch of cramp or rheumatism in the feet. But you can be sure of healthy, comfortable feet all Winter by this easy treatment.

Every night give your feet a good rub over with Zam-Buk Ointment. This restores circulation and relieves

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation.

If your feet are aching and tired, or you have those troublesome corns and hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk, bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

As this refined herbal Zam-Buk is absorbed into the skin, joints, ankles, toes and feet are strengthened and real foot comfort is yours. Don't forget—start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores.

"Rheumatism attacked my feet, especially during wet weather. Once I was so crippled I almost gave up work. But I now find that rubbing in Zam-Buk prevents all pain. My feet don't trouble me at all now."—Miss E. B.

"I suffered with chilblains and cold feet but massaging the foot and legs with Zam-Buk restored sluggish circulation. Chilblains do not trouble me now, neither do the cold sensations in the feet."—Mrs F. H. E.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

SMITH: Have you noticed that there are many more accidents to cars than to trains?

Jones: But you never see the engine-driver with his arm round the fireman's waist, do you?

MILKMAN: Yes, ma'am. I had my milk analysed only last week.

Housewife: Good! And did they find any?

Milkman: Find any what?

Housewife: Milk.

JUDGE: Do you mean to tell me that man nearly strangled a woman in a ballroom with over two hundred people present?

Witness: Yes. Everybody thought they were dancing.

BROWN and Jones were returning rather late from the club in their car. Gradually the speedometer crept up—10, 20, 30, 40, 50 miles an hour—until Jones began to feel rather nervous.

"You're driving rather fast, aren't you?" he asked Brown.

Brown looked surprised. "Me? Driving fast? I thought you were driving," he exploded.

OFFICE BOY (presenting bill): My boss says that I'm not to go back until you give me the money you owe him.

Debtor: Oh, indeed! Well, I wonder if he will recognise you with a beard!

JUDGE: Did you steal that rug?

Prisoner: No, yer Honor. A lady gave it to me and told me to beat it, and I did.

INDIGESTION
—THE SPOILER OF HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

In these days of strenuous work and strenuous play, health is a vital necessity if we want to take our share in the life and happiness of our generation.

Indigestion in its many forms (heartburn, flatulence, palpitation, gastritis, dyspepsia) is far too prevalent, especially when we know proper and prompt treatment will banish it.

De Witt's Antacid Powder has come to the fore as a first-class indigestion remedy because of its three-fold action. It neutralises the excess acidity, protects the inflamed stomach lining from further attacks, and directly assists in digesting your food. If you suffer from any form of indigestion buy a canister without delay. It costs but **2/6**

De WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

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THIS picturesque gown, worn by Ann Dvorak, is fashioned from taffeta. The square decolletage is caught at the sides with bunches of velvet grapes. The puffed sleeves give a winged appearance.

LITTLE *Star* LOST

Continued from Page 11

FROM the look he gave her, I think it was lucky for the lady that Vince didn't happen to have a gun on him at that moment.

It was just after little "Bunty" finished this "sobbie" that something happened which set the whole Crazy City—indeed, the entire earth—by the ears.

One morning, fifty million people took in their newspapers with the milk, and leaping up at them in large type were the searing headlines:

CHILD STAR BELIEVED KIDNAPPED

"Bunty" Browning Vanishes

Frantic Mother's Story

The accompanying columns went on to tell how the "frantic mother" had put the little girl safely to bed in her Beverly Hills home at eight o'clock of the night previously. Chancing to go into the room an hour later, she had found the windows open, and her little girl gone—stolen from her bed.

Every available officer in the Crazy City instantly set off with siren hoots on the search. Scores of "suspects" were questioned and grilled, while public hysteria spread throughout the country. North, south, east and west—the quest went on. More police detachments were pressed into service to join in the general frenzy.

But they didn't bring back the little goose that had laid the golden eggs. Mrs. Georgia Julia Browning was reported to be prostrate.

As for Monte Schultz, he was almost off his head with apprehension. He began with a reward for five thousand dollars to anyone who could lay information leading to the child star's safe return, increased it to 7500 dollars, and then to 10,000 dollars—all in the space of thirty-six hours.

Twelve hours later, after "Bunty" had been missing for two days, he put through an incoherent call to Mrs. Browning. He had just received an anonymous message with the intimation that the terms of ransom would be twenty thousand dollars. The money must be deposited in a certain specified place, in cash, at a given time within twenty-four hours, "or else——"

WHETHER that message was genuine, and the writer actually held the kidnapped child, Schultz would not dare to say, but he told Mrs. Browning that they must be ready to take a chance, and she was ready enough to agree.

As it happened, that ransom money was destined never to be paid.

You see, I had occasion to call on Vince Carewe in the evening a few hours after the demand had been made. Vince lived by himself in a bungalow built to Spanish specifications off the beaten track, and as I drove out that way I turned over in my mind various tortures that seemed suitable to try out on kidnappers.

It was dark when I arrived, and the lights of Vince's place glowed invitingly through the palms. Although the camaraderie of the Crazy City gave him a pain as a general rule, virtually he had always kept "open house" for me. So that on this occasion I just walloped the door as usual, and walked straight in to Carewe's retreat.

Immediately I stepped in the room I jerked back as though suddenly confronted with a rattler.

There—surrounded by all manner of toys, and with a face wreathed in smiles—sat the kidnapped "Bunty" Browning! And there, too, sat the hatchet-faced Vince Carewe, looking as smug as they make 'em.

"Lo, you," growled he, amiably, looking as guiltless as a gangster waiting philosophically for his crook lawyer to fix the jury—"Have a drink?"

"D-d-drink!" I could only splutter.

But even while I goggled at him, and waited for the breath of life to return to me, I thought I could see it all.

Vince had hit on this crazy solution of saving the kid from her own mother!

I took that drink. I needed it. Then:

"But, Vince—you'll have to get 'Bunty' back right away. They'll get you for it!" I cried.

"They won't," drawled Vince, quite calmly.

"And the kid will stay right here. What's more, she stops for keeps!"

"Bunty" nodded her curly head in unanimous agreement.

"But see here, Vince," I protested, "you know as well as I do that right now any prowling detective might——"

"That's all right, son," cut in Carewe; "I'm thinking of turnin' 'em myself after the way I've done the Sherlock stuff since 'Bunty' disappeared."

He lit a sleek cigar, and murmured, irrelevantly: "Ever heard of adoption, my young Napoleon of the pen? I have in 'Bunty' a case of adoption obtained by what I should describe as legitimate blackmail."

"You're not telling me that you've adopted 'Bunty' from her mother?" I echoed, incredulously.

"I'm afraid Mrs. G. J. B. had no choice after I had called on her with a legal deaf mute, precisely three hours ago, after a heck of a lot of patient research on my part. The sight of her map when she had to sign the adoption papers would have given you inspiration. You'd probably have written a red-hot story entitled 'Hades—From the Inside,' or somethin'."

Somehow I got a breath. "Then it wasn't you who kidnapped the kid?"

"No, my dear Watson," said he, ironically. "It was not. But I discovered to-day who did. Mrs. Georgia Julia Browning had to stop me taking the culprit's name to the newspapers, and the price of my silence was—'Bunty.'"

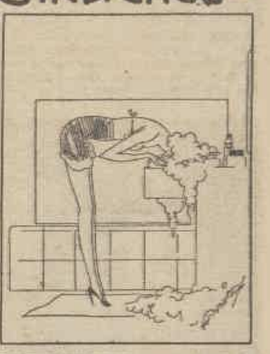
Suddenly I saw the light. "You—you don't mean that Mrs. Browning faked the whole thing?"

Vince Carewe breathed a luxurious whiff from his cigar towards the ceiling.

"It sure is surprising the lengths to which that women 'ud go to get money," he mused.

(Copyright)

GIRLIGAGS



"YOU CAN'T TELL a grey head by its color."

KIDNEY TROUBLE

An article of vital interest to all those who suffer from the many agonising pains caused by Kidney Trouble

More marvellous than any machine made by man is the human body. In health, all our muscular effort, our power to think clearly and work with hand and brain, hour after hour, is carried on without any conscious effort on our part to direct the many intricate workings of the organs of the body which enable this to be done.

Most vital of these organs are, perhaps, the kidneys. The kidneys are fairly small organs, but before the blood, on which your vitality and strength—your very life—depend, can carry to every part of the body and the brain its necessary nourishment, every drop must pass through the kidneys. It is their duty to separate out waste matters and poisons, and to see that these are eliminated from the body.

Thus, the kidneys really are the purifiers of the blood, so that you can see how vitally important it is to keep them fit. If they are not functioning correctly, it is then that such poisons as uric acid, in excess, enter the blood and, finding a home in such places as finger, knee and toe joints, inflame the nerves controlling your movements, causing dreadful pain.

In the same way, if the kidneys allow impurities to get into the blood, and course through the system, the complexion becomes sallow and spotted, the activity of the brain is dulled, vitality is lowered, and every movement of muscles in the back, legs and arms may be fraught with agonising twinges of pain.

Nature is very prompt in giving her first stern warnings of kidney trouble.

So it must also be remembered that the result of weak kidney action is shown in many forms such as:

Rheumatism Backache
Lumbago Sciatica
Stiff Joints Loss of Vigour
Always Tired Baggy Eyes
Worn-out Feeling
Painful Urination
Sediment in Urine
Frequent desire to Urinate

BACKACHE

The kidneys are situated in the small of the back. They may become inflamed, weak or sluggish, owing to chill, after-effects of illness (influenza and colds often leave the kidneys weak), neglect or over-indulgence. People over 40 are especially prone to kidney trouble.

When the kidneys are inflamed, not only does the whole body suffer, but the unfortunate patient gets those terribly painful and depressing backaches which make his life miserable by day and disturb his rest at night.

It is no use rubbing your body with ointments, for the trouble is in your blood. Until you prompt the kidneys to filter out the pain-giving poisons, you cannot hope to be rid of body and nerve-racking pain.

The only remedy is to take a medicine that will act directly on the kidneys. De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially prepared to meet all cases of kidney trouble. They act gently but effectively. They can be taken by young and old with equal benefit. You will be amazed how quickly your backache will be eased after taking just a few De Witt's Pills.

Sufferers from chronic backache—the days when you had to spend hard-earned money experimenting with ointments, plasters and potions you "hoped" would help you, are past. There is no need to sit in dreadful pain "wondering" if your body-torturing, brain-racking trouble can be banished. We are convinced that with the genuine remedy, De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, taken regularly, your suffering will quickly end. For over 45 years these pills have proved invaluable for all forms of backache caused by kidney trouble.

Below you can read letters from people who have suffered agony like yourself. Many tried other medicines, but until they tried De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills—the remedy made especially to act on the kidneys—they got no relief. With this evidence of the wonderful value of De Witt's Pills, why will you delay treatment, when health and happiness can be had for such a small outlay? Ask your chemist about them. He will tell you that the formula on the box shows that De Witt's Pills are made from ingredients that are recognised as the very best medicine for all forms of kidney trouble.

Because of this, De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are the most economical pills you can buy.

RHEUMATISM

So many people will not treat correctly the first twinges of pain caused by rheumatism. Do you realise that these "slight twinges" lead to body and brain-crippling torture, swollen, stiff joints, knuckles bent and almost immovable, scorching, aching muscles—yes, day after day of miserable pain?

Then, too, is the danger that neglected rheumatic trouble may weaken the heart and leave the victim in constant danger of collapse.

It may be you have tried every ointment and lotion under the sun to rub on the painful or swollen parts and have found no real benefit. You never will. Do get this fact clearly in your mind. The cause of rheumatism is in the blood, and nothing applied outside can do any lasting good.

Rheumatism is caused by such poisons as uric acid in excess, or harmful bacteria or impurities in the blood, lodging in joints and muscles, irritating the delicate nerves and thus causing chronic pain.

The kidneys should have expelled this excess of uric acid and the harmful impurities. These organs have become weak and must be re-strengthened.

Then you will see why De Witt's Pills are such a wonderfully successful remedy for all rheumatic conditions. They do act directly on the kidneys, tone them up gently and help them to throw out of the system the CAUSE of your pain.

Men and women who have suffered for years the weakness and pain of rheumatism have found in this remedy the means of not only banishing their trouble, but of regaining vigorous health, splendid energy and the happiness of again enjoying work and pleasure.

It is interesting to note how many workers, farmers, builders, drivers, housewives, travellers, motorists—in fact people in all walks of life—to whom stiffness or swollen joints are such serious troubles, have written to thank us for the speedy ending of their worries, thanks to De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Women who have declared "it was just agony to get up after stooping" . . . "my back was breaking" . . . "my joints painful and swollen," have been surprised not only how quickly De Witt's Pills act, but that there is no return of the trouble, not even years after.

That is the great triumph of De Witt's Pills. There is no need to keep on with this remedy "for ever." One bottle, in many cases, is sufficient to bring back health and vigour permanently.

BLADDER TROUBLE

Bladder Trouble, shown by too frequent desire for relief, especially when warm in bed at night time, is truly a sign of serious kidney disorder. Neglect the warning and terrible indeed may be the pain you will suffer. Gravel or stone may form, or cystitis (chronic inflammation of the bladder) may result. Bladder trouble is not merely an annoyance—something to be ashamed of when away from home—it is a dangerous condition that must be checked. Men of forty and over who too frequently desire relief are warned to deal with their trouble at once.

The real cause of your weakness is due to the kidneys allowing an excess of acid, poisonous irritants, to accumulate in the blood, which inflame the delicate membranes of the bladder. The only remedy is to persuade the kidneys to healthy action so that they will rid the body of those irritating poisons.

We are confident in the statement that there is no quicker, surer means to this end than a short course with the doctor-recommended De Witt's Pills. These pills are made specially for the one purpose of ending the troubles caused by kidney and bladder weakness.

Thousands of one-time sufferers now returned to health will tell you there is no surer, safer, certain and inexpensive cure for chronic backache, rheumatism, bladder trouble, lumbago, sciatica, and all the sure signs of kidney trouble, than De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. Where all other remedies fail, in cases where men and women have been bed-ridden or perhaps have suffered—not weeks, but years—De Witt's Pills have banished the old pain and restored health, vigour, and vitality. Why will you suffer longer when De Witt's Pills are ready to bring you health? There is no need to take our word—read the letters printed below—every one is genuine.

Buy a bottle and start building health, strength and vigour. Be sure you get De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Take two pills at night, and one before meal times. We guarantee that in 24 hours you will see and know they are doing you good. Persevere, and the pain and constant annoyance of bladder trouble will disappear.

Sold in Two Sizes, 3/6 & 6/6

WORLD-WIDE TESTIMONY for DE WITT'S PILLS

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are sold in almost every country on the globe. Their wide popularity (the result of doing everything that is claimed for them) is evident from the range of letters shown below.

RHEUMATISM — AUSTRALIA

Mr. L. Haslett, of 35, William Street, Oakleigh, Victoria, says: "I suffered terrible pain from rheumatism. A friend told me about De Witt's Pills, and after taking only four doses I felt improvement. I persevered with the treatment, and now I can tell you I am in perfect health."

KIDNEY TROUBLE — NEW ZEALAND

Mr. John Crotin, of Macandrew Bay, Dunedin, writes: "For years I suffered from backache and kidney trouble, and tried every known remedy without result. Finally I tried De Witt's Pills, and felt immediate benefit. A short course cured me, and now at 63 years of age I'm as fit as a fiddle—thanks to De Witt's Pills."

KIDNEY TROUBLE — ENGLAND

Mr. H. Lucas, a retired journalist, of 33, Mainprise, Boston, Lincolnshire, writes: "I took bottle after bottle of medicine in vain search for relief from the terrible pains caused by kidney trouble. A sample of De Witt's Pills was given to me, and to my surprise I obtained instant relief. After three bottles I found I was definitely cured, and am now in the 'pink'—thanks to De Witt's Pills."

After six years Mr. Lucas is still in the best of health, and recommends De Witt's Pills to everyone suffering from kidney trouble.

BACKACHE — SOUTH AFRICA

Mrs. J. H. Collard, of 51, Umbilo Road, Durban, writes: "I suffered agonies from backache, not even able to dress myself, until I tried De Witt's Pills, on my friends' recommendation. Within a week of taking your pills my pains had completely gone, and I was able to do anything. I recommend De Witt's Pills to everyone."

BLADDER TROUBLE — BRAZIL

Srta. A. V. Kerchkof, a teacher, of Barracao, Brazil, writes: "For eight years years I suffered from kidney and bladder trouble, enduring much pain and uneasiness. Despite trying many medicines, I could not get relief until I used De Witts Pills. Almost immediately I found benefit, and one bottle was sufficient to make me fit and well again."

LUMBAGO — CHILE

Sra. Maria Del Transito Una, a nurse, of Parral, Chile, writes: "The horrible pains of lumbago made life a burden. I could not do my nursing, and suffered constant fainting attacks. I despaired of ever being well again until I tried De Witt's Pills. After only one bottle I felt better and stronger, and before I had used three bottles my pain had gone. I recommend De Witt's Pills every where."

JOINT PAINS — ARGENTINE

Sr. J. J. Quintana, of Alvarado, 14, Buenos Aires, says: "For years every movement I made gave me agony from pains in my wrists, elbows, ankles and knees. Constant rubbing with liniments and the use of many medicines were of no avail, yet after taking only one bottle of De Witt's Pills all pain was banished."

RHEUMATISM — ENGLAND

Mrs. F. Hook, of 3, Peel Road, Kingswood, Bristol, writes: "For nine years my hands and feet were crippled and swollen with rheumatism, despite trying every possible remedy. Being recommended to try De Witt's Pills, I bought a bottle and noticed an improvement. Within a short time De Witt's Pills had cured my rheumatism completely—a wonderful relief."

KIDNEY TROUBLE — ENGLAND

Mrs. S. A. Wallis, of 27, Harold Street, Grimsby, Lincs., writes: "I was ill for seven months with kidney trouble, and had given up hope of being well again. I tried De Witt's Pills for one month, with the result that I was able to get about again and am now in good health. Before taking De Witt's Pills I was so crippled with backache and swollen knees that I could not walk, but now I can attend to my domestic duties."

BACKACHE — SCOTLAND

Mr. A. Shaw, of 18, Lady Lane, Paisley, writes: "The terrible pains of backache caused me one long year of misery and suffering, and everything I tried to relieve me had no effect at all. I sent for a sample of De Witt's Pills, without any great hope of feeling any benefit, but to my great surprise my pains diminished. I decided to continue the treatment, and in a short time I was absolutely free from pain."

De WITT'S Kidney & Bladder PILLS

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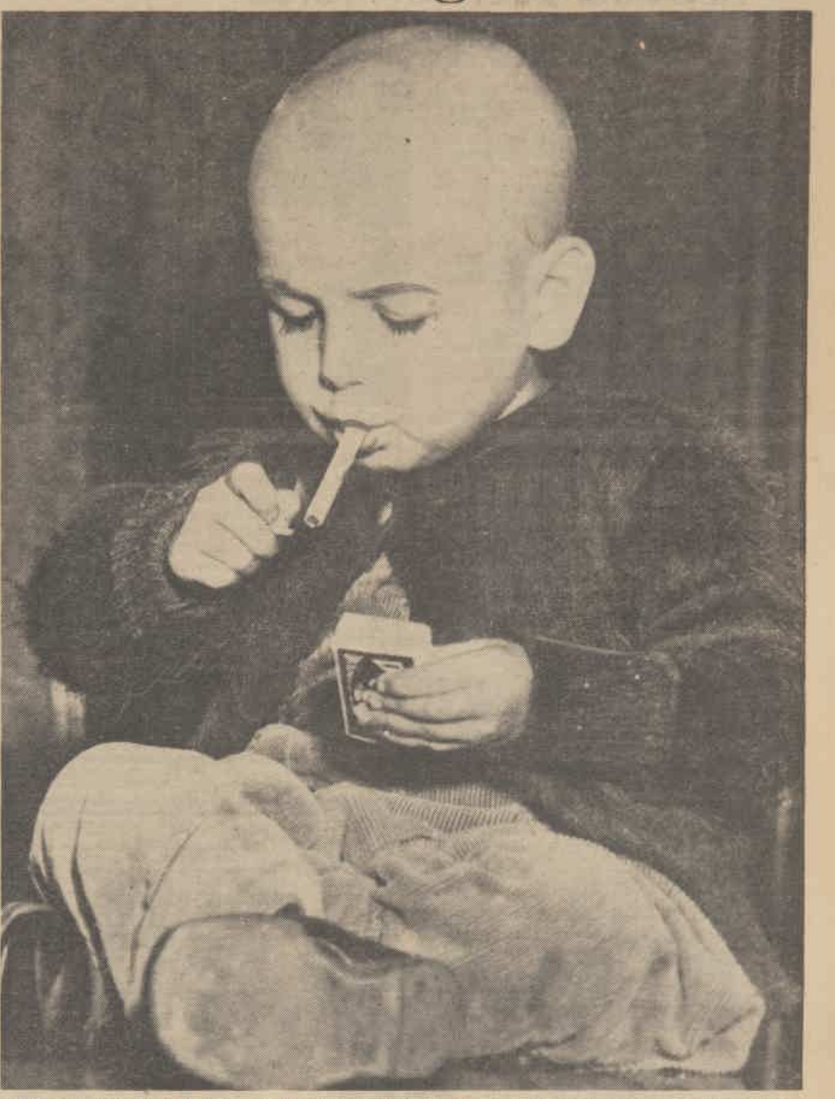
Women in Unusual Jobs: Youngest Smoker

WOMEN KEEPERS at the London Zoo. Keeper Valerie Higgins (left) and Keeper Beryl Hudson going out to feed their charges, the animals in the pets' corner. Would you like their job?



WITH ALL THE APLOMB of a seasoned smoker, 22-months-old Juan Vasquez lights his cigarette. He likes nothing better than a smoke, and claims to be the world's youngest cigarette fiend. He is an American waif whom the child welfare authorities are now taking in hand, so Juan will have to reform his ways

TWO WOMEN attached to different branches of the American law and order forces (yes, these forces exist!). Mrs. E. H. Fowlkes (left) is a county judge, before whom appear offenders apprehended by a woman sheriff. Mrs. Fowlkes is the mother of seven children. Right is Elizabeth Zook, a co-ed. cadet in the Wichita police crime prevention division.

NOT MANY would care for her job. Mrs. Elena Girchberg, 22-year-old Russian widow, is a stewardess on a Russian motorship, whose crew of 35 includes one other widow. "I wanted to see the world," says Mrs. Girchberg, "so I decided to work my way round."

THE LATEST IN QUADRUPLETS. Charles Gay, proprietor of a lion farm, shown with quadruplet lion cubs, each weighing a pound and a half, that were born on his farm in California. Quadruplet lion cubs are reported to be rare.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4610345

Proved Best for Colds to the World's Best Jury

MOTHERS, with their children's interest at heart, are probably the most careful buyers in the world. Unimpressed by the exaggerated claims of remedies that promise too much, they demand *results*. And because Vicks VapoRub *does* give results, two generations of mothers have voted it their best help in treating colds and made it the outstanding leader in its field. Over 26 million jars are used yearly!

Acts in Two Ways at Once

Just rubbed on the chest and throat at bed-time, VapoRub begins immediately to fight the cold direct—in two ways at once:

(1) Direct through the skin, like a poultice, it "draws out" tightness and pain. (2) At the same time, its vapours—released by the body heat—are inhaled direct to the irritated air-passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the breathing.

Through the night, this powerful, two-way action continues. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

VapoRub is *effective—external*—and *safe!* It avoids the risks of constant internal dosing so often upsetting to delicate digestions. "Dosing" can rob little folks of appetite and thus lower body strength when it is most needed to resist disease. VapoRub can be used freely, and as often as needed, even on the youngest child.

FREE . . . With Every Package

Every package of VapoRub contains this *extra* help in fighting colds: full instructions for following Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. Clinical tests, supervised by doctors among 5,823 persons, have proved that this Plan helps not only to *end* colds sooner, but also to *prevent* many a miserable cold altogether!

***Now Improved!* WHITE-STAINLESS**

Even if you are already one of the millions of delighted users, you are going to like Vicks VapoRub better than ever now. Vick Chemists have succeeded in making it *white* and *stainless*. This new and daintier form of your old standby has the same formula, the same powerful double-action, and brings the same double-quick relief. Only the colour has been removed—and with it all risk of staining the clothing or bed-linen. There is no increase in price.

BEST FOR CHILDREN'S COLDS **VICKS VAPORUB** JUST AS GOOD FOR ADULTS, TOO

THE QUINS *Questionnaire*

Lucky Letter-writers Who Won Shirley Dolls

A beautiful and costly Shirley Temple doll has been awarded to each of the 100 readers whose names appear below, for letters written in the "Quins" questionnaire. On page *29* will be found the full story of the contest, which evoked nation-wide interest.

Mrs. Adams, 137 Clinton St., Goulburn, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. J. Anglin, 39 Thomas St., Croydon, S.A.
Miss Nancy Bincher, Jeeralang Junction, via Morwell, Gippsland, Vic.
Mrs. A. Barron, Kermandie, 93 Patrick St., Hobart, Tas.
Mrs. H. J. Brown, 103 Corrimal St., Wollongong, N.S.W.
Mrs. L. W. Bailey, Farm 1244, Corbie Hill, Leeton, N.S.W.
Miss P. Burgess, Ardallie, Rous St., Box 243, Lismore, N.S.W.
Mrs. I. Black, Boonmoo, Chillagoe Line, Qld.
Mrs. E. J. Bradley, Mount Pleasant Rd., Gympie, Qld.
Mrs. F. Byrnes, Alfred St., Roma, Qld.
Mrs. W. Bates, Emu Bay, Kangaroo Island, S.A.
Mrs. H. Chrystall, Larras Lee, N.S.W.
Miss I. Connors, 21 Herries St., Toowoomba, Qld.
Mrs. M. Crawley, Public School, The Rock, N.S.W.
Mrs. M. Cannon, 114 Derwent St., Glebe, Sydney.
Mrs. Rita Cooper, Post Office, Silvan, Vic.
Miss M. Colbron, No. 6 Flat, 47 Sir Thomas Mitchell Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. C. Culph, Erica, Vic.
Mrs. A. Chidlow, Lloyd St., Murtoa, Vic.
Miss A. P. Cameron, Fairholme, Toowoomba, Qld.

Says it in Poetry

MISS L. MAYNARD, Norwood, South Australia, a prize-winner, breaks into verse in defence of Mrs. Dionne's claim for the return of the "Quins."

Five little babies
All in a day,
God's precious gift
To Mother. I pray
No one shall part them
Or dare take away.
Five little babies
With Mother shall stay.
Five little babies
We know it's quite true
Were given in trust
Dear Mother to you.

Mrs. E. Dove, The Elms, Nar Nar Goon, Gippsland, Vic.
Miss L. Dalrymple, 22 Kardinia Rd., Clifton Gardens, N.S.W.
Mrs. Dunk, 197 Newton St., Railway Town, Broken Hill, N.S.W.
Mrs. Davies, Gerringong, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. Ditz, 72 Carabella St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.
Miss E. Dunnett, Snake Valley P.O., via Ballarat, Vic.
Mrs. Ray Duncan, 234 Albert Rd., Albert Park, SC3, Vic.
Mrs. M. Edwards, Bena St., Tallimba, N.S.W.
Miss Heather Ferguson, Box 9, Warracknabeal, Vic.
Miss G. Fitzpatrick, No. 1 Gordon St., Paddington, N.S.W.
Miss Shirley Flower, Marrami, Wattle Glen Post Office, Vic.
Mrs. J. Fraser, 16 Fitzroy St., Milson's Point, N.S.W.
Mrs. D. Fisher, Thorne St., Windsor, Qld.
Mrs. J. T. Geddings, Post Office, Koorlong, via Mildura, Vic.
Miss E. Gray, 1 Pelding St., Drummoyne, N.S.W.
Mrs. C. Heywood, Day St., East Maitland, N.S.W.
Mrs. W. Harris, North Side, Mackay, Qld.
Mrs. M. Hall, Yanderra Rd., Yanderra, N.S.W.
Mrs. J. Hunt, North Newtey, Burren Junction, N.S.W.
Mrs. W. G. Hungerford, Vinifera Post Office, via Swan Hill, Vic.
Mrs. W. Imlach, Sidling, Springfield, Tas.
Mrs. J. S. Jones, 410 Maitland Rd., Mayfield West, N.S.W.
Miss Elva Jones, 20 Queen's Rd., Tighe's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.
Miss V. Jeffries, C/o Post Office, Orange, N.S.W.
Mrs. James, Sandy Creek, Tarragindi, Brisbane S3.
Miss G. Jones, Smith St., Darwin.
Mrs. C. E. Kelly, Campion, Narromine, N.S.W.
Mrs. Eric King, Rose St., Bathurst, N.S.W.
Mrs. A. Kent, Advancetown, via Nerang, S.C. Line, Qld.
Mrs. E. C. Luke, Boigebae, via Burnie, Tas.
Mrs. J. E. Louis, Pritchard St., Yass, N.S.W.
Miss P. Large, Craven, North Coast Line, N.S.W.
Miss P. Lemax, 65 Palmer St., Townsville, Qld.
Miss L. Lohrisch, Rosedale Station, via Longreach, Qld.
Mrs. C. Middleton, Herring Rd., Eastwood, N.S.W.
Mrs. L. Lamer, Riverside, Latrobe, Tas.
Mrs. Lorna Meyers, 15 Hargrave St., Semaphore, S.A.
Miss Beryl McInnes, Box 53, Lake Cargelligo, N.S.W.
Mrs. H. L. Marion, C/o The Farm, Thorribri, Boggabri, N.S.W.
Mrs. F. W. Mills, Brown's Plains, via Rutherglen, Vic.
Mrs. J. S. Millin, Flinders, Fassifern Line, Qld.
Miss Peggy McLeod, 72 Martyn St., Cairns, Qld.
Mrs. J. L. Murphy, Nikenbah, Pialba Line, Qld.
Miss Mary Millhouse, Wehl St., Mt. Gambier, S.A.
Mrs. J. L. Markey, Bestive, Coonabarabran, N.S.W.
Miss N. McAllan, Ferncourt Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.
Mrs. D. Mills, 2 The Crofts, 1 Hamilton St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.
Mrs. Myers, 11 Cameron St., Strathfield, N.S.W.
Mrs. N. T. McGregor, Box 11, Nyahurst, via Swan Hill, Vic.
Mrs. M. McMahon, Post Office, Mologa, Vic.
Mrs. J. Matthews, High St., Mt. Morgan, Qld.
Miss L. Maynard, 84 William St., Norwood, S.A.
Mrs. L. Martin, corner Marion and Barnes Rds., Payneham, Adelaide.
Janette Pembroke, 25 Nelson St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.
Mrs. E. Perrett, Benton St., Wallsend, N.S.W.
Mrs. Florence Pride, Allora, 15 Henley St., Mascot, N.S.W.
Mrs. Dorothy Pope, Avonica, Private Bag, Donald, Vic.
Miss Barbara Powell, Dowlingsville, Yorke Peninsula, S.A.
Mrs. T. Pugh, Mossgiel, Ballarat Rd., Hamilton, Vic.
Mrs. R. S. Pitman, Hobb St., Tanunda, S.A.
Miss J. Povey, 19 Henry St., West Devonport, Tas.
Mrs. J. M. Quinn, Myall St., Balranald, N.S.W.
Miss J. Roberts, Box 61, Moree, N.S.W.
Mrs. C. J. Robertson, Lighthouse, Woody Island, via Maryborough, Qld.
Mrs. D. Saunderson, 46 Waratah St., Bexley, N.S.W.
Mrs. F. T. Smith, 18 Lennox St., Rockdale, N.S.W.
Mrs. Gladys Strachan, 8 Connelly St., Penshurst, N.S.W.
Mrs. A. Squire, The Boulevard, Sutherland, N.S.W.
Mrs. H. M. Squires, Haunted Hills Post Office, via Yallourn, Vic.
Mrs. D. Short, 8 Ann St., Windsor, Melbourne.
Mrs. Harry Sullivan, Pearcedale, via Somerville, Vic.
Mrs. D. Scholefield, Ungarra, West Coast, S.A.
Mrs. G. Taffenden, 131 Sussex St., Townsville, Qld.
Miss E. Thomason, 73 Leinster St., Paddington, Sydney.
Mrs. A. Taylor, Gayfield, 170 Sternberg St., Bendigo, Vic.
Mrs. D. Tomkins, 536 Brunswick St., North Fitzroy, Melbourne.
Mrs. W. J. Trethan, Ann St., Albion, Brisbane.
Mrs. A. Thomson, Deloraine, Drillham, W. Line, Qld.
Miss Joan A. Verco, Kulna Park, Box 39, Bordertown, S.A.
Mrs. V. M. Wotherspoon, Garden St., Girard's Hill, Lismore, N.S.W.
Miss M. York, Killarney, Kent Rd., Mascot, N.S.W.

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French Dancing Academy,
Studio 3, 62-64-66 Oxford St., Sydney.
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ADDRESS ....
18/7/36

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ANOTHER "BRAN TUB" FEATURE

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DON'T miss this splendid one-week competition. It is just an interesting little paragraph about a Reptile, which our artist has written in pictures instead of words—only here and there you will find he has omitted a picture and drawn a LARGE BLACK DOT instead. Each large dot represents a missing word—for you to find. It is all very simple and the sense of the paragraph will help you to select your words. To assist you we have placed WHITE DASHES in each Dot to indicate the number of letters in each missing word. If a dot contains four white dashes the missing word will have four letters. Now, the puzzle is to find the six missing words, which will complete the sense of the paragraph, and in which the KEY-LETTER "S" appears the greatest number of times.

FOR EXAMPLE, Dot No. 1 represents the first missing word, which could be "WAS," in which the Key-letter "S" is used once. Now carry on with No. 2. It is just as easy.

WHEN you have selected the six missing words, don't trouble to write out the full paragraph, simply make a list of your six words in ink on a sheet of paper, and at the foot of your list put the total number of times you have used the KEY-LETTER "S." Sign your name and residential address, and post entry to—

"DOTS AND DASHES" No. 1V.
BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

This competition is conducted by C. J. BROWN & CO., 375 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

This Week's KEY-LETTER **S**

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

ALL entries must be postmarked not later than Friday, July 24th.
THE FIRST PRIZE OF £50 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the solution in which the Key-letter is used the greatest number of times, and the other prizes in order of merit. In case of ties, any or all of the prizes may be added together and divided, but the full amount will be paid each week. Only words suitable to the sense of the paragraph and contained in Chambers's or Webster's Dictionaries will be permitted. The decision of the Management will be final and legally binding throughout, and this is an express condition of entry. £75 prize money has been deposited with the "Australian Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each initial entry and 6d. each additional entry if you wish to win more than one prize. (1/1 in postage stamps accepted if postal note not obtainable.) Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on 8th August.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

IT'S YOUR PAGE!

Have you something to add to the opinions expressed on this page? Do you disagree with any of them? Write what you think to So They Say. Remember, literary merit is not everything, it's the idea that counts.

CONFUSED DIETETICS

THE average person looks to scientists and doctors for guidance in selecting the most nutritious foods for household consumption, but, unfortunately, they never seem to agree among themselves. So what is a poor housewife to do?

For example, one authority will extol the value of brown or wholemeal bread, and say that white bread is ruining the teeth and health of the nation.

Before we have recovered from this shocking news, another medical man states just as authoritatively that this is not so, and that white bread contains just as much nutriment as brown. This state of affairs exists with many other kinds of foods, to the utter bewilderment of the reader.

Is it not possible to get a definite opinion as to respective food values, so that the housewife may plan a balanced and health-giving menu?

£1 for this letter to Mrs. H. Frew, 80 Addison Rd., Manly, N.S.W.

✣ ✣ ✣

HARMFUL COLD BATHS

I READ with interest in The Australian Women's Weekly the doctor's advice regarding cold baths (4/7/'36.)

How often have I listened, writhing inwardly, to the boasts of such athletic men and hardy females who never miss their morning freezer!

If a cold shower early in the morning has an adverse effect on the system (and it certainly has on me) why are the 6 a.m. cold showers insisted upon in most boarding-schools?

One can quite imagine how much the pupils dread them. What do other readers think?

Mrs. E. Morris, Hill St., Sherwood, Brisbane.

✣ ✣ ✣

INCOME TAX RETURNS

NOW that income tax returns are once more upon us this is the time for us to urge that they be phrased more clearly, as they now are too involved to understand.

Legal documents, too, contain too many confusing words, and the gist of the matter is ofte. lost in the bewildering array of phrases.

To some people legal and State documents present a real problem, and I think revision of such is long overdue.

What do other readers think?

Mrs. J. Turner, Minard, Springfield Rd., Box Hill E11, Vic.

✣ ✣ ✣

FLAT LIFE

IT is a pity, so far as home life is concerned, to see so many new flats being built in Australian cities and towns.

In flats, child life is thwarted, for the children must be kept quiet, and there is no outlet in the home for their natural high spirits. Surely the Government could limit the number of flats more than it is doing now, and insist that homes, however small, be built in preference to these community dwellings.

Mrs. Grace Hyde, Lenara, 60 Cordelia St., South Brisbane.

✣ ✣ ✣

AMPLIFIERS FOR TRAMS

MOST of us have at some time or other had the experience of travelling in a strange tram towards an unfamiliar destination, and all know what a nerve-racking journey this can be, especially at night, when the landmarks given us to help in direction cannot be seen. Appeals to a busy and harassed conductor are often forgotten, and the result is, all too frequently, a long and tiring walk after having been carried past one's stop. If amplifiers could be installed in the trams, and if the driver at each stop could call out the name of the street, it would mean an immense saving of worry to many an anxious traveller.

Miss Florence Robertson, Hazeldene, Argyle Avenue, Ryde, N.S.W.

Man and Woman—Who Is the Best Boss?

IN reply to Mrs. Bevan's letter asking whether men "bosses" were to be preferred to women I would prefer a man any day. Women can be very catty and think themselves superior to those working for them. But a man boss has more consideration for his feminine workers.

Mrs. A. McArthur, St. Lawrence, Qld.

Women Can Be Friends

I VOTE for the woman boss. A woman is more sympathetic to girls. To her you may take your troubles and make her a real friend, and this is not possible with a man. And whatever may be said about strict discipline, etc., a friendly atmosphere at work where you spend most of your time is best. Otherwise life is not worth living.

Of course, many girls prefer a boss of the opposite sex, thinking it more romantic to work for a man.

Mrs. Kath Richardson, Burnie, Tas.

Women Are Fault-finding

AS one who has had experience of both men and women "bosses," I would unhesitatingly vote in favor of the man. A man is much easier to please than a woman, and is far less petty in finding fault. The reason for this, I think, may be found in the respect in which the sterner sex naturally holds a woman. Even if he is dissatisfied, he is not so likely to complain, while a woman judges as an equal, and is, therefore, more prone to find fault.

Miss F. Power, Box 700F, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Women More Kindly

I CONSIDER that in a place of business where girls and women are employed women are best in charge. As a rule, they are more kindly, sympathetic and understanding. A man expects a girl to be able to keep working as long and as hard as himself, and should she fail to do so considers her inefficient and "slack." But a woman understands that there is a limit to a girl's endurance and is not as impatient with her as a man might be.

Miss Valerie Mitchell, 43 Railway Crescent, Burwood, N.S.W.

Work Best For Man

I DO not think we can make a satisfactory general statement on this question. I have worked for both, and have come to the conclusion that some employees are better with a man, and others with a woman in command.

I have had both hateful and splendid bosses of both sexes. But given a really sensible, just man boss, I think the

Getting by on her sex-appeal!

female worker is more content, and works more conscientiously. However, the worker who objects to a woman boss is usually one who hopes her charm and looks will have some weight, even to the cloaking of any inefficiency.

Mrs. F. E. Thomason, 73 Leinster St., Paddington, Sydney.

Woman Resents Woman

MY vote is for the man boss every time—not, however, because he is more just, more kind, more pleasant, but because a woman takes orders more easily from a man.

She is likely to resent a fellow-woman's power, feeling that she herself might well fill the job, but she will accept the man cheerfully.

Mary Simpson, Service St., Hampton, Vic.

More Help Needed for Our Budding Authors

RE T. W. Davenport's letter deploring the lack of inducement held out by publishers to budding authors. Let us grant the lack of opportunity but, after all, genius will out.

The more eminent in the arts, and particularly in literature, have usually been those who climbed slowly by their own efforts, and they would be the first to acknowledge the sweet uses of adversity—"that tamer of the human breast."

J. A. Wilson, 49 The Crescent, Manly, N.S.W.

Prizes Are Offered!

MR. DAVENPORT is forgetting the S. H. Pryor Memorial Prize, worth one hundred pounds, which was awarded last year for the first time, to Kylie Tennant. Judging by the large number of entries received this year, something just as good will be brought to light next year. Perhaps the inducement is not as large as those offered by overseas publishers, but it has the advantage of being an annual event, instead of being a spasmodic affair like many overseas prizes.

R. Keirnan, Curiwaa, N.S.W.

Would Advertise Australia

IN the Women's Weekly (27/6/'36) appeared an article advocating that we should tell America and England about

Pleasures of Washing Day

WHY does one hear so much about the trials of washing-day? The washing must be done, and, like everything else, if done in the correct manner, it makes pleasant work.

There is something glorious in seeing the lines full of gleaming white and bright-colored clothes flapping serenely in the sun.

It gives one a feeling of achievement.

Mrs. M. A. Walton, 12 North St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

us. Surely there can be no better method than through the medium of a novel, and yet there is practically nothing to induce the Australian to use his time and energies in the literary sphere. Edgar A. Poe leapt to fame by winning a hundred dollar prize in the "Baltimore Sunday Visitor."

Mrs. B. Oakey, Hamley Bridge, S.A

The English Market

I DO not agree with T. W. Davenport that little encouragement is given to Australian authors. English publishing houses seem to be only too willing to accept good books by Australian writers. One firm alone includes in its list of authors such names as Vance Palmer, Capel Boake, Jean Campbell, Roy Bridges, J. M. Harcourt, Ken Attiwill, Isobel Ann Shead.

This, surely, is encouragement of the best kind, and more powerful than monetary prizes offered at intervals, since it exists continuously.

J. Mary Robertson, 28 Stevenson St., E4, Melbourne.

Opportunity Right Here!

IN the quest for an Australian Shakespeare The Australian Women's Weekly may be helping more than it knows. The open columns of the "So They Say" page may yet discover a "gem of purest ray serene."

G. A. Hamlyn, Box 21, Lameroo, S.A

Help Short-story Writers

WHILST agreeing with T. W. Davenport that Australia's publishing interests are somewhat lax in the matter of encouraging would-be authors, I consider that outstanding brilliance will make itself known.

Still, I think the best way to encourage would be by giving greater opportunities in magazines, etc., to short-story writers, of whom there are many. Thus the discouraging return of MS. to amateurs would, in a measure, be abated, and those in possession of real talent would, with perseverance and by attempting greater things, ultimately achieve success as novelists.

Miss V. M. Pittman, 6 Mons St., Canterbury, N.S.W.

Shame for Boys to get the Sack at 21!

I HEARTILY agree with H. Wainwright (27/6/'36) that something should be done for the young men who are considered by employers "too old at 21." In fact, the same trouble exists when a boy reaches 18. One only has to peruse the positions vacant columns of the Press to see the great demand for people under 18 years of age.

Recently in the Press there appeared an article on "Unemployment Insurance," by Sir Frederick Stewart, in which he quoted figures compiled by the Government Statistician. He pointed out that there were 3½ million wage-earners in Australia, out of whom 1½ million received under £1 a week, to say nothing of the large number under £2. On the other hand, many firms are making large profits. It is quite evident that employers are availing themselves of child labor to make these profits.

Miss M. A. Keane, 20 Austral St., Penshurst, N.S.W.

The Competent Stays

RE H. WAINWRIGHT'S letter: The average lad from 16 to 20 gives his employer the best years of his life. If he has performed his duties conscientiously he rightly expects to retain his position when he reaches 21, and no sane employer will dismiss him to save paying him higher wages.

If, on the other hand, a lad has not done justice to himself or his employer, can the employer be blamed for retrenching him?

Bernard R. Egan, 182 Main Rd., Thirroul, N.S.W.

Train For Trades

THE situation would be best met if parents concentrated more on trades for their boys, instead of allowing them to take positions that are better paid in the early years, but which often peter out when the boys turn 21.

A good tradesman can always get work wherever he is, and however old he is.

A. Smith, Alfred St., Granville, N.S.W.

CLEVER WOMEN

IT has become fashionable to gibe at the clever woman who makes conquests in domains which were formerly the private preserve of men.

Speaking at a luncheon recently, an airman said he had no time for women pilots. He thought that all who have done things in the air, more or less, are spurred on to do them through the

Can a clever woman be charming and feminine, too?

lack of personal charm which distinguishes most women.

These are sweeping statements, but they are in line with an outlook that seems to tinge many men's minds when they are assessing the value of new conquests by women in all departments of life. It seems that every fine thing a woman does better or equally as well as men in world affairs is not to be regarded as a triumph, but merely the working out of an "inferiority complex." Surely that is an unkind analysis of many brilliant, courageous women?

Mrs. M. Brown, 12 Armstrong St., Middle Park, Melbourne SC8.

✣ ✣ ✣

FURTHERING EDUCATION

WHY is it that when there are so many evening continuation schools, so many young people (boys especially between the ages of 14 and 17) do not think of furthering their education on leaving school?

I think parents should co-operate with the Education Department and send their young people to night school. There is only a small charge, which is refunded at the end of the year.

E. L. Mason, Henely, Leslie St., St. Peters, N.S.W.

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MUSICAL *Plums in* RADIO PIE

Lumsdaine's Bright Show

Radio Pie, that bright half-hour radio revue from 2GB each Saturday night, is winning unstinted praise from all who enjoy bright, swift-moving entertainment.

Visitors from abroad, and those Australians who have travelled, declare that it is equal to any radio revue on the air in England or America.

IT was originally Jack Lumsdaine's inspiration, but he admits frankly that there are times when he wishes he hadn't had the inspiration, for writing and producing a radio revue is not light work.

Fortunately, Jack Lumsdaine's stage experience and his wide knowledge of popular music, both as a performer and a composer, considerably lighten the burden, but nevertheless almost a week's work goes into the making of "Radio Pie."

Radio Pie has made a unique discovery in Australian talent in Susie, the baby-talk girl, played by Muriel Flood, a young woman of talent, who combines rare gifts as a comedienne with the ability to sing, play the piano and tap dance. Strangely enough, Susie's baby voice is assumed; actually Miss Flood has a deep, rich voice quite unlike "Susie's."

Helping Hand

TWO B.S.A. players with kindly memories of C. Aubrey Smith, the veteran actor, who plays the part of the earl in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," are Leonard Bennett and James Raglan. Both declare that he is one of the greatest English actors of the present century.

JACK LUMSDAINE, popular entertainer and musical chef of "Radio Pie" from Station 2GB.

As actor-manager in London he did many a kindly turn for young actors. He it was who nominated James Raglan for the famous Green Room Club, and believing that Leonard Bennett was a young man of promise, he gave him the opportunity to understudy him in "Caroline," the Somerset Maugham play.

Who Found Balloon?

NEWS from Auntie Val on board the Mariposa bound for California! As the Mariposa left the wharf and Auntie Val waved good-bye to her many friends she let a balloon go, and to it was attached her card, perhaps not too well tied in the excitement.

Now she wants to know if anyone found that balloon. If anyone did, she wants the card and balloon sent on to 2GB, addressed to Bimbo, and while in California she will send the finder a gift.

Old Custom

MRS. STELZER always likes to arrange some outstanding novelty for her 2GB Happiness Club Ball. Consequently at David Jones' on Saturday she is reviving an old-time custom—choosing the Belle of the Ball from among the dancers. Expert judges of frocking, deportment, and beauty will make the selection, and there will be a prize for the lucky lass chosen.

Our Radio Sessions From 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vautier).

Wednesday, July 15, 11.45 a.m., "London Calling"; 3.30 p.m., The Fashion Parade.

Thursday, July 16.—11.45 a.m., "People in the Limelight."

Friday, July 17.—11.45 a.m., "So They Say"; 3.30 p.m., "Musical Moods."

Saturday, July 18.—6 p.m., "The Music Box"; 9.30 p.m., Feature Session for The Australian Women's Weekly.

Sunday, July 19.—6.30 p.m., Ellis Price and his Radio Players, in scenes from the forthcoming Australian Women's Weekly novel.

Monday, July 20.—11.45 a.m., Advance News of The Australian Women's Weekly; 3.30 p.m., "Rhythm," a musical presentation.

Tuesday, July 21.—11.45 a.m. News and Reviews; 3.30 p.m., "Artists of 1936."

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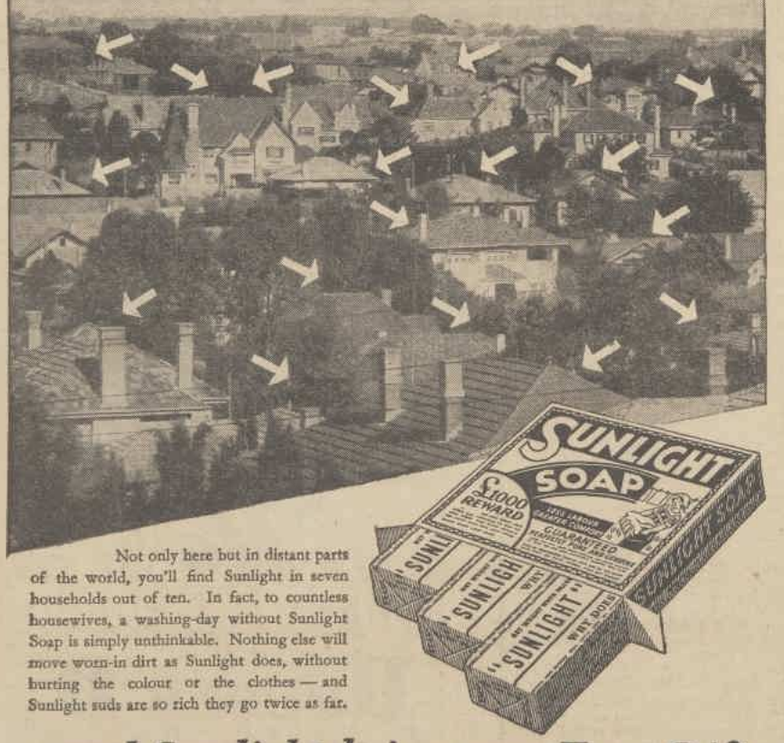

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If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, post wrapper tops with your name and address written in BLOCK LETTERS, number of wrappers enclosed, and gift required, to:—"SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4310YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

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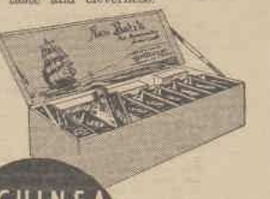
The ancient art of creating designs in dyes, so modernised and simplified that anyone can be an expert with one of these complete bargain outfits. Your friends will be amazed at your taste and cleverness.



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Manufacturers of the world famous Tintex Dyes.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only. 1/3 and 3/-. Resent a substitute ***

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DEALERS WANTED NOW!

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

Sydney Hairdresser Tells How to Make Remedy for Grey Hair

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, a hairdresser for more than twenty years, recently disclosed the following:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair without use of 'crude' dyes and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound, and ½ oz. Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger, and cannot be detected. It does not discolour the scalp; is not sticky or greasy; does not rub off, and cannot affect waving of hair." ***

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Take Cream of Yeast

WORLD'S FASTEST TONIC

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER & BRIGHTER IN A FEW MINUTES

YOUR CHEMIST SELLS 'CREAM OF YEAST'

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To Overcome Nervous Dyspepsia

A Bit of Sound Advice.

Do your nerves hit you in the stomach?

The minute things go wrong or something upsets them, or they are tired and overworked, the nerves seem to jumble up your insides—changing your appetite into a dull, dread uneasiness, so that what you do eat doesn't digest properly. Then comes belching, heartburn, sour rising, vomiting, and a whole train of distressing symptoms.

Never treat nervous dyspepsia with pepsin pills or artificial digestants. The stomach is a sensitive organ, and at such a time the nerves that control it should be calmed and strengthened. Then all stomach distress will quickly cease; appetite will return; and the stomach will digest its food properly, as Nature intended.

Thanks to a remarkable new chemical discovery, it is now possible to feed the nerve cells with the exact stimulus they require when overworked and unstrung, and this preparation, called Phosphorated Iron, is producing remarkable results in the treatment of nervous dyspepsia and other nerve disorders. Concentrated in handy tablets, it makes an amazingly quick change in any person, strengthening the stomach and charging the nerve cells with strong reserve energy, and giving nerves of steel, a clear head and brain, and real vital vim.

Only a few days' use of Phosphorated Iron is generally enough to show a marked improvement in even the most obstinate cases.

Chemists everywhere now supply Phosphorated Iron under definite guarantee of satisfaction or money back.***

*LOST 39 LBS. UGLY FAT

"You know Miss Court, I think your reducing treatment marvellous. I attended one of your Demonstrations, admired your slim figure, and bought a complete Kathleen Court Reducing Outfit. The result was wonderful. I actually lost 39lb. where with other reducers and diets I could never lose more than 3 or 4lb. I now wear size 16 frocks, go to dances and parties with my daughter, and my only regret is that I lost several years' good fun through being too fat." So speaks a user of the famous, proven Kathleen Court Reducing Treatment, consisting of Tablets and Bath Powders. This slimming method is safe, sure and quick. Any Chemist can procure the Complete 17/6 outfit for you, or you can obtain from Kathleen Court, Australia House, Sydney, by post—add 1/- postage. N.B.: In the long run this is the least expensive safe way to lose fat.

Kathleen Court

END Backache

Rheumatism Joint Pains

Regain youthful vitality in quick time

If worn not by nagging back joint or limb pains, you want to end the danger quickly! For many years sufferers in your own district—people whose pains started like yours—have ended their trouble by taking HARRISON'S PILLS. This famous remedy strengthens the weak bladder, tones the Kidneys, ends Lumbago, Sciatica, Groin Pains, Stiff, Aching Joints and Muscles, Dizzy, Nervy Spells, Nightly Urination Worry, Scalding, Itching Irritation, Sediment, Gravel, Acidity, etc.—by driving out the CAUSE. Harrison's Pills have no equal for soothing inflamed Kidneys, bladder and urinary tract. Relief comes quickly, surely. Guaranteed FASTER, better relief than anything else—complete satisfaction from very first bottle—or money back! All good chemists sell Harrison's Pills in three inexpensive sizes. Try them to-day and see your vigour return—it is foolish to suffer when there's no need!

HARRISON'S PILLS Restore!

If Ears Ring with Head Noises

If you have catarrhal deafness or head noises, go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it 4 ozs. of sugar and ½ pint of hot water. Take a dessertspoonful four times a day.

This often brings surprising relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing becomes easy, and the mucous stop dropping into the throat. Anyone who has catarrh in any form should give this Parmint prescription a thorough trial.***

BETTY'S *"Racey"* NARRATIVES!

Punters' Inferno—and the Lone Girl who Dodged It

By BETTY GEE

There's one thing about Moorefield course—it has a charm and beauty all its own. Of course, I just mean to look at, and all that.

But what a "Punters' Inferno" it turned out to be on Saturday! I know folk who lost on every race. And there were eleven. I was able to sympathise with them and try to console them pleasantly for the happy and very simple reason that I won.

Working it out in the morning in bed I reckoned it would be wise to go a little late and miss the first race. Ten events would be enough to risk the purse on.

That started me off on the right leg in a way, because an outsider, Battle Play, won the first, at 15 to 1, though just possibly if I had been there and seen Jim Bendroat of the Trocadero with his home-knitted maroon socks and long smile he might have been able to convince me to throw away a half-note on his horse.

"On the Toboggan"

AFTER that somebody greased the toboggan, and it took all the punters downhill on the wheels of the four Kogarah Stakes divisions at lightning speed. Cloudy was the snack in the eye in the first, for when he had the race won he came out from the rails to let the winner, Westball, through at 33 to 1, and me with £6 to £2 about Cloudy.

Then Full Wind beat me for a £16 bet on Sir Mart in the second division. But I had my turn in the next when I bumped into young Freddie Andrews who owns Kurrawid and said it couldn't be beaten. So I had £7 to £1, but it wasn't such a good thing as they made out, because Kurrawid only beat Andy Knox and a heavy flail he was wielding on Irak by half a neck.

A Rash Threat

THEN I met a pal who said she'd walk over the Nor'shore Bridge backwards with a saveloy in each ear if Aussie B. didn't win the fourth division.

Well, I couldn't send the poor girl out on such a perilous voyage alone, so I went with her in a £1 bet on Aussie B. at 6 to 1, and he just strolled in a half-neck in front of Dan Dee, though I must confess myself a little perturbed that little Hughes didn't put more elbow grease into the finish. He might have necessitated my purchasing the saveloys for the bridge racket.

By this time the punters were all as petulant as a kid with hives, and when Uberous beat Hwaiking we were all hopeful the latter'd get it on a protest. Not because there was any interference—they were only together in their preliminaries before the race—but because Hwaiking was favorite and I had £6 to £2.

But no, the stern stewards are that cate-hardened they have no consideration for backers of favorites, even if they be of the finer sex.

Need For Flat Heels

I'M wearing flat heels to the races from now on, except perhaps at Randwick, where one has got to look one's highest. I was streaking for Ernie Vandenberg to get the 6 to 4 he shouted against Rostrim in the Second Juvenile when I tripped, and when I got there the best I could get on this star-bargain line was an even £5.

This betting in "real money" gave me the shivers till it was all over, but really there was no need to worry. They'd have had to dress him in a sheath skirt to beat him. In fact, he won by the length of a boarding-house clothes line.

After I'd had £2 worth of thrills seeing Orient Orb streaking away in the first Flying only to let that old country horse, Poponaite, beat him, my stomach cried out in such sore need I simply had to take tea. That saved me from the disaster of the next race, when Rose Gem at 12 to 1 landed the second Flying.

Well, you can dress me up in bustles or hooped skirts, or even balloon sleeves and take my lipstick from me if I ever back Mafoota again, the little grey jade. I put £2 on her in the last race on Mac Sawyer's say-so, and he owns her, and was pretty confident. But she was as slow as a spring costume-maker.

Still I had taken the precaution on a tip of young Mrs. Cooper to save on Prowler, and the way he streaked for the winning post at the half mile you'd have thought it was the butcher's horse somebody had just unhitched from the cart. He won in a dog-trot, and that gave me £5 I mightn't have had otherwise.

I don't care what it is Cliquot runs in at Canterbury next Saturday, I'm keeping something back out of the winnings before I go to those glorious sales to put on him. He's a horse and a half among these winter corn-beef youngsters.

And Questionnaire and Kaylah, if they strike different heats in the Flying. It's real funny, the butcher says—they're both saved for Canterbury because they like the course. What if they both strike the same division?

Hurry Scurry's getting ready for the last race, and I hope he doesn't come late for it.

FOOT TROUBLES

A Doctor just recently in the Women's Weekly stated:

(Extract.) "Any haphazardly-chosen arch support in the shoe will not do. The best plan, of course, is to have a plaster cast made of the foot and then to have the arch support fashioned after that. No two weak arches are alike."

"CORRECTA" supports give immediate comfort, being designed and made from plaster casts by

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175 Pitt St., Sydney. Phone: B2303.
Also Chiropody Treatment, Surgical Belts, Elastic Hosiery, and "TRUSHY" THOMSON.

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DAINTY MISS

Miss 1936, fresh and gay, kicks her heels at the ancient oldness of 1936—and, boy! what heels! White shoes, of course—always white, because she gives them an occasional application of that amazing new preparation, "Hi-Mark," which costs only 9d., and, furthermore, will not rub off! Agents, A. J. Yeall (Agencies) Ltd., 177 York St., Sydney.

CHILLY DAYS NEVER SPOIL HER ZEST FOR OUTDOOR FUN

A glass of "Sheaf" Stout keeps her healthy, happy and full of life.

She's always bright, that's why she's always popular.

Drink "Sheaf" Stout regularly and you, too, will feel the joy of life.

TOOTH'S SHEAF STOUT

In three sizes—Bottles, Half Bottles and Baby Bottles

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THREE MEN

Continued from Page 6

"LET'S look at the facts," he said.

"What facts?" Grant had picked up the oars again. His set face looked straight ahead, across the sea.

"Out here," said Sheldon, "there's just you and me, Grant, and—Anna. My wife, Anna. I'm very fond of her. Always have been. And I still am. Does that convey anything to you?"

"See here, Grant, it's no use you trying to fool me now.

"We're face to face with something pretty big—the biggest thing of all. You know that as well as I do. Well, why continue to talk lies in the face of eternity?"

"I'm not aware," said Grant, in a grim voice, "that I've talked any lies to you, Sheldon."

Anna slid across the boat. Her green eyes stared at them angrily.

"Am I the centre of this interesting discussion?" she asked.

Sheldon nodded.

"You are, my dear. Grant loves you. He's been in love with you for days now. Well, Grant, are you going to deny that?"

Grant sat very still, with the fiery sun beating down upon his head and shoulders.

"No," he replied, at last, "I'm not going to deny it. I am in love with Anna."

"Now it's Anna's turn. Come, Anna, we're not in a drawing-room now. Let the conventions go. Do you love Grant?"

She sat very still.

"Well?" Sheldon said, with hoarse impatience.

Anna moved then. She looked past her husband at Grant, who was watching her fixedly.

"Very well," she said, "you've asked me to tell you the truth. I will. I do love him."

SHELDON, after flinging her one long look, which she returned straightly, went and threw himself down on the other side of the boat.

The sun burned down. The sky above them was a vast, scorching fire. It burnt into their parched bodies.

Once something moved beside the boat. Something evil and knifelike slashed through the water.

"Shark," Grant said sharply.

Anna shivered.

The sun went down into the ocean. For a few moments the brightness of blood swam about the boat. Then darkness fell. The boat began to have fresh motion. A wind, cold and eerie, came and crept and cried and whispered about them.

Anna drew close to Grant.

"Put your arm round me," she breathed. "I—I'm scared . . ." Sheldon, stumbling across the boat, paused to glare down at them.

"In this confined space," he sneered. "I seem to have become a bit of a crowd."

Grant made no reply. Anna looked up at him. The pale beauty of her face seemed to shine earnestly through the gloom. Sheldon clenched his hands and swallowed hard.

He was letting her go, deliberately, when he might have made a fight of it with Grant. But Sheldon wasn't the usual type of man, any more than Anna was the usual type of woman.

To attempt to hold a woman against her will was, to Sheldon's way of thinking, a repugnant idea. Some men, perhaps, would have been satisfied to possess Anna, even though it was plain she didn't love them. But Sheldon wasn't that kind of man.

He loved Anna deeply, devotedly, tenderly, passionately; and only her love, given freely, could ever have satisfied him.

"Where do you imagine we are now?" Sheldon said. His voice was absolutely listless. It was as if he had completely lost interest.

"Somewhere off the Sarajavos Islands," Grant replied. His arm was still about Anna's slender shoulders and he didn't turn to look at Sheldon. It was as if, for both of them, Sheldon had ceased to exist, to matter. Sheldon felt it.

"Is that where the boats will be making for?"

"Quite likely," Grant assented.

Sheldon, in the blackness, was watching Anna's face. The image of it was printed for ever upon his brain. He loved her and always would love her, no matter what happened. He felt that Grant had been telling the truth when he had spoken of Anna's loyalty.

MAYBE the thought sustained him. Anna had been loyal. It wasn't her fault that she had fallen in love with Grant. That was fate, nothing whatever to do with any of them.

Even Grant couldn't help fate. Anna had played the game. Sheldon had known that all along. Anna was that type. True as steel, actually.

Sheldon, even then, had a vast admiration for her. In a way he pitied her. She must have suffered a lot. Anna wasn't the type of woman to hurt any man callously. She must have realised how much this would hurt him, Sheldon, one day. The thought must have been torture, agony to her.

Yes, poor, brave loyal little Anna had suffered. It must have been torture to her sometimes.

She was looking at Grant, and there was angelic sweetness in that look. The very sweetness of it made Sheldon turn away his head. Once upon a time Anna had looked at him like that.

He stared across the blackness of the ocean which surrounded them. Soon, if nothing happened, all three of them would die. That was as certain as the Day of Judgment.

Grant knew it. And Anna also. They had perhaps but a few hours. Shouldn't they be allowed to make the most of it, then?

True, Anna was his; by the conventions of the world she was still his. But now conventions were dead. They had ceased to signify, to matter. Such things mattered only to the living not to the—dead.

Sheldon said, huskily: "Suppose we do get picked up, or strike land, what then?"

"How do you mean?" Grant asked.

Anna glanced up at her husband. The tenderness and child-like beauty of her face seemed to blaze through the night.

"Why worry about that?" she asked.

Sheldon turned away.

It got cold during the night. Once, raising himself, he stared across the boat. Grant was still paddling in that mechanical sort of manner. As he looked, Sheldon saw Anna turn and smile; then, deliberately, she leant towards Grant and kissed him on the cheek.

Anna dozed against Grant's shoulder. His cynicism of people and things were almost gone; that was Anna's doing.

Once, as he paddled through the darkness, Grant thought he heard a sort of quiet splash; but he took little notice of it, then.

Dawn blazed suddenly, and Anna woke. The slender beauty of her, as she lay, made Grant pause. His eyes were almost stuck together, and they glared in bloodshot wonder at her.

"Anna," he said huskily, "Anna . . ."

She stood up, with the blaze of the dawn behind her. The ocean heaved vast and empty about them.

"Poor darling," she said, with that sweet, child-like smile, "how your poor hands must ache."

Grant rose. "Charlie!" he shouted, and the red blaze of the sun struck blindingly across his eyes as he looked in vain for Sheldon.

Charlie Sheldon was gone.

Please turn to Page 38

VALUE!

Such value! Tek, with matching coloured tumbler 2/-.

There is no better toothbrush than Tek. Tek is made from the best part of the best bristles . . . Bristles that retain their upright activity for ever so long. Apart from that, Tek is better shape. It literally searches out every crevice, leaving your teeth clean and safe inside and outside.

Now, with matching Tumbler included, Tek 2/-. Six colours. Bristles hard, medium (or extra hard). Cellophane sealed carton.

Tek Junior for the children. Same quality, same shape, only smaller size. Price 1/3.

Tek Product of Johnson & Johnson — World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings. Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Modess, etc.

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A Woman's own Story

A Lady from Carlton, Victoria, writes as follows:

"For many years my health was anything but satisfactory and I endured much pain and discomfort owing to derangements of the kidneys and liver. These were productive of severe headaches and distressing bilious attacks. At various times I took many pills, physics, etc., but they only afforded temporary relief . . . this went on until I was induced to make a trial of Mother Seigel's Syrup. I soon found it to be the best medicine I had ever used and in a short time it effected a wonderful improvement in my health and the benefit I derived proved permanent."

Mother Seigel's Syrup banishes biliousness, pains after eating, flatulence, headaches and dizziness. There is no better tonic for young or old. Try Mother Seigel's Syrup to-day.

At all Chemists and Storekeepers. Trial size 1/9. Large size 3/- (contains more than three times the quantity of trial size).

A CHEMIST OUGHT TO KNOW

A FRESH CLEAR SKIN FOR YOU

If you want to clear your skin of disheartening blemishes and to make sure they will never return, start the Rexona skin treatment—Wash at least twice a day with Rexona Soap. Rexona is more than just a surface cleansing soap—its medications free the pores themselves from dust, germs and all the impurities that give rise to skin disorders. That's why Rexona is all you need to clear your skin and keep it clear.

REXONA OINTMENT FOR STUBBORN DISORDERS

For more serious disorders, use Rexona Ointment as well as Rexona Soap. Even the most painful skin irritations are promptly relieved by this soothing treatment, which leaves the skin healthy and unscarred.

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SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 tin. (City and Suburbs)

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Intimate Jottings

Did You Know—

That tall, slim, Eton-cropped Honor, daughter of the Ken Wilsons, is just mad about horses? Her latest acquisition, Bernard Dighton—bred at her home, The Brigalows, Barraba—was given to her as a birthday present . . . She trained him herself for the Show, and will soon have him on a race-track with her own colors up . . . Has great hopes of him proving "a real good thing," too.

Work and Play

MRS. CLAUD MANNING'S letters from her daughter, Enid, are full of the delight of life in London, and tell her that she won't be coming home yet awhile, as she has nailed an interesting and lucrative job at Madame Haywards . . . A very fashionable clientele patronise this establishment, and the dressing of the latest Cochran revue has just been finished there.

While mannequinning, Enid has encountered lots of Australian friends, including Lady Horlick, Mrs. Jim Hardie (Berenice Agar), and Mrs. Lynn Nathan (sister-in-law of the Venour Nathans) . . . A somewhat grim incident for Enid was finding the fire brigades in possession when she arrived for the day's work, but fears of a lost job were dissipated when she was given a month's holiday which she is spending with the Nathans—and a new contract.

From Sydney to Brisbane

MOTORING by slow stages to Brisbane . . . their goal the flat at New Farm, where only son Bob and new daughter-in-law Dulcie are installed . . . Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Stephen left their Randwick home last week . . .

Their car looked like a pantechnicon, the back filled not only with personal luggage, but box piling on box of tempting provender, which Mrs. Stephen couldn't resist taking along for Dulcie's store cupboards.

❖ ❖ ❖

Staging a rapid recovery after last week's appendicitis op., Aline ("Mike") Byrne, the cheery little secretary of Strathavon Country Clubs Ltd., is counting the days till she can leave St. Vincent's and be once more at Wyong and on the job again.

❖ ❖ ❖

How They Fall For It

A NUMBER of newcomers have fallen for the delights of this winter's sports season at Kosciusko, in addition to "the old brigade" who return there year after year . . .

The Edward Macarthur-Onslows, a lap ahead of other members of the Ski Club, spent nearly a week at the Chalet before being joined by a group headed by Pat Farquharson and Peg Halloran, who, disdaining the help of the tractor, did their trip on skis . . .

At the hotel Elizabeth McFarlane is a most popular "deb." Her brother Hector and his wife (Frena Crace that was) honeymooned there last year and are there again. Helen Hughes' injured knee necessitated a few days' rest at the hotel before going on to the Chalet, so Anne Bevan stayed with her . . .

Carnival Coloring

SPORTS outfits combine common sense with gaiety. Vividly-colored scarves and pullovers complete the navy-blue trews and jackets that are almost universal wear.

Anne Bevan's brown gabardine and Mrs. McFarlane's bottle-green gabardine are attractive variants to this.

Most of the girls ski with heads uncovered, but Mary Hordern crowns her blue outfit with a matching hat, and Pat Finlayson looks ready for a yodel or two in her Tyrolean headgear, with its jaunty scarlet feather.

In Sweet September

TWO years ago this month Audrey Nicolson's engagement to John Bruxner . . . budding barrister . . . was announced. Now, plans are afoot for a springtime wedding . . . though the day itself is not fixed it will be during the month of September.

How these young things grow up! It doesn't seem three decades since "Mick" (now our staid and respected Acting Premier, father of John) was the instigator of most of the maddest pranks at St. Paul's College, and blue-eyed Midge Caird (Mrs. Bruxner) was besieged by would-be partners at all the University dances.

Welcome News

PHILLIP and Pattie Lloyd Jones, now proud parents of a pigeon pair, without hesitation unanimously decided to call their brand-new daughter, Wendy . . . A congratulatory cable from Mrs. Tim Bowden also conveyed the glad news that she hoped to see her small niece in October, as she is planning to give the English winter a miss by making a trip to Sydney in the Ormonde.

Country Life

ALREADY very excited about her prospective visit to England, and the Coronation—she is leaving Sydney in September—Barbara Lee is busily paying a round of farewell visits.

Just now she is at Nombi, with the Jim Vivers' . . . Having been Greta's bridesmaid early this year, she is getting a great kick out of seeing her, in the role of young matron, running her station homestead with such aplomb.

Singapore and Hospitality

MRS. PETER SCRIVENER has been flat-hunting, not for herself, but for Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hastie, who are coming to Sydney for the spring races and the Test match, before wending their way to England and the Coronation . . .

The Hasties keep open house in Singapore for all their Australian friends (and friends of their friends, too!) . . . When last visiting Sydney they brought along their motor yacht and car and entertained right royally. The Australia housed them for that visit, but for this longer sojourn they prefer a home of their own . . . Hence this flat at Park Lane Mansions.

Frenzied Jazz

DENIS OSBORNE, whose engagement to Betty, daughter of the Frank Kings, of Cooma, has just been announced, has a radio installed in his car . . . Oswald Crisp and Peter Osborne also have them . . .

The other day all three cars were parked in a row in Cooma's main street, their respective radios turned on full blast . . . It was an awesome concatenation of sound, each owner trying to drown his neighbor's and all "tuned in" to different stations . . .

Eventually a plea came from nearby shopkeepers and they all cut off at once.

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The Norman Dangars have that charming English girl, Anne Lyons—a kinswoman of the Duchess of York—staying with them at Karoola, Edgecliff . . . They gave a delightful cocktail party there last week to introduce her to a number of Sydneysiders.

MRS. ALAN G. COPELAND, of Westchester, Bellevue Hill, who, accompanied by her husband, tripped off by plane to Brisbane last week on the first stage of their journey to the Barrier Reef. —Raymond Hawthorne.

Charity and Good Cheer

A CROWD of well-known women interested in the success of Kindergarten Week responded to Mrs. Frank Hill's invitations by rolling up some hundred and twenty strong to the card party at No. 1 St. Mark's Rd., Darling Point . . .

Mrs. W. Bloomfield and a group of her friends had a poker table, Lady Harvey bridged, so did Mrs. J. L. Ruthven, Lady Budge, Mrs. Lionel McFadyen, Mrs. J. J. Rouse, Mrs. Street, and most of the other guests.

Before they dispersed, Mr. Frank Hill (delighted by the success of his wife's party), shook up his own cocktail special and sent trayloads of it up to the cardroom.

Oh, These Men!

THEIR handbags bulging with patterns and measurements, two recent brides—Mrs. Bill Uther and Mrs. Peter Osborne—have been in town shopping busily for a week or two . . . Mrs. Uther stayed with her parents, Professor and Mrs. Sandes, at her old Darling Point home . . .

Mrs. Osborne's color scheme for her new home is mainly beige and reseda, so one of her worries is where to place to advantage that wonderful Persian carpet with its gorgeous tonings that she rescued from the garage where Peter had nonchalantly stored it three years ago!

By a stroke of luck it's not been riddled by moths or bitten by mice, and is in perfect condition—a real treasure trove!

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To enjoy a few days in civilised and sophisticated surroundings, Mr. Roy Chisholm tripped off by plane from the Northern Territory to Singapore last week and cabled his wife to assure her of his safe arrival there.

❖ ❖ ❖

College En Fete

NO trouble was spared in making this year's dance at St. Paul's College a big success . . . The big refectory was used for supper—a hot one—and a huge marquee was erected in the quadrangle for dancing. As usual, all the students' private rooms were thrown open for "sitting out" . . . Warmed by glowing fires, and provided with pounds of chocolates, and quarts of champagne by the thoughtful hosts, they proved even more popular than the dance floor . . . "Debs," "sub-debs," and "ex-debs" wore charming frocks, one of the most unusual being the self-striped bronze taffeta worn by Valentine Adams . . . Patsy Dangar's flesh-tinted chiffon velvet and Pamela Laidley Dowling's sea-blue crepe were very becoming . . . Youthful Betty Amber Jacobs wound her long plait of hair round and round her neat little head "just for once," and sported a model frock of rustling blue taffeta.

Have You Noticed—

The revival of that old fashion fad known in Edwardian days as "Chase Me Charlie"? Though just plain funny on some of their wearers, Mrs. William Flake (whose husband is one of the American Trade Commission experts) manages to get away with it, and looks awfully smart in that brown pseudo "glengarry," with its ribbon trailers topping her tailored brown wool tailleur.

Peggy Neill

•NEW LIPSTICK COLOURS created by Dr Pacini .... exclusively for Kissproof

Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has created for Kissproof four NEW lipstick colours that give the illusion of colour UNDER the skin . . . alluring colour that does not cake or smear. Go to-day to any perfumery counter; choose your Kissproof Lipstick in one of these NEW colours — Natural, a glowing cherry-red; Theatrical, gay and vivid, for evening; Raspberry, a rich wine-red; or Orange, exceedingly smart with sun-tanned complexions.

● KISSPROOF DRY ROUGE and KISSPROOF CREAM ROUGE (for lips and cheeks) are also obtainable in these four NEW colours. ●

For Lovelier Eyes . . . Delica-Brow. Kissproof Delica-Brow makes eyelashes and brows seem longer, silkier — encourages an upward curl of the lashes, too. Black, brown, or blue.

The NEW Kissproof LIPSTICK

K1-/OE

ONE *Saturday* NIGHT

Continued from Page 7

"TELL me about yourself," as if he really meant it, so she started telling him about what she had been doing since she left Little Chuddingley, because, of course, he wouldn't want to hear of her life before then, when he had lived almost next door.

She said:

"Well, I found things were getting a bit tight at the rectory. I was getting bigger and Daddy's living wasn't, so I got tired of 'making do,' and came to London and—well, I got a job——"

Her sweet little husky voice went on, faltering a little beneath the incredulous, mocking light in his eyes. He had nearly laughed out loud when she started talking. The rectory! This was great—supreme! Hadn't he read somewhere that all—well, cheap girls—claimed a vicar or a rector for a father? And yet there was something in him that jibbed at the word "cheap," something that liked that girl over there, whatever she was, whatever her game might be. Something that gave grudging admiration for the plucky way she was struggling through her story. He supposed he was treating her a bit badly. He certainly wasn't helping her any.

Mary ploughed through her story. Here, at least, was a topic of conversation. She dreaded to think of what would happen when she came to the end and an awful silence fell upon them. So she kept her end up gamely, drawing an amused chuckle from John Trent as she made witty, clever little word pictures of fat customers who thought that they would look just like Ramona, slinkiest of all Madame Juliette's mannequins, because they had twenty guineas to spend on a gown.

And suddenly it became important to Mary to amuse and interest this man. She felt she would die if she couldn't efface that wrong sort of amusement in his eyes. She couldn't understand why it was there, and she gave up trying to. She set her mind on wiping that light, slight smile off his lips; that smile that would have been a sneer if his mouth wasn't so nice and so cleanly-cut.

Presently he looked at the watch on his wrist.

"I'll see you home," he said abruptly, urgently. It had become most necessary, he found, to take this gilt-headed child back to wherever she lived. Something deep within him told him that if he didn't he would behave very foolishly. He would let her get away with her evening without that lesson that had assumed unreasonable proportions in his mind.

Mary gathered up her little suede bag and the long, pale gloves that wrinkled so attractively over her sleeve. He hailed a taxi outside and she told him the right address.

They didn't speak during the short ride, and Mary found herself watching his profile out of the corner of her eye as the street lights flashed upon it, dappling it with sudden shadows.

"Nice," she thought. "What a jaw, too!"

She thought: "I wonder what went wrong with this evening. It might have been so nice—so heavenly."

And then they were standing on the pavement outside the tall grey house with the green-painted iron railings that contained her tiny flat. And he had paid off the taxi while she was searching through her bag for the key. He cleared his throat.

"Going to ask me in for a drink?" he said gruffly.

Mary's eyebrows became pale brackets of surprise. She bit her lip. Ask him in—ask him in to her—bedroom—because, after all, that's what it amounted to, didn't it? A one-room flat with a bed masquerading as a divan; she opened her small pink mouth to say "No!"

But, instead, she found herself saying, literally: "But you've just had a drink. Two cups of coffee." Because, after all, he was Janey's brother; it wasn't as if he were a stranger, and being the brother of a girl-friend made it all right to speak like that to him, didn't it?

John smiled grimly.

"And I thought for a moment she wasn't an expert at getting off and liking a bit of petting," he thought, looking at her standing there, soft lips just parted, eyes wide and full of innocent surprise. His jaw hardened.

"Don't be silly, child," he said, and took her arm, piloting her up the five stone steps.

Please turn to Page 26

Go East With Our Travel Bureau's Special Party

A VISIT to the Takarazuka Girls' Opera, where modern Japanese nymphs vie in spectacular abandon with the Folies Bergeres of Paris, and a night at a typical Japanese inn will be strangely contrasting features of the Eastern tour organised by The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau in co-operation with Miss Bertha Clarke, Australia's travel specialist, who will conduct the party.

A Japanese hotel of quite another character at which the visitors will stay will be the famous Miyanoshita with its gorgeous settings, spectacular Japanese serving maids and extraordinary long-tailed roosters.

The tour of approximately three months will start from Melbourne on September 19; Sydney, September 26, and Brisbane, September 28.

The inclusive price with special side trips amic the teeming Chinese life at Hongkong and in the age-old city of Manila is £105.

You can get detailed particulars from The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney. (Phone: MA 4496).

HEALTH REGAINED

After months of Agony

Schumann's banish cause of illness

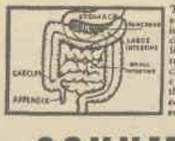
Woman tells of amazing cure from RHEUMATISM

Read this convincing letter:

"I suffered for years from Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble. After many months in Hospital I was discharged as nothing further could be done for me. I still suffered much pain and there were periods when I could not walk at all. At this time a friend told me about Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts and after six bottles my Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble completely vanished. I might also mention that though I was over-weight when I was ill—Schumann's reduced me to normal."

If you suffer heed this warning

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Constipation, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Headaches, Lassitude or any Stomach or Liver Disorders, commence taking Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts without delay. Tonics may temporarily stimulate the body's energy but to get lasting relief and cure you must remove the cause by taking Schumann's.



The diagram at the left gives some idea of how important it is to practise internal cleanliness in our everyday lives. Once we allow the intestinal tract to become clogged, poisons quickly accumulate and spread throughout the entire system setting up all kinds of serious ills.

Banish ill-health:— with Nature's greatest aid

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts are the greatest natural remedy for promoting complete internal cleanliness and toning up and rejuvenating the body organs. They are a natural aperient, and contain the same pure ingredients found in the famous Mineral Spas of Europe. Their action on the Liver induces a free flow of bile which, in turn, aids the action of the digestive juices in the small intestine, creating normal and healthy bowel action. The Kidneys are also completely flushed out, and by these means, Uric Acid and the poisons of Constipation are completely eliminated from the system.

A PURE BLOOD STREAM ESSENTIAL TO GOOD HEALTH

Doctor D. Quignon, of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, says:—

"If you are subject to headaches, dizziness, palpitation, breathlessness and other symptoms of high blood pressure and hardened arteries, make a practice of drinking alkaline water (similar to that provided at the Spas of Vichy, Carlsbad, Aix-les-Bains, etc.), to eliminate artery-hardening impurities, stimulate the liver, flush out the kidneys and preserve the alkalinity of the blood."

In Schumann's you get these same invaluable natural ingredients brought into your own home at the trifling cost of a few pence.

DON'T NEGLECT THOSE FIRST TWINGES OF PAIN

Pain in any part of the body, is nature's warning that something is wrong. Do not neglect those slight twinges, because, at first they are merely uncomfortable. Neglect of such simple symptoms now may mean years of agony in later life. Do as thousands of other healthy men and women are doing—remove the cause by taking a little Schumann's first thing every morning in a long glass of warm water.

SCHUMANN'S mean good-bye to— RHEUMATISM, CONSTIPATION, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO . . .

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES 1/6 & 2/9 PER JAR

SCHUMANN'S MINERAL SPRING SALTS

DON'T ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES — INSIST ON SCHUMANN'S

Dreaded Age Signs first appear Under Your Skin

1 Lines, wrinkles 2 Coarseness 3 Spots, blemishes 4 Blackheads 5 Dryness 6 Sagging Tissues

If you could look *under* your skin, you'd see where skin faults and age signs begin. There's where circulation slows—oil glands lose tone. To avoid these faults, you must give immediate help to your *under* skin. Pond's Cold Cream does this. Its oils sink deep into the skin, sustain the failing nutrition underneath, aid the functioning of the oil glands. Pond's refines the skin, wipes out lines, clears away spots. Use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. It flushes away skin impurities, stimulates circulation, renews youthful smoothness. You'll look years younger!

TRIAL OFFER: Mail Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted; Brunette (Rachel) [ ] Light Cream [ ] Rose Cream (Natural) [ ] Naturelle (Light Natural) [ ] Rose Brunette [ ] Dark Brunette (Suntan) [ ].
POND'S Dept. X60 Box 1121J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

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Address .....

ASTHMA Stranglehold Ended!

Doctor's great Vaso-Dilation Discovery now available to all Sufferers!

Lasting Benefit—Not Temporary Relief

Himself an Asthma sufferer for eleven years, Dr. B. W. Hair found that the spasms of Asthma came from the contraction of the muscles of the bronchial tubes and congestion of their mucous membrane lining which brought on the familiar choking, strangling sensation.

The world-famous Remedy which Dr. Hair created has a Vaso-Dilator action which disperses congestion, releases the muscles of the bronchial tubes, restores easy natural breathing and loosens the gripping hold of the disease on the system.

Dr. Hair's Asthma Medicine is obtainable at all leading chemists at 3/- per bottle, or from the agents post free. (See Coupon below.)

POST TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOK!

To Salmond & Spraggon (Aust.) Ltd., Box 1552E, G.P.O., Sydney, or Box 1211K, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Please send me FREE and POST PAID, Dr. Hair's book on the Treatment of Asthma, Bronchitis, and Catarrh.

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Address .....

..... W.W.3

Painful BURN healed up in two days..

Agonising burns heal up quickly — without forming Blisters — when you apply Tiger Salve. Get a tin to-day. 2/- per tin. All Chemists and Stores.

2/-

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What Women Are Doing

School in Tokio

TRAVELLERS bring news of Mrs. Hani, a Japanese student of social services, who has established a school for girls of educated Japanese families in Tokio.

The girls take a High School course and elementary social training, and do their own domestic work. Most of them take up voluntary social work on leaving school.

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New Zealand Writer's Success

NEW ZEALAND'S brilliant daughter, Robin Hyde (in private life, Iris Wilkinson), is slowly recovering after four years of illness, and many in Australia who have admired her poems will be delighted to hear that during this trying period her pen was still busy.

She had a writing bench arranged so that she could scribble at will, with the result that the four most trying years of her life have been the most productive, for she has written a book of poems ("The Conquerors," published by Macmillans), journalistic reminiscences published in New Zealand under the title of "Journalese," and two novels accepted by Hurst and Blackett of England.

The first novel, "Passport to Hell," should be received here shortly, while the second, "Check to your King," will appear on the publisher's autumn lists.

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Composer Arranges Special Jewish Programme

LINDA PHILLIPS, of Melbourne, the well-known composer, is arranging a special programme of Jewish music for broadcast on July 19, the Sunday preceding the Jewish Fast of Ab.

Miss Linda Phillips. —Lafayette.

By dint of intensive research and skilful adaptation of the existing airs she has found appropriate music. There will be a trio arranged by her from the traditional cantillations and melodies derived from the Lamentations. "Hebraic Elegy," her own composition for the violin, will also be played.

Miss Phillips, who in private life is Mrs. A. M. Kauffman, has gained distinction overseas as a composer. She writes the lyrics as well as the music for her songs, which have been sung in competition all over Australia.

Woman Delegate

THE only official woman delegate to the Australian Provincial Press Conference, which "conferred" for four days in Brisbane before going further north, was Mrs. C. Knox-Chapman, whose home is at Swan Hill. With her husband, she is joint proprietor of the "Swan Hill Guardian," which they bought three years after its inception and have published ever since.

Mrs. Knox-Chapman is the sub-editor. She has written several stories and has done much literary work. The Girl Guides get a good deal of her spare time, and she is a special magistrate of the Children's Court at Swan Hill.

Learning to Acquire Appreciation of Music

THE Y.W.C.A. is constantly adding to the circles and groups which are organised to meet the varying needs of its members.

The latest addition to the list in the Sydney organisation is a Musical Appreciation Group, which Miss Lucy Taylor is sponsoring. It will meet weekly, and members will be addressed on such subjects as the instruments in an orchestra, lives of great composers, voice production, and various other things that form part of a complete musical education.

It is hoped that a Y.W.C.A. choir will be formed in due course.

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First Honorary Secretary of C.W.A. in Her District

WEST WYALONG, in the centre of the wheat and wool-growing district in New South Wales, is the home of Mrs. J. W. Parker, who accompanied her husband north for the Provincial Press conference.

In addition to caring for her home and three children, two daughters and a schoolboy son, Mrs. Parker does quite a bit of public work and is president of the Red Cross branch and treasurer of the Hospital Auxiliary. She is a keen supporter of the Country Women's Association, and was the first honorary secretary in her town.

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Working For the Adelaide Centenary

MRS. F. L. BARNET, who stayed in Brisbane on her way north with her husband, comes from Gawler, which is only 25 miles from Adelaide. She shares her husband's interest in the race club, of which he is the chairman, and as an outstanding pianist she is much sought after to assist at local entertainments.

Her family of three occupies a great deal of her time, and at the moment she is very busy planning and helping with the arrangements for the Centenary celebrations both in Adelaide and Gawler.

Written a Kitchen Materia Medica

THE kitchen is something one usually associates with the preparation of food, and it is therefore most intriguing to learn of the kitchen as Sister Berth Parry sees it—a storehouse of remedies for many everyday accidents and mishaps, and also of things that can cause them.

Sister Parry. —Montgomery Dunn.

Sister Parry has just published a book that will be invaluable in every home — a real kitchen Materia Medica, disguised under the name of "It's in Your Kitchen." It gives valuable hints and help on home nursing, and shows how disastrous can be the effects of things used incorrectly, and how beneficial certain ingredients, found in every home, can be.

All these useful hints are scientific and according to the latest medical practice, such as the treatment of burns and snakebite, and have been culled from lectures that Sister Parry has given during her seventeen years' work as organising secretary for St. John Ambulance Association in New South Wales.

Forewords to the book have been written by Dr. Purdy (Metropolitan Health Officer) and Mrs. Hugh Munro, first president of the Country Women's Association.

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Talk to Sunday-school Teachers In Many Countries

MISS M. BACKHOUSE, who was warden of Westhill College, Selly Oak, Birmingham, the famous centre of social service training, for 15 years, and Miss L. Ackerley are visiting Australia on their world tour. While in various countries, they are explaining to Sunday school teachers of all denominations their methods of teaching the Scriptures to the young.

Painted Portraits With Aid of Verbal Descriptions

MISS S. E. SMITH, the South Australian artist, has had an interesting time painting portraits of the composer of "The Song of Australia," and the author of the words—the late Carl Linger and the late Mrs. Caroline J. Carleton.

These portraits were painted from untouched photographs, the colouring having been supplied by persons who remembered the musician and the poetess. The one person who could give Miss Smith details of the complexion of Carl Linger is now 99 years of age, and living at Hobart, who was a pianoforte pupil of the German musician who came to Adelaide to live.

Miss Smith, since she joined the Royal S.A. Society of Arts about 30 years ago, has exhibited many portraits, but few have been anything like as interesting to do as these. She describes the paintings as "her Centenary effort."

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Trunks of Costumes Worn in Opera

VERY interested in theatre costumes, and, she confesses, in ordinary clothes, too, is Miss Thea Philips, the English lyric soprano, who is singing in all the Australian capitals with the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

Miss Thea Philips

Miss Phillips, who plans to leave Adelaide shortly for Melbourne, and then a six weeks' tour of New Zealand, has trunks full of the lovely costumes she has worn in opera.

Miss Philips studied singing in Italy at Milan and Naples with Molajale, and has sung at the San Carlo Opera House. She did broadcasting work throughout Canada, singing in towns from Montreal to Vancouver.

At the International season at Covent Garden Miss Philips played Elizabeth in the German opera "Tannhauser," being the only British singer in the cast.

Her work has been very varied, including concerts and oratorio, numerous leading parts in Italian, German, and French operas, and with the British Broadcasting House in London.

Austrian Girls' Club In London

A CLUB for the use of Austrian girls working in London was opened recently in Pimlico. The club will provide opportunities for social intercourse, and will also afford members facilities for learning the English language and for learning cookery and other domestic subjects. Seaside and country outings are also to be arranged for members.

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Enthusiastic Workers For Music Week

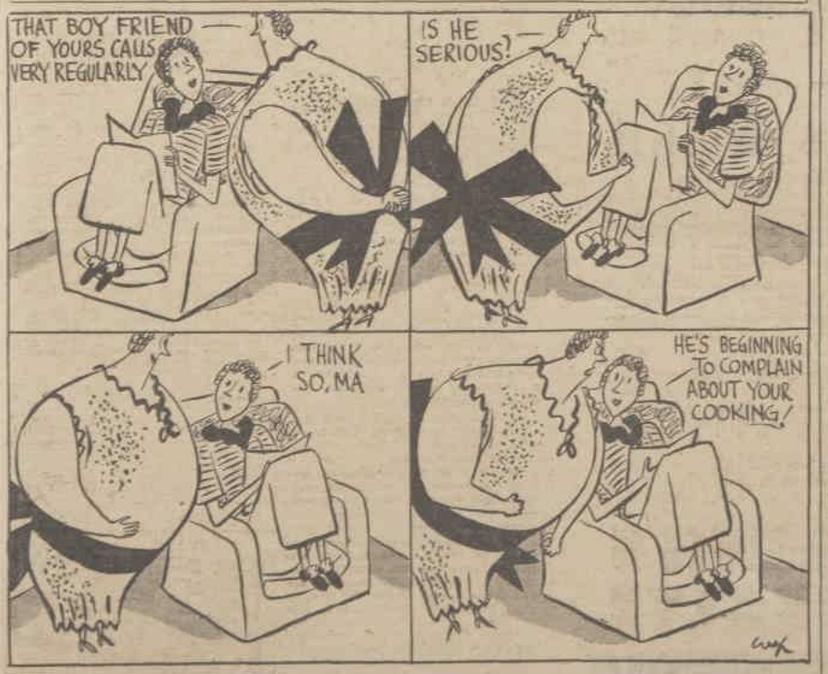
MUSIC WEEK in Sydney grows in importance each year, and this can be attributed in no small measure to the active interest women have taken in its organisation and conduct.

This year "The Week" will be held from September 26 to October 2, and, judging by the enthusiasm shown at the inaugural meeting, it should be a record success.

Signora Ferrari Passmore was again elected hon. organiser and secretary, and Miss Ethelwyn Kirk the honorary treasurer. Mr. Arnold Mote is president of the committee.

The names of many well-known women appear in the list of committee members, among them Mrs. T. H. Kelly (president, Ball Committee), Madame Emily Marks, Misses Alice Prowse, Margaret Chalmers, Dorothy Ewbank, and Gladys Evans (president of the Younger Set).

IN *and* OUT *of* SOCIETY - - By WEP



Perfect Eyesight *without Glasses*

Until recent years it was always thought that glasses were the only remedy for defective vision, but now, after many years of extensive research, it has definitely been proved that 90 per cent. of eye troubles can be remedied and glasses discarded by a natural, scientific method called "EYE CULTURE."

GLASSES, it has been found, do not cure; they merely relieve the condition, which, instead of getting better, gradually becomes worse. This is evidenced by the fact that as time goes on your glasses have frequently to be changed and stronger lenses bought. This means a steady expense to you, whilst you are actually doing nothing to improve the sight of your eyes.

If you already wear glasses, EYE CULTURE can improve your vision, and in the majority of cases enable you to discard the glasses. If you do not wear glasses, but your eyes are causing discomfort from

EYE STRAIN	OLD-AGE SIGHT
ASTIGMATISM	SQUINT
EYE HEADACHES	EYES TURNED IN
SHORT SIGHT	EYES THAT CANNOT
LONG SIGHT	STAND GLARE, etc.
WEAK SIGHT	

or your eyesight is failing, then learn how by a few minutes each day with EYE CULTURE you can obtain or regain normal eyesight without the use of glasses.

Clerks, draughtsmen, compositors, motor drivers, policemen, railway-men, tramway-men, aviators, factory workers, needlewomen—and all those whose livelihood depends upon accuracy of eye, should, in fairness to themselves, learn what EYE CULTURE can do towards helping them gain and maintain perfect, natural eyesight without being encumbered with glasses.

EYE CULTURE brings about a remarkable strengthening of the nervous, muscular, and circulatory systems of the eyes JUST AS EXERCISE DEVELOPS AND STRENGTHENS THE OTHER MUSCLES OF THE BODY.

You should not lose a day investigating EYE CULTURE—no matter what your age, or what the condition of your eyes, call and see me personally (consultation is free), or send a 2d. stamped addressed envelope for my interesting booklet, "PERFECT EYESIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES," and learn what Eye Culture can do for you—and IS DOING, and HAS DONE for many others.

EYE CULTURE

C/o IRVINE'S PHARMACY, GOWING'S BUILDING,
ROOM A1, 43 MARKET STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

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She deserved the applause!

Learn Syncopation and get yourself a real welcome everywhere — always! Advanced classical pianists, medium players—even absolute Beginners can learn (no matter where they live) by means of my complete Personal Postal Course in MODERN PIANO SYNCOPATION.

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!

LISTEN-IN TO TEDDIE GARRATT IN "KEYBOARD KAPERS": SUNDAY MORNINGS, 9 o'clock, 2GB; WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, 9.45, 2SM.

FILL IN COUPON BELOW

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG., 250 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practise, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME .....
(Print in Block Letters)
ADDRESS .....
.....

ONE *Saturday* NIGHT

Continued from Page 24

MARY flung open the door of her tiny room.

"It's very—small," she said. Then he had kicked the door shut, and she was in his arms, and his lips were searching for her mouth.

She squeaked like a small, timid mouse and twisted her head wildly this way and that, beating impotent fists against the Harris tweed that was his chest. She was almost swung off her feet, and the snub toe of one of her slippers caught against his ankle. He loosened his hold for a second, and she clutched at the chance, kicking like a small fury until he dropped her altogether and said:

"Ouch——" bending down to rub his ankle-bone.

Mary sobbed wildly.

"Janey—oh, poor Janey!—to have you for a brother. Oh, you beast—you—beast!" She felt blindly for the door-handle, and saw a square of orange paper suspended in the cage that sat on the door to catch her letters.

She stared at it, fascinated, for a minute, watching it grow bigger, then blur, then bigger again, through her tears. Automatically, she lifted the flap of the cage and brought it forth. John Trent was muttering to himself as he applied self-massage to his ankle. She had the envelope open and was drawing out the telegram when he spoke.

"No wonder," she was thinking, "he treated me like that! Why, he just thought I wanted to get off, get taken out."

"Janey! Who's Janey?" But Mary didn't hear him. She had backed against the wall, one slim hand at her throat, her eyes wide, startled.

"Who—who are you?" she said slowly, the words of the telegram burning their way through her brain.

"Regret unable to meet to-night. Writing.—COLIN FRENCH."

He looked at her suddenly.

"Who am I?" he said. "John Trent's my name. What's yours?" Then something about her face, white and tense, and somehow pathetic, caught at his heart. He said: "Better sit down and tell me all about it. Something's wrong, isn't it?

Slowly, Mary crossed to the armchair, her eyes never leaving his face, watching his every move like some small, frightened, furry animal.

He clenched impotent fists at his side. He suddenly knew the reason for his recent hard thoughts about her. Darn it all, he was falling in love with this blonde scrap of a girl with the eyes like damp stars—and now it seemed there was some awful mistake, and she was the sort of girl decent men looked at an inordinate number of times. So it was all right, except that now she seemed to look upon him as a cross between Bluebeard and the Spanish Inquisition.

MARY sat down in the chair. She twisted a small handkerchief between her fingers. Then her voice came, husky and sweet, telling him about Colin and Janey, and the awful mistake she had made because of his sunburn. She waved the telegram at him, and he found that he had managed to sit on the arm of her chair without frightening her almost into a panic. He looked at the telegram over her shoulder.

"If I hadn't left half-an-hour before I needed, to take a frock to the cleaners," she said, "I'd have got it."

John blessed the frock. He said:

"I say, sell me that frock, will you? I'd like to keep it as a sort of trophy, you know." He found that he was blushing rather a lot and that his collar felt a bit tight.

He cleared his throat.

"Would you," he began, "would you?" Then he looked down and saw that Mary was looking at him, looking up with her eyes like stars, and a tiny flicker of a smile at the edges of her little pink mouth.

He said:

"Oh, dash it all, don't look at me like that, it—makes me nervous."

She raised a pale-brown eyebrow.

"Would I——" she prompted.

His brow became very wrinkled in his distress.

"Would you, sort of, well, come-out-with-me-to-morrow?" he said, ending in a small rush of words. "Or something?" he said, a second after, inconsequentially.

Mary thought swiftly:

"He's nice—oh, he's a darling!" She felt quite sure of herself, quite safe. She knew suddenly that here was her man, here was the person she would eventually be cooking breakfast for every morning in a new little house, in a new little suburb, with dancing check curtains at the windows. She knew it wouldn't happen just yet; probably not for a year or two, because, she giggled softly to herself, in spite of John's erstwhile sophistication, she knew it would be weeks and weeks before he would dare kiss her again.

She was, of course, perfectly right!

(Copyright)

Who Fells a Tree—

One hundred years of life were yours,
Now he has rent you bough from bough,
And all your happy shining leaves
Are slowly dying, even now.
From limb to limb he climbed your height,
And all the frightened birds took wing,
To circle wildly round your head.
Then leave you lonely, sorrowing.
A strange bewildered sense of shock,
An unfamiliar sweep of sky,
And misery within my heart,
That such a splendid thing should die.
O tragic one! Though death be yours,
Your grief is mine! I cannot bear
To see your startled earth-born roots
Torn up to climb the empty air.
I think that somewhere in his life
There will be suffering for he
Who takes an axe within his hands,
And gaily, lightly fells a tree!

—Yvonne Webb.

It's easy to be beautiful

POWDER
Jean Harlow, glorious M-G-M star, uses Max Factor's. The smooth-textured powder heightens the radiance of her skin, clings for hours.

ROUGE
Max Factor's rouge blends with natural coloring, imparts a life-like glow! It stays perfect and creamy-smooth, delicate.

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The Super-Indelible Lipstick is moisture-proof. May be applied to inner and outer lips. Gives an added appeal.

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Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BROWNNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Normal ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐		LIPS
Olive ☐	Black ☐	BRUNNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
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THE MOVIE WORLD

July 18, 1936. The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement Page 27

CALLING *Australia!*

Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and JUDY BAILEY
from Hollywood and London

What's In It?

ELEANOR POWELL keeps us wondering. The other day she met Nelson Eddy. They smiled, embraced, kissed.

"Is it serious?" they were asked.

"Ask him," Eleanor smiled.

"Ask her," grinned Nelson.

Now the plot thickens. Ever since Eleanor's return to Hollywood she has been seen in the company of a mysterious stranger, six feet two, dark and handsome. Samuel Goldwyn reveals that his name is John Payne, grandson of John Howard Payne, the composer of "Home Sweet Home."

The producer says that Eleanor has persuaded Payne to take a movie contract, and she is now coaching him for a role in "Dodsworth," giving him the benefit of her experience before the camera.

Yo-Ho and Some Bottles of Rum

I understand Gaumont have laid plans for a picture based on the adventures of that wayward trawler, the Girl Pat, which set the world by the ears by dashing off in search of adventure.

It ought to make a first-class picture in these days when floating palaces like the Queen Mary bid fair to take all the "tough" romance out of life on the ocean wave.

Setbacks at A.T.P.

BAD luck has been hanging around the A.T.P. Studios at Ealing, where "Lonely Road" is being made. First Victoria Hopper had a bad attack of tonsilitis, which delayed production several days, and then, soon after, Clive Brook was ordered to rest by his doctor. Two days sufficed for the latter, however.

Further delay was caused when some exteriors were taken near Dartmouth and more days than were intended were used because the sun refused to shine. Misfortune, however, cannot last forever, and the picture is now rapidly reaching a successful conclusion.

MARGARET SULLAVAN and HENRY FONDA. Formerly married, these two re-live romance in "The Moon's Our Home."

Wanted: Entire Circus

JOHN MONK SAUNDERS, Fay Wray's husband, who was responsible for the scenarios for "Wings" and "Dawn Patrol," has just handed in to British International Pictures the completed script of "Star of the Circus." Preparations are now well advanced for the early production of the subject, and will necessitate the hiring of a complete circus with animals, tents, performers, etc.

Negotiations are going ahead for the engagement of a number of well-known artists for the leading roles in the film, and a famous director will be entrusted with the task of handling the actual production.

Shirley Entertains

DURING her visit to Hollywood, Ginette Marboeuf-Hoyet was entertained by Shirley Temple. Shirley was very busy working in a picture, but the two little girls managed to play some games between shots.

The little mademoiselle learned a few English expressions, such as "'Ow do you do?" and "Good-bye, Shirley," and her American hostess progressed in her French so she would say at lunch-time, "I have faim."

Ginette is returning to Paris, where she will begin her film career.

Actress-Airwoman

RUTH CHATTERTON, the flying actress, has just managed another feat. She flew her own plane to New York in order to take motion pictures of the giant liner Queen Mary. These will form part of her next picture, "Dodsworth." Walter Huston, her co-star, and Director William Wyler accompanied her on the trip.

The whole adventure—travelling, shooting of ship scenes, etc.—took only two days. On the evening of the second day the Chatterton party was back in Hollywood. Fast going.

Samuel Goldwyn is the first producer to get pictures of the famous ship into a film story.

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HOW the STARS Spend SUNDAY

Most Seize Opportunity for Real Day of Rest

By MARY OLIVIER

HOLLYWOOD—land of sun—and sin! That is the popular conception of the land of stars, where night is turned into day and day into night; where the whirl of picture-making pitchforks its inhabitants into a round of experiences that are without equal anywhere in the world. It certainly is a hectic, crazy town for those who like to make it that way.

But hectic and crazy as it may seem, there is one day in the week when everybody downs tools; when sophisticated lovers and glamorous sirens and insignificant prop boys alike cast off the yoke of acting, tear off the mask of artificiality, and descend to earth just like the rest of the world.

YOU can't imagine it? Well, try again, and harder this time, for Sunday in Hollywood is really Sunday, with all the good, old, time-worn practices—breakfast in bed, the funny papers (comics to you), church for the religious folk (and, believe me, Hollywood is full of them), a swim, a drive, a game of tennis, golf, or what have you.

The Hollywood the world knows is the Hollywood of studios and stars, of lights and greasepaint, of costume, camera and spotlight, fantastic, unreal, from Monday morning until Saturday night. Then comes Sunday. And if you have ever been inclined to suppose that this is the same as any other day in Hollywood, let me tell you that, on the contrary, Sunday is the realest day Hollywood knows.

★

RIGHT: One of Paramount's stars, Fred MacMurray, whose idea of a day of rest is to spend it in hard, out-of-door exercise.

BELOW: Rochelle Hudson devotes Sunday to her mother, who visits her regularly on this day every week. Here are the two of them together.

BETTE DAVIS. This fine little actress spends a lazy Sunday morning, using the afternoon for swimming or tennis.

Glorious Hours

HERE are twenty-four completely glorious hours when all thoughts of pictures or picture-making are forgotten; when professional jealousy is set aside and company rivalry entirely banished. Here is one day in the week when the stars may truly relax or play as they please. They may pursue the pleasure they most enjoy instead of appearing at places demanded of their popularity; they may seek the company they really prefer, and not mix with the people who, for policy reasons, they must amuse and be nice to. Sunday is a real holiday all ever Hollywood.

Of course, it would be impossible for me to tell you what everybody in Hollywood does on Sundays. You will usually find a crowd at a nearby polo ground, where Richard Barthelmess, Spencer Tracy, Ralph Bellamy, Charlie Farrell and a number of others provide thrills for a crowd of friends and followers. Visit any of the many golf courses and you are bound to strike at least half-a-dozen of your favorite stars trying to reduce their handicaps. Or investigate those white figures dashing about the tennis courts. They are sure to belong to some of the world's most famous personalities.

Just to give you a few ideas, however, of how Sunday is spent in Hollywood, I asked a handful of popular people what they do with themselves on this day of days.

A Lazy Day

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, for instance, who is not very fond of sport, makes Sunday a really lazy day. Because she is up before 7 o'clock every day in the week Claudette sleeps in until 10.30 and indulges in a luxury usually far from her reach—breakfast in bed. Then, instead of rising and dressing in some smart ensemble, ready for the studio, she climbs into a pair of attractive house pyjamas or slacks, utterly scorns make-up, and is ready for anything from a quiet read on the sun-roof of her lovely Hollywood home to a bicycle ride or even a short hike.

Claudette never gives big parties, but Sunday evening is most opportune to entertain about half-a-dozen guests, who play silly games like "Murder," "Twenty Questions," or just whatever the Hollywood craze happens to be at the moment.

Another who breakfasts abed on Sundays is William Powell. Bill has coffee and toast delivered to him, together with the paper, which he reads from first to last. After that he rises, finds his oldest pair of slacks and, believe it or not, potters around the garden until luncheon time.

I hope none of your glorious illusions have thus been shattered. If they have, get yourself a nice soft spot to faint in whilst I continue. Bill invariably spends his afternoons changing the furniture arrangements in the whole house, beginning with his own distinctly masculine quarters and ending with the gay bathhouse adjoining the swimming-pool. No wonder Carole Lombard divorced him.

Luscious Blondes

COMPANY doesn't appeal very much to Bill, unless it is that of some luscious blonde such as Jean Harlow, in whom he is so interested at the moment. However, if he is invited over to Ronald Colman's place for a game of tennis he will undoubtedly accept, for Bill is a very keen player of the game.

Unlike Bill Powell, Joel McCrea has no patience for a man so lazy he can't get up in time for breakfast, though he indulges his wife, Frances Dee, and even takes her tray in personally while he enjoys a lone meal. He is entirely dressed by nine o'clock, and reads the morning paper until Mrs. McCrea joins him. After that they make for the beach in their little grey coupe, of course accompanied by baby McCrea, who inherits her parents' love of swimming.

Independence Day

SUNDAY night is usually set aside by the McCreas for social calls. Sometimes they have a busman's holiday and take in a movie. That is how they spend Sundays when they are working on pictures. When they are both free at the same time they pack their bags for their 1000-acre ranch which is not so very far away from Hollywood. Here Sunday is just like every other day. They rise at six and set off for a ride around the property taking breakfast in a small basket attached to the saddle. Returning for lunch, they spend the afternoon walking, return home for dinner and a tumble with baby, and early to bed for everyone.

"Hurrah for Sunday—the day of independence," says Gary Cooper. "Darned if I don't wake up at 7 o'clock just as on every other day, so as I can give three cheers as I turn over for another little snooze. Thank goodness for the opportunity to stay in my pyjamas right up to lunch time, after which my wife invariably beats me at tennis. Then we pack for the beach. There's a stretch of shore no one seems to know about—just sand dunes and the ocean—and we stay there until sundown. In the evening? Maybe dinner at home—or at the Brown Derby just for a change, and maybe a movie afterwards."

Sunday at Jeannette MacDonald's is open house to her friends for swimming and tennis. She is up at 6.30 and has a couple of sets of tennis before the guests arrive. Jeannette is very self-conscious about her game, which is really quite good, and hates to play in front of a crowd. If you were to pop in on Jeannette for Sunday morning breakfast you would find her in white shantung pyjamas, and always entertaining half-a-dozen or more guests. In the afternoon the visitors do whatever they like. Usually they are to be found in her swimming pool, which is quite one of the loveliest in Hollywood. The ranks of guests are considerably increased by dinner time, which is usually about nine o'clock and always formal.

Rochelle Hudson's itinerary is always something like this: Up at nine, a cold shower, white flannel skirt and sweater, breakfast, church at ten, and the rest of the day spent with her mother, who does not live in Hollywood, but always makes a point of visiting her famous daughter on that particular day.

"Just a quiet, old-fashioned day," said Norma Shearer, when I asked her how she spends Sunday. Norma accepts the prerogative of a Sunday morning sleep-in and breakfast in bed. Like most other Hollywood parents, she spends almost the entire day with her youngster, Irving Jr., and baby Kathleen, who must perforce be left in the hands of their nurse for the rest of the week when mother is busy at the studio.

Sea and Sand

NORMA will always be found on the beach or along the shore. Along the shore is home to this famous star, for built between the Santa Monica cliffs and the sea is the Thalberg mansion — a miniature Lido with tile steps the entire length of the house going down into an immediate front yard of white sand and blue pool. After a swim there is ping-pong on the porch and guests dropping in for tea and dinner. In the evening they usually run a picture in their delightfully spacious theatrette, or, if it is a warm night, the guests sit on the beach while the film is projected onto a screen at the side of the building.

So you see there is nothing unusual about a Sunday in Hollywood. It is just a day when they can get away from the endless rush and excitement that occupies them for the rest of the week.

They're Suburban

● There's nothing glamorous about the stars on Sundays. They spend the day of rest just as millions of ordinary folk spend it.

That is to say, they golf, go to church, swim, loaf, entertain, and talk. For one day in the week THEY'RE HUMAN.

This story shows just how human the movie giants are. Off the screen they're just plain citizens; no more, no less.

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"LEAVE QUINS With Doctor" Say Australian MOTHERS

Almost 2—1 Majority In Nation-Wide Ballot

The women of Australia—26,000 strong—have decided by almost a 2 to 1 majority in the "Quins" Questionnaire conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly that the children should remain under the care of their doctor and guardian, Dr. Dafoe.

Letters came from all parts of the continent—from lonely farm and pioneering outpost, from remote hamlets, as well as city houses and flats.

SUCH representative voting can be taken as an authentic cross-section of the opinion of Australian mothers.

Following on protests by Mrs. Dionne against being separated from her children The Australian Women's Weekly decided to obtain the opinion of Australian women on the matter. We asked that short letters setting out their views should be written, with 100 beautiful Shirley Temple dolls as prizes for the most meritorious.

The question asked was:

Should the "Quins" remain under the scientific and kindly care of Dr. Dafoe and his assistants, or should they now be handed back to the care of Mrs. Dionne for the mother-love which is their birthright?

To this question we received replies from 26,000 readers.

Interest in the contest was like that of an election. Dr. Dafoe had his followers, and so, too, had Mrs. Dionne. Throughout the counting the voting veered first in favor of Mrs. Dionne, then back to Dr. Dafoe.

But halfway through the count Dr. Dafoe forged ahead to win by an almost 2 to 1 majority.

This is a magnificent tribute—probably the most unique yet paid to the doctor for his devotion to the five little children who owe their lives to his skill and care.

The overwhelming support for Dr. Dafoe does not mean that Mrs. Dionne's case was not fully appreciated.

In fact, many mothers stressed the point that in reaching a decision they had attempted to place themselves in Mrs. Dionne's position and argue with themselves the claims of mother-love and material welfare.

How States Voted

AN analysis of the voting in the various States is interesting.

Those in favor of the doctor were:

NEW SOUTH WALES
VICTORIA
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Those who leaned towards the mother were:

QUEENSLAND
TASMANIA
NORTHERN TERRITORY.

Mothers of big families, and people in the rural areas, were in the main definite that there was no clinical substitute for mother love.

Younger mothers with one child seemed to favor the clinic.

Many letters were indefinite. They saw the case from both sides, and while expressing a sympathetic viewpoint made no decision.

The 100 dolls offered as prizes were valued at £150. Slightly better dolls have been provided to go to certain competitors whose letters were of a higher standard than most entries received.

Many letters stress the fact that seeing the Fox Film, "The Country Doctor," which depicts the life of the "Quins," had enabled them to get a clearer conception of the work of Dr. Dafoe and his assistants.

New Dionne Baby Helped by "Quins"

(By Cable—From Our New York Office).

"TO Mr. and Mrs. Dionne—a bonny bouncing boy of 8lbs.—both doing well."

That happy announcement to the world on Friday has brought a flood of congratulatory messages to the Dionne home in Callandar, Ontario.

The baby, for whom no name has yet been chosen, is a perfectly-formed boy, and is the twelfth child of the Dionnes.

His weight at birth was 2lbs. less than the total weight of the "Quins" when they were born just over two years ago.

The latest Dionne was born in an atmosphere of greater comfort and luxury than his famous sisters, a circumstance due to the improved family finances brought about by the "Quins."

The Special Prize Letter

For the best letter received, we offered an extra large doll as a special prize. This goes to Mrs. E. Perrett, Heaton St., Wallsend.

"In Biblical days, a mother was forced to give up her son, Moses, but was later engaged as his nurse, consequently mother and son were together.

"It is true that the wonderful care supplied by the Canadian Government is responsible for the 'Quins' being so healthy to-day, but it is no less true that their mother should have a share in their lives.

"Now that the 'Quins' are well established in life, would it not be possible for the parents and family to be included in the small colony as assistants in the rearing of the children, thus giving them all a chance of family love?"—**Mrs. E. Perrett, Heaton St., Wallsend, N.S.W.**

HERE *Are* LETTERS

LETTERS taken from the prize-winning entries propound interesting viewpoints on the future of the "Quins":

Science Saved Lives

"IS mother-love more desirable than scientific child welfare?

"Mother-love, unassisted by science, would have been incapable of saving the lives of these frail mites. Would not any reasonable mother allow science to complete the noble work it has so successfully begun?

"This is more important to the 'Quins' themselves than the limited amount of mother-love obtained as individuals of a large and possibly increasing family."—Miss I. Connors, 71 Herries Street, Toowoomba, Qld.

Lucky "Quins"

"IN my opinion, the 'Quins' were fortunate in having Dr. Dafoe and trained nurses to rear them to their present state of perfection.

"Even the best of mothers could not rear five babies without help and medical assistance, and as Mrs. Dionne had already five small children, I think her hands were full.

"The 'Quins' are visited by their parents daily, and as they grow older the knowledge that daddy and mummy live next door will increase their trust and affection."—Miss G. Fitzpatrick, 1 Gordon St., Paddington, N.S.W.

How They Voted

Dr. Dafoe	16,217
Mrs. Dionne . . .	8,409
Indefinite	2,182
TOTAL	26,808

Utopia

"WHAT! Take the 'Quins' from Utopia! Certainly not. Would it not be a very human gesture to take Utopia to the parents and other members of the Dionne family?"—**Mrs. M. Crowley, Public School, The Rock.**

Exploitation Feared

"I CONSIDER that the 'Quins' are being brought up under the best possible guardianship.

"If left in parental care, they would have most probably been exploited by unscrupulous persons in money-making ventures, and consequently their general health would never have attained its present high standard.

"Their moral welfare would also have been endangered.

"The parents have other children to rear and could never ensure such a safe and happy childhood as the 'Quins' are now enjoying."—Mrs. Dorothy Pope, Avonlea, Private Bag, Donald, Vic.

Dafoe Is Right

"I CONSIDER that it would be very wise of Mrs. Dionne (mother of the famous 'Quins' who appeared with Dr. Dafoe in the film, "The Country Doctor") to leave her five world-known babes in the hands of the authorities. They have performed the wisest and kindest act towards the dark-eyed 'Quins.' Mrs. Dionne will realise later on in life that she would never have had all her darling babies to cuddle had it not been for the now-proud Dr. Dafoe and the willing helpers of the authorities."—**Miss Barbara Powell, Dowlingville, Yorke Peninsula, S.A.**

Mother's Claim

"SHOULD Mrs. Dionne have her babies? Yes. Certainly. Dr. Dafoe has given them 'a greater chance to live and develop than the average child.' But he cannot give them their birthright—a mother's love and home-life. A visit to the clinic periodically would be sufficient after such a good training.

"Just think what the babies are missing, not being with their parents, and what joys the parents are missing not having their little ones at home."—**Mrs. A. Barren, 93 Patrick St., Hobart.**

Same Home

"APART from the parental love bestowed upon them, the Dionne 'Quins' would be much better in the same home as their parents.

"Doctors and nurses cannot be expected to show the same concern about them as their parents should. Strangers are more likely to humor their whims, and they will not understand there are others in the world besides themselves.

"If they shared alike with their brothers and sisters it would accustom them to the rubs and uncertain reception they may meet in life."—Mrs. Harry Sullivan, Pearcedale, via Somerville, Vic.

Mother of Triplets

"AS a mother of triplet daughters—born twenty-one years ago—with a passionate mother-love for babies, I think Mrs. Dionne should thank God unceasingly that her beautiful babes are being so wonderfully cared for. She has daily access to them.

"As their mother, why shouldn't they grow to love her as the years pass by and they learn the meaning of motherhood, and the sacrifice she made for their welfare."—Mrs. V. M. Wotherspoon, Garden St., Girard's Hill, Lismore, N.S.W.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE: Dr. Dafoe sits with his beloved "Quins." He might be considering the question debated by our readers

Has Compensations

"HAVING had a family of eight children under thirteen years of age, I think the 'Quins' should be given back to their parents. Mother-love and the companionship of brothers and sisters will eclipse everything in making them worthy citizens.

"The wife of any working man knows the hardship in rearing a large family, as I had to do.

"Therefore, the Canadian Government should provide sufficient funds for domestic, physical, and educational purposes, enabling Mrs. Dionne to care for the children under the scientific supervision of Dr. Dafoe.

"This help should do away with the need of exploitation."—**Mrs. Florence Pride, Alfora, 15 Henley St., Mascot.**

Child's Plea

"DO let the 'Quins' be with their Mammy. How else can they be happy if they haven't her to love them and cuddle them when they are tired and sleepy. Doctors are good and nurses, too, but they aren't your mother. They can't play with you and love you like what a mammy does.

"Poor 'Quins,' if they can't have older brothers and sisters to play with."—**Miss Patricia Burgess, (13), Ardallie, Ross St., Box 243, Lismore, N.S.W.**

Wage-earner's Wife

"AS the mother of four children, and like Mrs. Dionne, a wage-earner's wife, I try to see this question from her point of view, but fail to find any fault with what has been done. On the contrary, I could never fail to be thankful. In everything the children's welfare has been the first consideration, and the parents second. What more could any loving mother ask?"—**Mrs. J. E. Louis, Pritchard St., Yass, N.S.W.**

Who Had the Babies?

"WHO had the babies, Mrs. Dionne or Dr. Dafoe? Mrs. Dionne, you say. Well, then, let her keep them. If I were the lady I'm darned if I would go on having babies just to be playthings for old man Dafoe. Give the mother a chance to rear her own 'Quins,' under the care of the doctor, then her babies will not forget they have a mother who performed such a marvellous feat. Hats off to the Dionne girls!"—**Janette Pembroke, 25 Nelson St., Mayfield, Newcastle.**

Blind Love

"MOTHER-LOVE is one of those big things which help to make this world go round, but it is oftimes blind. The wisest of reasons from all angles points to the 'Quins' not being given back to their mother. The exacting task of caring for, and carrying out all precautions which are positively necessary to the 'Quins,' and with another little stranger arriving, well, really, one pair of hands could not do it."—**Mrs. Rita Cooper, Post Office, Silvan, Victoria.**

Defence of Dafoe

Miss Edith Thomason, 73 Leinster St., Paddington, Sydney, breaks into an original form in defence of Dr. Dafoe:

DR. DAFOE has proved himself expert and successful,

IN rearing the "Quins" so far.

ONWARDS for the next five years, I would still give him charge.

NEVERTHELESS, the parents and other children should be allowed to get acquainted with them.

NOW that another child is likely to claim her mother-love.

EXPEDIENCY and common sense should take first place in the mother's mind.

QUITE naturally.

UNDER the circumstances, the mother senses

INJUSTICE.

NEVERTHELESS,

SOUND reasoning will convince her that the doctor knows best.

A FULL list of prize-winners in the "Quins" Questionnaire will be found on Page 18.

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ENTER the SECOND Mrs. CLARK GABLE

New York Brings Success And A New Romance

By CLARK GABLE
Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

AFTER a hard apprenticeship, Clark Gable achieved some success as a leading man on the stage. Broadway, however, had never seen him; he travelled to New York, first to clear up his first marriage with Josephine Dillon, which had turned out unhappily, and second to try to break in and make a New York acting success.

He and Josephine agreed to part. We now find Clark alone in the biggest city in the U.S., unknown and insignificant.

ABOVE: Clark Gable enjoys himself swimming with Joan Crawford.

LEFT: The second Mrs. Gable, formerly Mrs. Rhea Langham, with Clark just before their separation.

IN a way my arrival in New York had coincided with one of those experiences which overtake most of us at sometime or another.

For one thing, my marriage to Josephine Dillon had just turned out a failure. That hadn't come as so much of a surprise.

The realisation had dawned gradually, so that the final decision to part had produced no serious shock. All the same, it had brought out thoughts of failure, and New York had never before been associated in my mind with anything but SUCCESS.

FOR the first few days then, I felt strangely disillusioned. I kept on shaking myself, like a man with a nasty hangover, trying to arouse the hardened senses and make things click somewhere near the brain.

I felt insignificant—unknown—alone.

I was on the doorstep of a great experiment, and in the face of it all I was in danger of admitting that a sense of inferiority had come over me.

In self-defence more than anything else, I stuck out my chin and my chest, checked into a much too expensive hotel, surrounded myself with comfort and luxury I could only just afford—and, for how long I didn't care to think—and started right in to make myself feel as well off as I had always imagined I would be once I got to New York.

I sat for hours in my elaborate hotel room, asking myself, not how long I would be there before they threw me out without my baggage, but why I hadn't been there years before.

I suppose Coue had a name for it. I never had any fantastic notions on the subject of applied psychology, but I confess that as I swung out of my fine hotel one morning about a week after my arrival in town, I suddenly became aware of success in the air.

The doorman saluted. That tickled me. I was fooling him; fooling everybody, even myself.

He probably had more money in the bank than I had, but it didn't matter as long as nobody knew it.

I called on a theatrical agent, Chamberlain Brown, scorning to notice the magnificence of his offices. Hadn't I a much more sumptuous place in my Fifth Avenue hotel?

I decided not to notice anybody or anything. I soon realised that nobody was going to notice me either.

I was just curtly received, given a card, and sent on my way to see Arthur Hopkins, famous New York stage producer, then planning a new show called "Machinal."

Clear-eyed and sharp-voiced, Mr. Hopkins evidently wasn't convinced. "Tell me all about yourself," he barked.

I went right back to the days of Lilley, of the Jewels; of the Portland Theatre.

As I did so something within me seemed to shrink inch by inch. I was bringing myself back to earth, and it wasn't an easy landing!

Mr. Hopkins wanted a leading man to play a young mining engineer who'd been in Mexico for several years and who, coming suddenly to New York, began to run up against things and people.

He was supposed to meet a girl in a speak-easy, and from that point get drawn into some rough underworld experiences.

"Well," I told Mr. Hopkins, "I haven't just come from Mexico, but if you don't think I feel up against things and people here in New York, you're crazy."

He gave me the part. Zita Johann, a clever Continental actress, was to play the girl.

Two weeks after my first walk along Broadway I was rehearsing that leading role. Four weeks after that we opened in New Haven, Connecticut, for a public "try-out."

Happiness a Phantom

"MACHINAL" wasn't a great play, but it tickled the critics, and got a fairly successful run of twelve weeks.

I hadn't expected to step right into a leading Broadway role like this, but it had happened. The young tough I had to characterise had lived a life something like my own.

The author didn't give us a hint as to what happened to him afterwards, nor did any inner voice hint to me the effect that this play was to have on my own future life.

Although I didn't know it, "Machinal" was to lead me directly into experiences which would teach me that success is not the most satisfying thing in the world, and that happiness is a fair phantom which looks its best while you are still chasing it.

I was established as a leading man. That meant I had started right. Other leads would follow.

To my career "Machinal" meant the beginning of a greater success. To me, as the man and not the actor, it meant the beginning of a new romance.

How long either could last rested, as I was to learn, with the same tricky fate which had brought both within my reach at the same time.

I was in my dressing-room scrubbing off the make-up. We had been playing for a week or two. I'd been working hard, and hadn't been taking any interest in night life from the first day we began rehearsals.

On this particular night I'd promised myself a lone supper party somewhere. A fellow couldn't keep on working forever without getting around, meeting people, and enjoying himself.

I was thinking out loud as I scraped my face clean.

I was just about through when a call-boy brought me a small card. "A young man says he knew you on the West Coast an' wants to see you," he told me.

Fine! So somebody really knew me in New York! A moment later he arrived, and with him a pleasant, well-dressed lady. "Meet my sister, Mrs. Langham," he said.

It was great to meet somebody, for I had been so much alone in all my leisure hours.

Meeting Mrs. Langham was all my pleasure, for she proved to be a genial person, with a vivacious line of conversation.

The three of us had supper together. We talked, danced, and enjoyed ourselves. In the small hours I went back to my hotel. I'd had a great time.

I didn't know it then, but I'd spent my first evening with the future Mrs. Clark Gable.

Rhea Langham, as she was known at this time, has often been described by the gossips as a wealthy Park Avenue socialite.

Rhea Not Vulgar

YOU know the type of person they mean when they say wealth—Park Avenue and American High Society all in one breath. They are drawing a picture of someone dripping in sables and weighed down with scintillating diamonds.

Nothing could be more untrue of Rhea. I can't think of anything more brutally unfair to her either.

When we first met, Rhea was a divorcee in the forties. She had been married three times, and each time her husband had been a man of good social standing.

She had lived comfortably, but never ostentatiously.

All her life she had been accustomed to a reasonable standard of comfort. She was a good mixer, had a flair for bright conversation, and always showed the most excellent taste.

She was all these things, and more. But a wealthy Park Avenue socialite? Never!

There was nothing vulgar about Rhea, either. She could afford to dress well; she certainly had some nice jewels, too. She could wear both without making herself look like a society exhibition piece.

They tell me the social instinct is always more keenly developed in woman than in man. Well, that's all right by me.

I like to see the ladies looking their best, and if they enjoy being seen that way, aren't they paying a compliment to their boy friends?

Rhea Langham was, perhaps, no exception. She enjoyed meeting people. She always seemed equally at ease among all types and classes. But she never was obsessed with ideas of social grandeur.

Not Fiction

APART from a normal feminine leaning towards the lighter side of life, she had no more desire to cut a dash socially than I had. And, believe me, I never had, and never will have, any burning social aspirations.

I want to live my life in my own way as far as that is possible, and I'm going to do it.

If this were the story of Clark Gable as many fiction writers would have you know it, I should most likely paint you a picture of the young actor, fresh to success in the big city, destined for a phenomenal public popularity; a man with everything in life he could wish for, but who unfortunately had not been quite properly "house-trained."

Continued on Page 32

2/- Buys UP TO £1 Worth of the finest family remedy for

Coughs and Colds

INFLUENZA CROUP, BRONCHITIS, ETC. . . .

Save pounds on cough remedy bills for the family this winter—as well as saving days of suffering and lost time from work—by taking HEENZO the marvellously effective CONCENTRATED remedy now!

The Heenzo way is by far the wisest money-saving way to buy your cough remedy, because one handy 2/- bottle of Heenzo (concentrated) will make enough—merely by adding sweetened water—to last you and your family for weeks.

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Better be safe than sorry—get Heenzo NOW!

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the *money-saving* family cough remedy

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writes:—

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ANOTHER SABATINI

"THE MARRIAGE OF CORBAL" is the latest Sabatini romance to be transferred to the screen. It will soon be released in Australia by B.E.F. Above are: Shooting a scene of the picture; Nils Asther as Citizen-Deputy Varenness; Noah Beery (extreme left) as The Sergeant; Hazel Terry, who plays Cleonie; and Arthur Rigby, The Major. Hazel Terry is granddaughter to the famous Ellen.

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What this means to YOUR child!

Perhaps your child is listless and easily tired, like Pat. Hundreds of children are like this. And these children are always the first to go down with winter colds and coughs and 'flu! Your doctor will tell you what's the matter. Your child is outgrowing his strength—shooting up rapidly and spending so much energy, naturally he gets tired out.

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Mitcham Lavender toilet accessories, together with Blue Ribbon Eau de Cologne, a refreshing toilet water that men like too—they use it after shaving, are sold by all stores and chemists at reasonable prices.

As left: Beautiful bottle of Mitcham Lavender Water, 12/6. Others 1/3 to 30/-.

As right: Refreshing Lavender liquid Bath Salts, 1/6. Others 2/6, 3/-, 8/6 and 17/6 each.

Toilet preparations by

POTTER & MOORE

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY—LONDON

ENTER the SECOND Mrs. CLARK GABLE

Continued from Page 30

HE has married one lady in order to further his stage career. They have parted, are going to divorce, and soon he may marry a wealthy society hostess in order that he may be transformed into a social idol.

But this is not a work of fiction.

It is no elaborately embroidered tale of a country hick who suddenly became famous and then turned snob. It is my own true life story. Who should know it better than I who have lived it?

I believe I proved in earlier chapters that my success as an actor—for whatever it might be worth — came through my own hard work.

I needn't try to prove that my romance with Rhea Langham had nothing at all to do with any newly-acquired social complex on my part.

Having made that clear I'll go on with the story.

After that first meeting, Rhea and I used to go around a great deal together in New York.

Sometimes we'd choose a smart place to dine and dance; at other times we'd go to little old Chinese restaurants or to small out-of-the-way night clubs. Just how the mood seized us.

The first few weeks in New York had been dull ones for me.

Have you ever been really lonesome in some large place with millions of people all around you?

It's not like being lonesome out in the backwoods or up in the mountains. There's a feeling of sheer desolation in it.

Well, meeting Rhea changed that for me. We had similar tastes.

She was a bright, sympathetic person whose interest in the stage was sufficiently impersonal to keep us from talking shop, but still sufficiently well informed to be vital.

Fell in Love

OUR friendship grew. We fell in love.

I was working almost constantly. As soon as "Machinal" closed, I was approached by another New York producer named Fitzpatrick, who offered me a leading part in a play called "Hawk Island."

That ran for only three weeks. Not everything in which C'ark Gable appeared has appealed to the public!

David Belasco was, I suppose, one of the world's greatest showmen at this time. He saw me in "Machinal" and again in "Hawk Island," and, strange to say, he liked me in both.

I was told he had a way of watching a play as an owl watches a mouse he is about to devour.

I saw a man with that kind of look on several occasions while I was doing my stuff on the stage, but I didn't know who he was until afterwards.

One day he sent for me. When I reached the Belasco sanctum, I recognised the man with the piercing eye.

He got right down to business at once.

"Want you to play opposite Bess Merrill in a thing called 'Blind Windows' I just bought. Don't say it isn't good enough for you after 'Hawk Island.' You should have known that wouldn't go down with the public."

Belasco amused me. He was a most unusual character, something like a fiction in himself.

NEXT WEEK:

Back to Hollywood

I scanned the play, "Blind Windows," and liked the part he wanted me to take.

I didn't think much of the rest, though, and I was just going to tell him so when he interrupted me.

Belasco always knew when somebody was about to say something he didn't much want to hear, and he'd shut them up like clams.

He had complete faith in his own judgment, and didn't care for outside opinions.

But he was wrong about "Blind Windows." He gave me a kind of seventh heaven role. The character was something of a gutter-snipe, but interesting enough in a way if he'd had enough to do.

We rehearsed in Baltimore and opened there. We were there six weeks.

Then we appeared for one week in Philadelphia, and that one week closed us up. We never did get to New York as we planned to do.

Just before we started off with the play, I made a flying trip to Los Angeles.

Josephine Dillon, then still my wife, had left New York and gone back to her academy on the West Coast.

I wanted to clear up the domestic situation. Our marriage had ceased to have any meaning.

It seemed to me that divorce was the only logical solution. I saw Miss Dillon in Los Angeles and she agreed.

She told me she would take immediate steps to file the necessary papers, and I returned at once to New York.

This must have been along towards the end of 1930, because although I'm never any good at history, and cannot remember dates, whether they are important or not, I do recollect that Al Woods, the famous New York producer, was about to open a new play called "Loved, Honored, and Betrayed," at the Erlanger Theatre on 42nd Street.

Alice Brady was the star, and I was offered the leading juvenile spot.

It ran for eight weeks, and one day when we were near the finish, I was taking a quiet lunch in my hotel room when the phone rang.

It was my old friend Louie MacLoon calling me on long-distance from Los Angeles.

"Just hop on the next train," he told me. "I want you to play Killer Mears, a gangster, in my new play, 'The Last Mile.' I'm ready to open in a few days, so don't let me down.

"Just get that train, Clark. . . . No, don't do that either. Get train to Chicago, and then come the rest by fast plane."

That meant I could be in Los Angeles in two days, with a few days left for rehearsals and fittings.

I was there!

THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

That "the world is made up of heroes and hero worshippers," is a truer statement to-day than ever before.

* * * *

Every celebrity, whether a man in public life, a screen star, an author, a sports champion, or any other person whose name is in the headlines, will verify this fact.

* * * *

They find it difficult to enjoy a moment of seclusion.

* * * *

Is it any wonder, then, that motion pictures emanating from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer find such a ready response from the theatregoing public . . . since each and every one of them is crammed full of world famous stars . . .

* * * *

William Powell, Rosalind Russell, Binnie Barnes **in** ***"Rendezvous"*****, for example,** ***Laurel*** **and** ***Hardy*** **in** ***"The Bohemian Girl"*****.**

* * * *

Occupying the same programme, these two attractions are currently drawing huge crowds to Sydney *St. James*.

* * * *

The entertainment which will follow will be even more notable for its star names. ***Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, Reginald Owen*** **in** ***"Petticoat Fever"*****.** ***Loretta Young*** **(more beautiful than ever),** ***Franchot Tone, Lewis Stone, Roland Young, Dudley Digges,*** **in** ***"The Unguarded Hour"*****.**

* * * *

Melbourne is eagerly awaiting the new co-starring team of *James Gleason* and *Robert Taylor* in *"Small Town Girl"*, to be offered with *Laurel* and *Hardy* in *"The Bohemian Girl"* very shortly at the *Metro*.

* * * *

And later on will come to the same theatre ***Bob*** **and** ***Myrna*** **in** ***"Petticoat Fever"*** **with** ***Warner Baxter, Ann Loring*** **in** ***"Robin Hood of El Dorado"*****.**

* * * *

Up North at Brisbane Cremorne *"Robin Hood of El Dorado"* has already proven extremely popular and the same goes for the supporting picture, *"It's in the Air"*, which gives thearregoers another glimpse of *Jack Benny* (remember him in *"Broadway Melody of 1936"?*). Cast also includes *Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Nat Pendleton, Mary Carlisle.*

Yours for entertainment,

LEO, of M-G-M.

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HERE'S *Hot News* FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

SUCH a rumpus over a little moustache! The rioting started when Clark Gable, on loan to Warners for the lead opposite Marion Davies in "Cain and Mabel," was told he would have to play the role sans his little moustache.

That was okay with Clark. A few whiskers on or off don't mean much to him. But his home studio objected strongly. Clark had just finished playing "San Francisco" for them, with the moustache, and they didn't want it removed in case any re-takes were needed.

Yielding to Warners, Clark chopped it off and started work. Sure enough M.-G.-M. called him back for re-takes. There wasn't time to grow more lip foliage, so the make-up department had to manufacture a fake adornment for the Gable lip. Thus in some scenes of "San Francisco" the moustachio will be real, and in others "phoney."

✣ ✣ ✣

DIRECTOR IRVING CUMMINGS ran up against an unusual difficulty in casting "Girls' Dormitory," in which Simone Simon, Ruth Chatterton, and Herbert Marshall play the leads. He wanted three hundred girls aged seventeen or eighteen, not older. That sounded easy, with all the high school girls for miles around dying for a part in a movie. But out of five hundred girls of the required age who applied, scarcely sixty looked young enough. The rest looked from three to ten years older than they actually were. Cummings believes that many of them deliberately try to seem like various stars, by use of make-up and other tricks, thus robbing themselves of their youth. Others think a youthful appearance is a handicap to a screen career. Finally, after several weeks of searching, the required number of "young" girls was secured. An odd situation in Hollywood!

✣ ✣ ✣

CAPITOL have decided to star Richard Tauber and wife Diana Napier in an Oscar Strauss operetta, "Land Without Music." Walter Forde will direct it, so here's an opportunity of hearing the golden-voiced tenor and seeing the beautiful Diana under the most favorable circumstances.

Tauber and Miss Napier have been much in the Press of late, due to the singer's matrimonial troubles over his first marriage and the divorce, which, due to its international locale, was valid in one place and disputed in another.

✣ ✣ ✣

MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has won Hollywood's heart. Slim, shy, and blonde, the former Lady Ashley was rather frightened at the prospect of meeting Doug's old friends and relatives. But she slipped naturally into the life of Hollywood. She was an actress before she became Lady Ashley, and talks the language of the theatre.

Merle Oberon is her neighbor, and she is happy in everybody's kindness. They are all eager to make her feel at home.

Doug has not yet made up his mind about "Marco Polo" and his trip to the Orient. Lady Sylvia is ready to take off the moment her restless, energetic husband says the word. But it doesn't seem too unlikely that they will linger in Hollywood for some time to come.

Lady Sylvia would much prefer that. She is having a swell time shopping for her new home and entertaining her new friends—Norma Shearer, the Astaires, Marion Davies, and many others.

Doug thinks his wife resembles Joan Bennett. Others think she looks more like a miniature Garbo.

DOTS and DASHES

"LADIES' MAN" James Stewart playing a daily game of tennis with Virginia Bruce ● Comedian Frank Morgan brushing up his singing and dancing for his part in the new Eleanor Powell film, "Easy to Love" ● Joan Crawford and Bob Taylor drinking quarts of milk instead of the usual tea during the four o'clock rest on the set of "Gorgeous Hussy" ● Maureen O'Sullivan raving over her new swimming-pool, the first she ever owned!

NOW that Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres have come to a parting of the ways, the gossips are already connecting the red-headed dancer with various male swains. Her favorite at the moment seems to be the charming and lanky Jimmy Stewart—remember him in "Wife Versus Secretary" and "Next Time We Love"? Jimmy is one of the most promising of the new stars, and off-screen among the most pleasing. Ginger seems to think so, anyway, and so, for that matter, does Wendy Barrie.

✣ ✣ ✣

Is there in Hollywood a married couple truly in love? Ask Joan Crawford. Joan insists on dropping her own famous name and is known socially as Mrs. Tone. And at a supper party she gave there was a prominent playwright — Philip Barry, to be specific—who was about to sit down next to Joan. She put her hand on the chair.

"Ah, no; that's for Franchot."

"What would happen if I sat there?"

"That," said Joan, "would break my heart."

✣ ✣ ✣

THERE are two 15-year-old colored boys here who are prouder at the moment than all the rest of colored town put together. Their names? Thurman "Demi-Tasse" Black and Jesse "Jonah" Scott. The reason? They've just been assigned to do a dance with Shirley Temple in "The Bowery Princess," and will be tutored by Bill Robinson himself. Although the dance try-outs were set for 10 a.m. one morning, the two appeared on the stage at 7.30 a.m., explaining that they just didn't want to be late, so thought they'd better be a little early. Though insisting they were not frightened by the thought of dancing with Shirley, the pair admitted they were "just a little shaky." Shaky or not, they've lots of talent.

✣ ✣ ✣

How do the beautiful stars of the screen get that golden tan without suffering the pangs of sunburn? Here is Joan Blondell's recipe:

The night before she goes to the beach Joan rubs olive oil into the skin to be exposed. Then at home, after a day in sun and sand, she takes a warm bath and then coats her skin with cold cream.

Get That Sun-tan

Bette Davis solves the problem with ice water. She drinks it continually on the beach, and says the perspiration which gathers on her skin protects it from burning.

✣ ✣ ✣

FIRST scene of Laughton's new picture, "Rembrandt," was shot recently at London Films' new Denham studios. In this picture Laughton's wife, Elsa Lanchester, plays opposite him. This will be their first screen appearance together since "The Private Life of Henry VIII," when she played Anne of Cleves.

The scene shows Elsa as Hendrickje Stoffels, a country girl from Zeeland, appearing before the Consistory Court at Amsterdam. She makes an appealing picture in sombre, seventeenth-century Dutch dress, sitting in the dock before the white-haired, stern-faced, beruffled judges.

Alexander Korda made one of his rare appearances as director. London Films are priding themselves on the fact that this picture will be absolutely correct in the minutest detail of costume and scenery. So if you're interested in seeing what seventeenth-century Holland was really like, don't miss this picture when it gets to the screen.

✣ ✣ ✣

THE life of Shirley Temple is getting to be very much like that of her older fellow-Thespians. Each week for some time the baby star has been having her hair bleached lightly to keep it the required shade of gold, and now, finding their youthful gold mine to be getting a bit chubby, the studio has put her on a diet.

✣ ✣ ✣

JOAN BENNETT'S first picture on her return from Europe will be one of her husband's own stories, "By the Dawn's Early Light." Gene Markey, a very well-known writer, had his wife in mind when he wrote the story. He feels that no one could bring out Joan's histrionic talents better than himself. It will be an entirely different kind of role for gentle little Joan. She will play an adventuress.

✣ ✣ ✣

SO much is written about the "pernicious effect" of the cinema on the young that it is refreshing to hear the other side of the story.

Mr. A. J. Arnold, president of the Bath Head Teachers' Association, speaking at a conference of school attendance officials the other day, said he did not believe the pictures "Did an atom of harm to boys."

Once the "penny dreadfuls" used to be blamed for juvenile crime, he added, but nowadays the talkies were said to be responsible. A boy's character, he held, was moulded chiefly by his home environment.

SCREEN ODDITIES
By Captain Fawcett

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PRIVATE · VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ UNDER TWO FLAGS

Ronald Colman, Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen. (Fox.)

AS pure entertainment, this picture misses a three star grading by a very narrow margin indeed. A little more restraint on the part of the director at the end—a deletion of the posthumous decorating scene which comes as an anti-climax—and, voila, everything would have been saved.

But, even as it stands, there are very few who will not enjoy this story of romance and adventure, which has been admirably photographed and, on the whole, splendidly directed. The picture retains a lot of "Ouida's" Victorian naivete, and gains by it. Actually, the plot is simple: two women in love with a gentleman legionnaire, who, in winning one, wrecks life for the second. But, like most pieces of fiction, the simplicity of the situations is relieved by the color of the settings. The re-creation of Foreign Legion life, of Algerian native background, and, in particular, of battle scenes, is splendidly done.

Acting honors go to Claudette Colbert and McLaglen. The former gives a splendid performance as Cigarette, the girl who, until she meets Colman, is friend to all legionnaires and sweetheart to none. McLaglen, in the role of the major, in love with Cigarette, gives a very forceful and convincing characterisation. Colman is, well, Colman in the uniform of a legionnaire, very little different to Colman in any other picture, but adequate.—State; showing.

★★ MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Wallace Beery, Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles. (Fox.)

ADMIRERS of Wallace Beery, and even those who, up to now, have not led the cheers when his name has been mentioned, will talk for a long time to come of his performance in this picture. He runs away with it; Boles, Miss Stanwyck, and the rest of the cast are shadowy figures whose only purpose is to provide a background for his splendid characterisation.

The story of the film must be known to most. A message has to be taken from the President of the United States to General Garcia, whose revolutionary troops, in the heart of Cuba, are holding out against the Spanish forces. Warned that the attempt is to be made, the Spanish intelligence men do everything possible to prevent the messenger (John Boles) getting through. The letter is delivered at last, after terrific hardships, dangers, and torture have been endured, but only—in the screen version—because of the help and final sacrifice of a dissolute, unprincipled deserter from the U.S. marines.

Beery, of course, plays the deserter. The part was tailor-made for him; he revels in it just as much as audiences will revel in watching him. He is uncouth, coarse, fawning, courageous, loyal, and, above all, magnificently humorous. The director has lacked the courage to cut out the sentimentalising over "Uncle Sam" which is injected towards the end, but even this can't dim Beery's really fine performance.

The picture, as a whole, is good entertainment; even if it weren't, Wallace on his own would be worth the admission money.—Plaza; showing.

★★ THE MOON'S OUR HOME

Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda. (Paramount.)

HERE'S a film that gets off to a good start and provides amusement right to the last line of dialogue. More, it shows what Margaret Sullavan can do with a role much less tense than those she has been appearing in of late, and gives her former husband, Henry Fonda, a chance to demonstrate his capabilities in comedy. Both turn in thoroughly satisfying performances.

The story concerns two celebrities, one a screen star, the other an author, both spoiled darlings of the public, who meet, fall in love, marry, separate, and reunite, each without being aware, until the very end, of the real identity of the other. Situations and dialogue have been cleverly contrived; the entertainment never flags; authors, director, and players have combined to make a film which, while not epoch-making, is worth seeing by all those who prefer a laugh to a sob.

It is interesting to see, too, that Hollywood is now sufficiently grown-up to be able to laugh at itself. The early sequences launch some delightfully barbed shafts against movie stars as they are when not facing their public.—Prince Edward; showing.

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . . . no good.

★★ THIRTEEN HOURS BY AIR

Fred MacMurray, Joan Bennett. (Paramount.)

IF this offering doesn't find favor with all sections of the movie-going public, I'll be mystified. It has thrills for those who like thrills; romance for those who can't get along without it; a dash of mystery for the unfortunates whose brains can never be at ease without a problem to worry over; and—all the powers be praised!—more than the average number of laughs.

The action all takes place aboard a plane, or planes, carrying passengers from New York to San Francisco. Fred MacMurray is cast as a pilot and Joan Bennett as the beautiful blonde with whom he falls in love, while Alan Baxter, Brian Donlevy, and Fred Keating are the mysterious male passengers.

Whoever wrote the gags for this offering did a splendid job. They're crisp, new, and guaranteed, without exception, to bring a smile to the most poker-faced. And, just in case this should not be enough, Zasu Pitts, of the fluttering hands, has been introduced as the governess of Waldemar Pitt III, a little fiend splendidly played by Bennie Bartlett.

See it and laugh.—Prince Edward; showing.

★ THE LAW IN HER HANDS

Margaret Lindsay, Warren Hull, Glenda Farrell. (Warners.)

IT is hard to believe that American courts of justice can be as they are represented in so many of the pictures which come out of that great democracy, but, on the other hand, the conditions reflected in films must have some basis in fact. This, no doubt, must be very comforting for the criminal element.

In the particular offering under review we are given the spectacle of a young she-lawyer who sets herself out to show her lover (himself a lawyer in the District Attorney's office) that she is as capable as a man of mastering the tricks which build up a successful criminal practice. This she does in no doubtful fashion by becoming attorney to a powerful racketeer, whose large retaining fee she earns by shady work until the inevitable moment comes when her conscience, long overdue, wakes up to call a halt. Then, of course, comes the big climax.

All in all, the whole business makes a film that is just average. Some of Mary's smart "tricks" wouldn't dupe a jury of children, but maybe they're more gullible in the States.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ CALL OF THE PRAIRIE

William Boyd, Jimmy Ellison. (Paramount.)

ONE of the usual Hopalong Cassidy Westerns. Nothing is different in it except that Johnny Nelson (Ellison) here deserts the straight and narrow path and causes a whole heap of trouble by drinking and gambling—bad boy!

For the rest, there are the conventional villains, shootings horses and so on. Bill Boyd is poker-faced to the last—except when his winning smile breaks out like sunrise on the prairie—and the bad man makes the usual last-minute attempt to make a getaway with the swag and the heroine, only to be foiled.

Take it or leave it according to your appetite for this kind of fare.—Cameo and Civic; showing.

★ THE PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY

Reginald Denny, Frances Drake. (Paramount.)

AS a murder mystery, this item only rates fair. With three magnificently mysterious, not to say well-contrived, killings to explain, with false pointers in abundance, and with plenty of action, the author, or authors, has turned wishy-washy at the end. Instead of solving the problem set in the earlier stages of the film by sheeting home the crimes to someone who has taken part in all that has gone on, everything is explained by means of a resurrection: the killer is not one of the characters the audience has been watching, but a man who has been supposed to be dead for the past seven years. Anybody could solve a murder mystery in this convenient fashion.

This point, of course, is one that only connoisseurs of detective entertainment may take. Others, who only ask for thrills, will be satisfied enough with this offering.—Cameo and Civic; showing.

FIGHTING YOUTH

Charles Farrell, June Martel. (Universal.)

TO the eternal credit of the critical fraternity I wish to place on record that, when this picture was pre-viewed, there were scribes—strong, tough men and sturdy women—who stuck it out gamely to the end. I wasn't one of 'em; I gave up just as we were entering on the final lap.

A picture about American college football is usually bad enough. But when the theme of the film is the white-anting of the grand old game by dastardly Communist sympathisers, it is just too bad. Add to that Charlie Farrell as a star player who is too dumb even for a college footballer, plus, for good measure, a practice game which has all the characteristics of a clash between rival "pushes" in the good old days, and . . . But why go on?—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

"UNDER TWO FLAGS"

SWEEPING SPECTACULAR DRAMA OF DESERT ROMANCE

Just every so often there comes to the screen one of those never-to-be-forgotten epics of motion picture entertainment. Such is "UNDER TWO FLAGS," the film version of Ouida's nantic novel of the French Foreign Legion.

Those who have read the book will agree that a story such as this, enacted by a cast featuring RONALD COLMAN, CLAUDETTE COLBERT, VICTOR McLAGLEN and ROSALIND RUSSELL, and directed by Fran. Lloyd, famed for "Cavalcade" and "Mutiny on the Bounty", cannot fail to be entertainment supreme.

Here is a picture mighty as its setting—the Sahara—a story of the lives and loves of a Legionnaire fighting to forget and be forgotten. Taking without question what is offered by to-day, with never a thought for the strife that may come with to-morrow.

So we find Sergeant Victor (Ronald Colman) accepting the love of one, a fiery, impetuous love held dearer than life itself by Cigarette (Claudette Colbert), yet offering his love to another (Rosalind Russell) who sees him only as a soldier . . . another Legionnaire until

This is the drama and romance of the mightiest spectacle in motion picture history.

Of "UNDER TWO FLAGS" the Sydney "Sunday Sun" said:—"It is the highlight of large scale production set to an exciting tempo. Most of you saw Ronald Colman in the famous silent picture of the Legion, 'Beau Geste.'

"So far has art of the motion picture progressed, 'UNDER TWO FLAGS' is worth two 'Beau Gestes.'"

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Twenty-five Pounds cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest score obtained from the names below. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided equally.

Here is a splendid new competition consisting of ten names of motor-cars each with some letters missing. No dictionary is required to solve the puzzle. A code is set out below, in which the alphabet is numbered 26 to 1. All you have to do is fill in the missing spaces representing one letter. When you have your motor-car names complete, substitute the letters for their corresponding values.

For example, No. 1, with the addition of the letters "R," U," and "G," could make the motor-car name "RUGBY," the letter-values of which are 9, 6, 20, 25, and 2—a total of 62. When you have completed the ten motor-car names, work out the total score obtainable from each as in the example. Write your list of names on a sheet of paper, place opposite each name its total score, add up the ten totals, and this will give you the final total score of your solution. Enclose a postal note for 1/- with each entry, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than **FRIDAY, 24th JULY, 1936,** to

MOTOR-CAR COMPETITION, G.P.O. BOX 3834T, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Prize money is deposited with Australian Women's Weekly. Results will be published in issue dated 8th August, 1936. Decision of the adjudicator must be accepted as final. This competition is sponsored by J. Montgomery & Co., G.P.O. Box 3834T, Sydney.
All communications concerning this competition must be made to J. Montgomery, 1 Yorkshire House, Spring Street, Sydney.

1. ▬ ▬ ▬ B Y
2. O V ▬ ▬ ▬ A N D
3. ▬ U ▬ T ▬ N
4. A ▬ B ▬ R ▬
5. M O ▬ ▬
6. C A ▬ ▬ ▬ ▬ A C
7. P O ▬ ▬ ▬ A C
8. ▬ O V E ▬
9. ▬ I L L ▬ A N
10. ▬ H R Y S ▬ ▬ R

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
26	25	24	23	22	21	20	19	18	17	16	15	14
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1

RESULTS MOTOR CAR COMPETITION No. 8

Ninety competitors submitted solutions of correct names, totalling 1871 points. This was the highest correct total received, and they share the prize-money, each receiving 5/6.

Queensland: J. W. Johnson, Ipswich; R. O. Brewster, Charleville; J. B. Warner, Brisbane; J. H. Henderson, Eumundi; Miss M. Gillespie, Brisbane; Mrs. C. Husband, Charters Towers; D. O. T. Gow, Stanthorpe; R. McNeilly, Manly; Mrs. Hynes, Brisbane; Miss F. Kelly, Brisbane; R. Schmidt, Harrisville; Mrs. V. E. Stevens, Springsure; W. Spring, Brisbane; Mrs. E. Bates, Maryborough; J. S. Ross, Brisbane; N. R. Tomlinson, Toowoomba; Mrs. J. Winter, Goondiwindi; Mrs. H. D. Bromily, Brisbane.

N.S.W.: Miss B. Todd, Burwood; J. Hughes, Tamworth; H. D. M. Herrus, Bellevue Hill; J. L. Booman, Kirribilli; C. O. P. Todd, Burwood; W. J. Duncan, Baradine; Mrs. H. Barratt, Strathfield; J. J. Dick, Corowa; E. R. Tyler, Gurdon; R. Fretwell, Woollahra; Miss P. Broughton, Chatswood; Miss A. Schuman, Mungindi; C. L. Edwards, Roseville; Mrs. E. O. Stedman, Rose Bay; L. Scott, Bathurst; E. Wormleton, Singleton; G. Harding, North Sydney; W. Thomson, Bondi; Mrs. E. Davis, Croydon; Mrs. G. N. Couch, Wellington; Capt. T. Voets, Manly; K. A. Mallet, Lismore; N. P. Rankin, Grafton; Miss D. Hammerton, Newcastle; W. Tyler, Randwick; H. Jones, Kensington; B. Tyson, Randwick; L. Bidwell, Kensington; J. T. Vile, Cessnock; A. Foster, Punchbowl; T. D. M. Cadden, Wellington; J. Humphrey, Belmore; Miss L. Connell, Wellington; H. Peynter, Burwood; Mrs. A. Stiles, Turramurra; W. Blacker, Camperdown; Mrs. C. J. Watts, Walcha; S. Douglas, Randwick; J. E. Meads, Dungowan; A. J. Goldston, North Sydney; Mrs. D. J. Inman, Ryde; J. F. Marshall, Bathurst; Miss M. Davis, Maclean; F. Mills, Kensington; Miss N. Nock, Haberfield; W. Alexander, Bondi; H. R. McKinnon, Narromine; F. Sinclair, Randwick; Mrs. C. Cole, Mittagong; W. A. Baker, Innisfail; E. J. Fox, Homebush.

WINNING NAMES:

ADLER	BUGATTI
BENTLEY	CHEVROLET
CLYDE	BERLIET
BEAN	OLDSMOBILE
FIAT	WOLSELEY

Vic.: Mrs. J. Ford, Harcourt; L. Vickers, Rochester; A. Noyes, Melbourne; F. E. Potter, Horsham; C. Peters, Melbourne; F. Graham, Burwood; R. M. Martin, Melbourne; Kevin Ware, Alexandra; J. D. Abbott, Melbourne; Miss L. Groves, Coburg; Mrs. E. O. Billings, Armadale; K. H. MacFarlane, Melbourne; Miss J. Stevens, Melbourne; N. B. Rimes, Reservoir.

S.A.: Mrs. D. Ferguson, Lucindale; Mrs. D. K. Douglass, Pygery; A. C. Buddle, Evandale.

Tas.: Miss N. Gillet, New Norfolk; Miss M. Westbrook, Hobart.

Also one entry on blue paper—no name.

Michel

The King of Lipsticks

Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: A master magician, is travelling with
LOTHAR: His servant. They offer their services to
LORA GATES: Who, with her cousin,
VASIL: And her uncle,
BORIS: Lives in a house haunted by a werewolf. Mandrake's efforts to find it are hindered by Vasil and Boris.
EMIL JACQUES: A circus man, trying to catch the werewolf for his sideshow, appears on the scene. Mandrake and Lora search a distant shack and discover a warm mattress. Vasil and Boris prepare to blow up the shack but are stopped by Lothar. Meanwhile Mandrake and Lora are being watched by a weird creature which manages to lure Lora out of the shack. Mandrake quickly discovers her absence and soon overtakes her. Lora is hypnotised and cannot explain her movements. From behind a tree the creature watches. Now read on.

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2GB THE NATION'S STATION

THREE MEN

Continued from Page 22

"I—I heard a sort of splash in the night," Grant panted. "Do you think he——?"

Anna was standing motionless.

"Poor Charlie," she said.

"'A bit of a crowd,' that's what he said," Grant breathed. He was tough, and yet Sheldon's way of leaving them shocked him immeasurably.

Curiously, he looked at Anna. Her face was dead white, with the bright green of her eyes like fire against the sun.

"What's that?" she asked, staring across the sea.

Grant looked.

"Sun shadow," he said wearily.

"I thought it was a boat," said Anna. She sat down and looked at the empty ocean. Grant inspected the small water-cask. He made a face as he did so.

The noon blazed; the ocean around them became a vast cauldron which flickered and flamed.

Grant, utterly exhausted, slept. His sleep was deep, log-like. A stain of darkness in the sky roused him. Another night. He rose and stood swaying.

Anna was kneeling there. The night-glasses were glued to her eyes. It got pitch-black.

"Let me see," said Grant, and snatched the glasses away from her to look.

"It's a boat," said Anna.

Her voice sounded so strange, so thin, that he turned to stare down at her.

"One of the boats from the Callagerina?" he gasped.

"Yes."

"Thank heaven!" Grant said huskily.

Anna stood up in the darkness.

"It's the boat I should have been in," she said. "I recognised the face of the man in charge of her. One of the mates, I think."

Grant stared through the glasses, anxiously. The boat was going towards the west. It would pass well astern of them.

"Do you think they've seen us?" Anna asked, and again there was that odd-sounding note in her voice.

"No." Grant shook his head. "It's not likely they'll have any night-glasses."

"Give me your revolver," she said.

He twisted round, staring.

"My revolver? What for, Anna?"

"I'm going to fire to attract their attention," she explained.

Grant handed it to her in silence. Anna raised the weapon and fired into the sky, twice. They stood waiting. Out of the darkness, presently, came the dim flicker of an electric torch.

"It's all right," said Grant. "They've seen us."

He laughed, tried to slip an arm comfortingly about her shoulders; but Anna, her face like paper in the gloom, those green eyes burning, jumped back swiftly out of his reach.

"Don't touch me!" she said.

Grant stared in amazement.

"What's wrong, Anna? What's come over you?"

She made no reply. Touch of the sun, Grant thought, and a wave of tender anxiety swept him. He began to move towards her again.

"Stop!" she snapped.

She stood with the gun pointed at him, but it was more the expression in her face which made Grant pause.

The sweetness was gone from it. The lines had grown cold and hard. There was a sort of bitter determination at the edges of her mouth.

"Heavens!" cried Grant, "you look at me as if you could kill me!"

"You fool," said Anna, "whatever made you think I cared for you?"

Grant swallowed hard. His big hands clenched and unclenched at his sides. Fiery red swept his tough-looking face, then died again, leaving it the pallor of death.

"So you were tricking me?" he said. "Just tricking me, all the time, eh?"

"Yes," said Anna fearlessly.

"Just as you were tricking that poor devil, your husband," said Grant hoarsely.

ANNA watched him steadily above the gun.

"You drove him to do what he did," said Grant. "Deliberately drove him to it."

Still Anna said not a word.

"I was just the instrument you used, eh?" Grant added, his face suddenly vicious. "All right, it's a game two can play as well as one, you'll find."

"Tough, aren't you, Mr. Grant? Well, I'm rather that way, too. If you come another step, I'll fire."

Grant stopped with a jerk, slipping on the wet surface of the boat.

"And to think that poor, self-sacrificing fellow worshipped the ground you trod on!" Grant snarled. "Caught me, too. Very neatly, my dear Anna.

"But I'm not the type of man you can keep in a trap." He leaned towards her, his eyes staring hotly. "What's behind all this?" he said.

"A man," said Anna coldly.

"Man? What's his name?"

"John Forrester."

"What? You mean, you——"

"I don't expect you to believe me," said Anna, "but I love him."

"You love his money, you mean," Grant said viciously.

"No. I shouldn't care if he were a beggar. I know you won't understand. Really, whether you do or not doesn't matter.

"I'm an unusual type of woman, Mr. Grant. If I want anything, I go my own way to get it. But I'd walk barefoot over hot coals for John Forrester."

Grant stared at her blankly. Then, inch by inch, his face vicious, he began to edge his way across the boat towards her.

She waited calmly. When he was only a few feet away, she raised the gun and fired at almost point-blank range. Grant shouted, stumbled backwards, slipped and disappeared.

A streak of light ran across the black sky. She saw the boat approaching, with the mate standing up and waving his arms. Anna stood there, the gun still in her hand, watching the grey waters as they swirled uneasily about the boat.

The boat bumped against it. Anna turned. She saw the mate and the people in the boat staring at her.

Anna drew her hand across her eyes; she looked a little dazed.

"Mr. Grant went mad and attacked my husband in the night," she said. "He knocked him off the boat, into the sea. I—I was scared to move, almost. I was paralysed with terror.

"I heard Mr. Grant moaning and muttering to himself. He had this gun. I—I managed to take it from his pocket in the night. Then he came for me, like a maniac. In self-defence I—I had to fire. . . ."

THE gun fell from Anna's trembling hand. There were murmurs of sympathy from the tired-looking women in the boat. Turning, Anna's gaze swept the boat from stem to stern.

"Where is Mr. Forrester?" she said

The mate shook his head.

"Mr. Forrester isn't here," he said.

Anna leapt round. Her small hands clawed at him desperately.

"Not here? What do you mean? I—I gave up my seat in the boat so that he could have it. That's why I—I——"

"I'm sorry. Mr. Forrester was offered the vacant place, but he declined it."

Anna's green eyes were glassy with agony.

"You mean, he—he——?"

"I'm afraid so," said the mate gently.

Without a sound Anna toppled at the mate's feet.

"Poor thing," said one of the women. "Must have been through something on that boat. . . ."

The mate, staring into the dawn with grim intensity, seemed to be seeing things. Presently, with gentle hands, he lifted Anna from the boat. His vision was a little blurred. She reminded him of a child, fast asleep.

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PERMANENT WAVES

Continuing

A.B.C. MURDERS

from Page 5

"AN A.B.C. open at the trains to Bexhill was found actually under the body."

I shivered.

"This is horrible!"

"What is our plan of campaign?" I asked.

"The car will call for us in a few moments' time. I will bring you a cup of coffee here so that there will be no delay in starting."

Twenty minutes later we were in a fast police car crossing the Thames on our way out of London.

With us was Inspector Crome, who had been present at the conference the other day, and who was officially in charge of the case.

Crome was a very different type of officer from Japp. A much younger man, he was the silent, superior type. Well educated and well read he was, for my taste, several shades too pleased with himself. He had lately gained kudos over a series of child murders, having patiently tracked down the criminal who was now in Broadmoor.

He was obviously a suitable person to undertake the present case, but I thought that he was just a little too aware of the fact himself. His manner to Poirot was a shade patronising. He deferred to him as a younger man to an older one—in a rather self-conscious, "public-school" way.

"I've had a good long talk with Dr. Thompson," he said. "He's very interested in the 'chain' or 'series' type of murder. It's the product of a particular distorted type of mentality. As a layman one can't, of course, appreciate the finer points as they present themselves to a medical point of view." He coughed. "As a matter of fact—my last case—I don't know whether you read about it—the Mabel Homer case, the Muswell Hill schoolgirl, you know—that man Capper was extraordinary. Amazingly difficult to pin the crime on to him—it was his third, too! Looked as sane as you or I. But there are various tests—verbal traps, you know—quite modern, of course there was nothing of that kind in your day. Once you can induce a man to give himself away, you've got him! He knows that you know and his nerve goes. He starts giving himself away right and left."

"Even in my day that happened sometimes," said Poirot.

Inspector Crome looked at him and murmured conversationally:

"Oh, yes?"

There was silence between us for some time. As we passed New Cross Station, Crome said:

"If there's anything you want to ask me about the case, pray do so."

"You have not, I presume, a description of the dead girl?"

"She was twenty-three years of age, engaged as a waitress at the Ginger Cat Cafe——"

"I wondered—if she were pretty?"

"As to that I've no information," said Inspector Crome with a hint of withdrawal. His manner said: "Really—these foreigners! All the same!"

A faint look of amusement came into Poirot's eyes.

"It does not seem to you important, that? Yet, for a woman, it is of the first importance. Often it decides her destiny!"

Inspector Crome fell back on his conversational full stop.

"Oh, yes?" he inquired politely.

Another silence fell.

It was not until we were nearing Sevenoaks that Poirot opened the conversation again.

"Were you informed, by any chance, how and with what the girl was strangled?"

Inspector Crome replied briefly.

"Strangled with her own belt—a thick, knitted affair, I gather."

Poirot's eyes opened very wide.

"Aha," he said. "At last we have a piece of information that is very definite. That tells one something, does it not?"

"I haven't seen it yet," said Inspector Crome coldly.

I felt impatient with the man's caution and lack of imagination.

"It gives us the hall-mark of the murderer," I said. "The girl's own belt. It shows the particular beastliness of his mind!"

Poirot shot me a glance I could not fathom. On the face of it it conveyed humorous impatience. I thought that perhaps it was a warning not to be too outspoken in front of the inspector.

I relapsed into silence.

AT Bexhill we were greeted by Superintendent Carter. He had with him a pleasant-faced, intelligent-looking young inspector called Kelsey. The latter was detailed to work in with Crome over the case.

"You'll want to make your own inquiries, Crome," said the superintendent. "So I'll just give you the main heads of the matter and then you can get busy right away."

"Thank you, sir," said Crome.

"We've broken the news to her father and mother," said the superintendent. "Terrible shock to them, of course. I left them to recover a bit before questioning them, so you can start from the beginning there."

"There are other members of the family—yes?" asked Poirot.

"There's a sister—a typist in London. She's been communicated with. And there's a young man—in fact, the girl was supposed to be out with him last night, I gather."

"Any help from the A.B.C. guide?" asked Crome.

"It's there," the superintendent nodded towards the table. "No fingerprints. Open at the page for Bexhill. A new copy, I should say—doesn't seem to have been opened much. Not bought anywhere round here. I've tried all the likely stationers!"

"Who discovered the body, sir?"

"One of these fresh-air, early-morning old colonels. Colonel Jerome. He was out with his dog about 6 a.m. Went along the front in the direction of Cooden, and down on to the beach. Dog went off and sniffed at something. Colonel called it. Dog didn't come. Colonel had a look and thought something queer was up. Went over and looked. Behaved very properly. Didn't touch her at all and rang us up immediately."

"And the time of death was round about midnight last night?"

"Between midnight and 1 a.m.—that's pretty certain. Our homicidal joker is a man of his word. If he says the 25th, it is the 25th—though it may have been only by a few minutes."

Crome nodded.

"Yes. That's his mentality all right. There's nothing else? Nobody saw anything helpful?"

"Not as far as we know. But it's early yet. Every one who saw a girl in white walking with a man last night will be along to tell us about it soon, and as I imagine there were about four or five hundred girls in white walking with young men last night, it ought to be a nice business."

"WELL, sir, I'd better get down to it," said Crome. "There's the cafe and there's the girl's home. I'd better go to both of them. Kelsey can come with me."

"And Mr. Poirot?" asked the superintendent.

"I will accompany you," said Poirot to Crome with a little bow.

Crome, I thought, looked slightly annoyed. Kelsey, who had not seen Poirot before, grinned broadly.

It was an unfortunate circumstance that the first time people saw my friend they were always disposed to consider him as a joke of the first water.

"What about this belt she was strangled with?" asked Crome. "Mr. Poirot is inclined to think it's a valuable clue. I expect he'd like to see it."

Please turn to Page 40

Winter Fantasy

Grey finger-tips of winter twilight
Trace their shadows through the sunset's gold.
The purple smudge of smoke that stains the skyline
Forms a sailing ship, dim, tattered, old . . .

—Leona Lee.

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A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 39

POIROT said quickly. "You misunderstood me."

"You'll get nothing from that," said Carter. "It wasn't a leather belt—might have got fingerprints if it had been. Just a thick sort of knitted silk—ideal for the purpose."

I gave a shiver.

"Well, said Crome, "we'd better be getting along."

We set out forthwith.

Our first visit was to the Ginger Cat. Situated on the sea front, this was the usual type of small tearoom. It had little tables covered with orange-checked cloths and basket-work chairs of exceeding discomfort with orange cushions on them. It was the kind of place that specialised in morning coffee, five different kinds of teas (Devonshire, Farmhouse, Fruit, Carlton and Plain), and a few sparing lunch dishes for females such as scrambled eggs and shrimps and macaroni au gratin.

The morning coffees were just getting under way. The manageress ushered us hastily into a very untidy back sanctum.

"Miss — er — Merrion?" inquired Crome.

Miss Merrion bleated out in a high, distressed gentlewoman voice:

"That is my name. This is a most distressing business. Most distressing. How it will affect our business I really cannot think!"

Miss Merrion was a very thin woman of forty with wispy orange hair (indeed, she was astonishingly like a ginger cat herself). She played nervously with a fichu and frills that were part of her official costume.

"You'll have a boom," said Inspector Kelsey encouragingly. "You'll see! You won't be able to serve teas fast enough!"

"Disgusting," said Miss Merrion. "Truly disgusting. It makes one despair of human nature."

But her eye brightened nevertheless.

"What can you tell me about the dead girl, Miss Merrion?"

"Nothing," said Miss Merrion positively. "Absolutely nothing!"

"How long had she been working here?"

"This was the second summer."

"You were satisfied with her?"

"She was a good waitress—quick and obliging."

"She was pretty, yes?" inquired Poirot.

Miss Merrion, in her turn, gave him an "Oh, these foreigners" look.

"She was a nice, clean-looking girl," she said distantly.

"What time did she go off duty last night?" asked Crome.

"EIGHT o'clock. We close at eight. We do not serve dinners. There is no demand for them. Scrambled eggs and tea (Poirot shuddered) people come in for up to seven o'clock and sometimes after, but our rush is over by 6.30."

"Did she mention to you how she proposed to spend her evening?"

"Certainly not," said Miss Merrion emphatically. "We were not on those terms."

"No one came in and called for her? Anything like that?"

"No."

"Did she seem quite her ordinary self? Not excited or depressed?"

"Really I could not say," said Miss Merrion aloofly.

"How many waitresses do you employ?"

"Two normally, and an extra two after July 20 until the end of August."

"But Elizabeth Barnard was not one of the extras?"

"Miss Barnard was one of the regulars."

"What about the other one?"

"Miss Higley? She is a very nice young lady."

"Were she and Miss Barnard friends?

"Really, I could not say."

"Perhaps we'd better have a word with her."

"Now?"

"If you please."

"I will send her to you," said Miss Merrion, rising. "Please keep her as short a time as possible. This is the morning coffee rush hour."

The feline and gingery Miss Merrion left the room.

"Very refined," remarked Inspector Kelsey. He mimicked the lady's mincing tone. "Really I could not say."

A PLUMP girl, slightly out of breath, with dark hair, rosy cheeks, and dark eyes goggling with excitement, bounced in.

"Miss Merrion sent me," she announced breathlessly.

"Miss Higley?"

"Yes, that's me."

"You knew Elizabeth Barnard?"

"Oh, yes, I knew Betty. Isn't it awful? It's just too awful! I can't believe it's true. I've been saying to the girls all the morning I just can't believe it! 'You know, Girls,' I said, 'it just doesn't seem real. Betty! I mean Betty Barnard, who's been herr all along, murdered! I just can't be lieve it,' I said. Five or six times I'v pinched myself just to see if I wouldn't wake up. Betty murdered . . . It's—well, you know what I mean—it doesn't seem real."

"You knew the dead girl well?" asked Crome.

"Well, she's worked here longer than I have. I only came this March. She was here last year. She was rather quiet, if you know what I mean. She wasn't one to joke or laugh a lot. I don't mean that she was exactly quiet—she'd plenty of fun in her and all that—but she didn't—well, she was quiet and she wasn't quiet, if you know what I mean."

I will say for Inspector Crome that he was exceedingly patient. As a waitress the buxom Miss Higley was persistently maddening. Every statement she made was repeated and qualified half a dozen times. The net result was meagre in the extreme.

SHE had not been on terms of intimacy with the dead girl. Elizabeth Barnard, it could be guessed, had considered herself a cut above Miss Higley. She had been friendly in working hours, but the girls had not seen much of her out of them.

Elizabeth Barnard had had a "friend," who worked at the estate agents near the station. Court and Brunskill. No, he wasn't Mr. Court nor Mr. Brunskill. He was a clerk there. She didn't know his name. But she knew him by sight well. Good-looking—oh, very good-looking, and always so nicely dressed. Clearly, there was a tinge of jealously in Miss Higley's heart.

In the end it boiled down to this. Elizabeth Barnard had not confided in any one in the cafe as to her plans for the evening, but in Miss Higley's opinion she had been going to meet her "friend." She had had on a new white dress, "ever so sweet with one of the new necks."

We had a word with each of the other two girls, but with no further results. Betty Barnard had not said anything as to her plans, and no one had noticed her in Bexhill during the course of the evening.

Please turn to Page 42

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BE UP *and Doing* ... *Fortune* AWAITS!

Astrology Points to Good Times for Cancer People

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

If your birthday falls between June 22 and July 23, you belong to the zodiacal sign of Cancer. In which case your slogan for 1936 should be "Let us all be up and doing, with a heart for any fate," for the stars indicate that the Fates are likely to treat you quite kindly during this year.

Your good fortune will be uniform, however, rather than spectacular. Promotion and financial gains are likely, but will have to be earned by personal endeavor and service given to others.

If the brain can work overtime, there is promise of opportunities for making extra money, probably during late July, and again in November. If the brainwork happens to be tied up with promotion, or with some new type of work, grab your chances first and worry afterwards about being able to handle the work. You'll find that you can make good if you have to do so.

General improvements in your affairs—or further opportunities—should come your way between early August and late September, so that it will be your own fault if 1936 does not produce advancement of some kind.

Round about mid-August your thoughts may turn to holidays or other easy times, but first ask yourself whether there is not some way of using the weeks to greater advantage. You'll probably end by admitting that you can.

If your work lies along scientific or other intellectual paths, you are likely to branch out into new interests as the year grows older.

Bachelors (male or female) belonging to this sign are not easy to find. They are usually "snapped up" early, for they are grand home-makers and providers. But if you are still unwed, watch out for ardent displays of affection from those of the opposite sex, especially if you were born late in June or early in July. Unless you really wish to be the guest of honor at a wedding, you'll have to be very much on your guard.

Another thing—do not let outsiders of the opposite sex influence you in regard to domestic matters. Concentrate your energies on improvements connected with the home (or other buildings), and try to avoid family estrangements.

Caution Advised

WITH regard to speculation, investments, or important business transactions, unusual caution is advised during late 1936, since loss through fraud or misjudgment is possible.

In the circumstances it will prove wise to secure legal advice on important deals, especially if contracts or other documents have to be signed.

Jupiter, the planet of good fortune, is ready to help Cancer people this year, especially in regard to the health and servants or co-workers; also in those spheres of activity which can bring advancement through careful, reliable work and faithful service.

Ask favors of influential friends or superiors, for they can, and probably will, aid you, especially during July, early September, and November.

If you do not belong to what astrologers call the "positive" type of Cancerian, pretend to be one during 1936 and go after those things dictated by desire or ambition. Unless your individual horoscope happens to say otherwise Dame Fortune is likely to favor you. But the jade must be courted.

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilise the Daily Diary in planning your everyday affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Continue to live quietly, especially on July 17 and 18. The 19th and 20th a poor best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Fair for you on the 14th, and after dusk on the 21st.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Nothing spectacular. 15th and 16th fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Make the most of your chances this week, especially after the 15th. The 17th and 18th should be best.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Good times are coming your way. Plan ahead. July 19, 20, and 21 should produce opportunities or results.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Fair on the 14th and late 21st, but poor on the 15th and 16th.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Live cautiously, especially on the 17th and 18th.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 25): Get busy. Plan ahead. Make the 17th and 18th produce worth-while results.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Fair only on the 19th, 20th, and early 21st.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Attempt nothing of importance, especially on the 17th and 18th. Try to avoid losses and partings or opposition.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Nothing spectacular. Fair on the 15th and 16th.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Do not let opportunities slip by. Make some for yourself on July 17 and 18.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor A.W.W.)

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Maple Polish

Charming bedroom suite of maple polish priced to please thrifty buyers. The wardrobe is 4ft. 6in. wide, fitted 1-3rd trays and 2-3rds hanging space. Toilet table has 5-piece mirror, and the 3ft. lowboy is fitted trays and shelves.

Usually £16/7/6. Sale £15/10/-
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This 3-piece Genoa velvet lounge suite doesn't need a Sale price to make it good value . . . it always was! The full-size settee and 2 easy chairs have solidly constructed frames, inner spring cushions. Springs securely laced on British webbing. Usually £22/10/-. Sale £19/19/-

~~£22/10/-~~ £19/19/-

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Hand-painted quality English Ware at a grand saving of 9/11! Cream base with embossing on green centre band, black edging. Six each square dinner, b. and b. plates, round fruit plates, cups, saucers; 1 each meat dish, supper tray, fruit or vegetable dish. 35 pieces.

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~~19/6~~ 14/11

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FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 40

ELIZABETH BARNARD'S parents lived in a minute bungalow, one of fifty or so recently run up by a speculative builder on the confines of the town. The name of it was Llandudno.

Mr. Barnard, a stout, bewildered-looking man of fifty-five or so, had noticed our approach and was standing waiting in the doorway.

"Come in, gentlemen," he said.

Inspector Kelsey took the initiative.

"This is Inspector Crome, of Scotland Yard, sir," he said. "He's come down to help us over this business."

"Scotland Yard?" said Mr. Barnard hopefully. "That's good. This murdering villain's got to be laid by the heels. My poor little girl——" His face was distorted by a spasm of grief.

"And this is Mr. Hercule Poirot, also from London, and er——"

"Captain Hastings," said Poirot.

"Pleased to meet you, gentlemen," said Mr. Barnard mechanically. "Come into the snuggery. I don't know that my poor wife's up to seeing you. All broken up, she is."

However, by the time that we were ensconced in the living-room of the bungalow, Mrs. Barnard had made her appearance. She had evidently been crying bitterly, her eyes were reddened and she walked with the uncertain gait of a person who had had a great shock.

"Why, Mother, that's fine," said Mr. Barnard. "You're sure you're all right—eh?"

He patted her shoulder and drew her down into a chair.

"The superintendent was very kind," said Mr. Barnard. "After he'd broken the news to us, he said he'd leave any questions till later when we'd got over the first shock."

"It is too cruel. Oh, it is too cruel," cried Mrs. Barnard tearfully. "The cruellest thing that ever was, it is."

Her voice had a faintly sing-song intonation that I thought for a moment was foreign till I remembered the name on the gate and realised that the "effer wass" of her speech was in reality proof of her Welsh origin.

"IT'S very painful, madam, I know," said Inspector Crome. "And we've every sympathy for you, but we want to know all the facts we can so as to get to work as quick as possible."

"That's sense, that is," said Mr. Barnard, nodding approval.

"Your daughter was twenty-three, I understand. She lived here with you and worked at the Ginger Cat cafe, is that right?"

"That's it."

"This is a new place, isn't it? Where did you live before?"

"I was in the ironmongery business in Kennington. Retired two years ago. Always meant to live near the sea."

"You have two daughters?"

"Yes. My elder daughter works in an office in London."

"Weren't you alarmed when your daughter didn't come home last night?"

"We didn't know she hadn't," said Mrs. Barnard tearfully. "Dad and I always go to bed early. Nine o'clock's our time. We never knew Betty hadn't come home till the police officer came and said—and said——"

She broke down.

"Was your daughter in the habit of—er—returning home late?"

"You know what girls are nowadays, inspector," said Barnard. "Independent, that's what they are. These summer evenings they're not going to rush home. All the same, Betty was usually in by eleven."

"How did she get in? Was the door open?"

"Left the key under the mat—that's what we always did."

"There is some rumor, I believe, that your daughter was engaged to be married?"

"They don't put it as formally as that nowadays," said Mr. Barnard.

"Donald Fraser his name is, and I liked him. I liked him very much," said Mrs. Barnard. "Poor fellow, it'll be terrible for him—this news. Does he know yet, I wonder?"

"HE works in Court and Brunskill's, I understand?"

"Yes, they're the estate agents."

"Was he in the habit of meeting your daughter most evenings after her work?"

"Not every evening. Once or twice a week would be nearer."

"Do you know if she was going to meet him yesterday?"

"She didn't say. Betty never said much about what she was doing or where she was going. But she was a good girl, Betty was. Oh, I can't believe——"

Mrs. Barnard started sobbing again.

"Pull yourself together, old lady. Try to hold up, Mother," urged her husband. "We've got to get to the bottom of this . . ."

"I'm sure Donald would never—would never——" sobbed Mrs. Barnard.

"Now just you pull yourself together," repeated Mr. Barnard.

He turned to the two inspectors.

Please turn to Page 43

BOWS OF ALL descriptions are to the fore in spring's fashion spotlight. An unusual one in sable adorns Jean Arthur's silver lame cape worn with a matching gown. The hem of the cape and gown resemble a Turkish harem creation. The cape is made on a yoke with the back fullness so that it falls in graceful folds.

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Actual Photo. Mrs. Marion Beltner, taken Jan. 3, 1936, after 8 applications of New Plasmic.

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Varicose Veins

If you or any relative or friend are worried or suffer because of varicose veins, or bunches, the best advice that anyone in this world can give is to get a prescription that literally hundreds of people all over the country are using with complete satisfaction.

Simply ask your chemist for an original two-ounce bottle of Emerald Oil, and apply night and morning to the swollen, enlarged veins, rubbing gently upwards and towards the heart as the blood in the veins flows that way. Soon you will notice that they are growing smaller, and the treatment should be continued until the veins are of normal size. Emerald Oil is a powerful, yet harmless germicide, and results are guaranteed by its makers. You can get it at all good chemists, who willingly refund the purchase price if you don't gain relief.***

Notice re School Holidays

PARENTS are notified that they may arrange all their holiday accommodation through the coming school vacation period through the Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau.

Here are a few suggested holiday resorts. The prices given are per week: Kurrajong £2/2/-; Hawkesbury Valley £2/5/-; Burragorang Valley £2/10/-; Grafton (City of Trees) £2/2/-; Bundanoon £2/10/-; Bowral £2/12/6; Katoomba £2/2/-; Macquarie Waters from £2/2/-; Coolangatta (surfing in August) £2/10/-. (Country readers' accommodation in the city and trips arranged.)

Do not hesitate to ask our Bureau to advise you and plan your holidays—big or little. Call and talk it over at the Women's Weekly Travel Bureau, St. James Building, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, next St. James Theatre. The service is quite free.

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Sailing July 25 (with 5 days' accommodation on island)	£9 17 0
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BOOKINGS:
WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOLIDAY BUREAU

St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney. Tel. MA4496.

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A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 42

"I WISH to God I could give you some help—but the plain fact is I know nothing—nothing at all that can help you to the dastardly scoundrel who did this. Betty was just a merry, happy girl—with a decent young fellow that she was—well, we'd have called it walking out with in my young days. Why anyone should want to murder her simply beats me—it doesn't make sense."

"You're very near the truth there, Mr. Barnard," said Crome. "I tell you what I'd like to do—have a look over Miss Barnard's room. There may be something—letters—or a diary."

"Look over it and welcome," said Mr. Barnard, rising.

He led the way. Crome followed him, then Poirot, then Kelsey, and I brought up the rear.

I stopped for a minute to retie my shoelace, and as I did so a taxi drew up outside and a girl jumped out of it. She paid the driver and hurried up the path to the house, carrying a small suitcase. As she entered the door she saw me and stopped dead.

There was something so arresting in her pose that it intrigued me.

"Who are you?" she said.

I came down a few steps. I felt embarrassed as to how exactly to reply. Should I give my name? Or mention that I had come here with the police? The girl, however, gave me no time to make a decision.

"Oh, well," she said, "I can guess."

She pulled off the little white woollen cap she was wearing and threw it on the ground. I could see her better now as she turned a little so that the light fell on her.

MY first impression was of the Dutch dolls that my sisters used to play with in my childhood. Her hair was black and cut in a straight bob and a bang across the forehead. Her cheek-bones were high and her whole figure had a queer modern angularity that was not, somehow, unattractive. She was not good-looking—plain rather—but there was an intensity about her, a forcefulness that made her a person quite impossible to overlook.

"You are Miss Barnard?" I asked.

"I am Megan Barnard. You belong to the police, I suppose?"

"Well," I said. "Not exactly——"

She interrupted me.

"I don't think I've got anything to say to you. My sister was a nice bright girl with no men friends. Good-morning."

She gave a short laugh as she spoke and regarded me challengingly.

"That's the correct phrase, I believe?" she said.

"I'm not a reporter, if that's what you're getting at."

"Well, what are you?" She looked round. "Where's Mum and Dad?"

"Your father is showing the police your sister's bedroom. Your mother's in there. She's very upset."

The girl seemed to make a decision.

"Come in here," she said.

She pulled open a door and passed through. I followed her and found myself in a small, neat kitchen.

I was about to shut the door behind me—but found an unexpected resistance. The next moment Poirot had slipped quietly into the room and shut the door behind him.

"Mademoiselle Barnard?" he said, with a quick bow.

"This is M. Hercule Poirot," I said.

Megan Barnard gave him a quick, appraising glance.

"I've heard of you," she said. "You're the fashionable private sleuth, aren't you?"

"Not a pretty description—but it suffices," said Poirot.

The girl sat down on the edge of the kitchen table. She felt in her bag for a cigarette. She placed it between her lips, lighted it, and then said in between two puffs of smoke:

"Somehow, I don't see what M. Hercule Poirot is doing in our humble little crime."

"Mademoiselle," said Poirot, "What you do not see and what I do not see would probably fill a volume. But all that is of no practical importance. What is of practical importance is something that will not be easy to find."

"What's that?"

"Death, mademoiselle, unfortunately creates a prejudice. A prejudice in favor of the deceased. I heard what you said just now to my friend Hastings. 'A nice bright girl with no men friends.' You said that in mockery of the newspapers. And it is very true—when a young girl is dead, that is the kind of thing that is said. She was bright. She was happy. She was sweet-tempered. She had not a care in the world. She had no undesirable acquaintances. There is a great charity always to the dead. Do you know what I should like this minute? I should like to find some one who knew Elizabeth Barnard and who does not know she is dead! Then, perhaps, I should hear what is useful to me—the truth."

BETTE DAVIS covers her woollen frock with a cosy sealskin coat which features a full skirt and very wide sleeves. The woollen tam is nipped in at the front with a silver ornament.

Megan Barnard looked at him for a few minutes in silence while she smoked. Then at last she spoke. Her words made me jump.

"Betty," she said, "was an unmitigated little ass!"

AS I said, Megan Barnard's words, and still more the crisp businesslike tone in which they were uttered, made me jump.

Poirot, however, merely bowed his head gravely.

"You are intelligent, mademoiselle."

Megan Barnard said, still in the same detached tone:

"I was extremely fond of Betty. But my fondness didn't blind me from seeing exactly the kind of silly little fool she was—and even telling her so upon occasions. Sisters are like that."

"And did she pay any attention to your advice?"

"Probably not," said Megan cynically.

"Will you, mademoiselle, be precise."

The girl hesitated for a minute or two.

Poirot said with a slight smile.

"I will help you. I heard what you said to Hastings. That your sister was a bright happy girl with no men friends. It was—un peu—the opposite that was true, was it not?"

Megan said slowly:

"There wasn't any harm in Betty. I want you to understand that. She'd always go straight. But she liked being taken out and dancing and—oh, cheap flattery and compliments and all that sort of thing."

"And she was pretty—yes?"

Please turn to Page 44

Ashamed of Skimpy Hair?

Scalp Specialists' Treatment Grows Hair at Rate of One Inch in 14 Days.

AMONG hundreds of Australian men and women—victims of scalp troubles, dandruff, falling hair, or baldness—who have reported remarkable experiences with Crystolis Rapid—Mrs. F. Adams, of Melbourne, states: **"It has grown nearly 2 inches of new hair, and in one week killed every speck of itching dandruff that was causing my hair to fall out by handfuls."**

Dandruff is not—as many imagine—simply the white scaly flakes that fill the hair. It is a **germ**—hidden in the hair roots—these white flakes are but a symptom. When this insidious germ plugs up pores, the hair starves, weakens and falls out. Soon—if your scalp is not cleansed of these plugs—baldness will come.

Crystolis Rapid—by virtue of its amazing penetrative power—a scientific property of its extremely low surface tension—is swiftly absorbed deep down into the hair roots. Here it dissolves and expels all hidden foreign matter—and stimulates the papillae (hair-growing organs) with the very elements they need to revive their natural hair-growing functions.

So highly endorsed by world-famous scalp specialists—it is positively guaranteed to produce actual—visible—results or money promptly refunded.

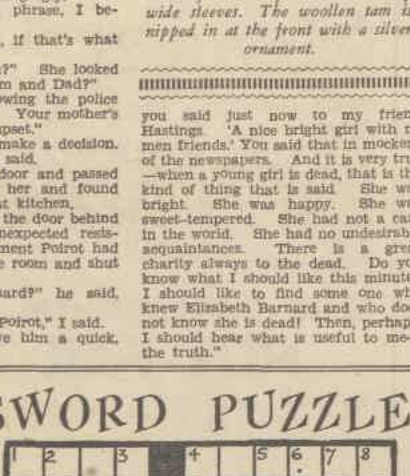
Soft Fluffy with a Sheen like Satin.

If you would have a CLEAN scalp—free of dandruff—a new growth of luxuriantly thick, lustrous, healthy hair—ask your chemist for

CRYSTOLIS RAPID

Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Profession as the World's most Effective Scalp Treatment and Hair Restorative

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



CLUES ACROSS

1. Bower.
2. One of the four seasons.
9. Alternative.
10. I.
12. Preposition.
13. Sports.
15. Congeal.
16. Flat blow.
17. Note in diatonic scale (Mus.).
18. Same as 9 across.
20. Not always famous.
22. Aloft.
24. Fruit.
27. Frustrate.
29. Small hollow.
31. Certainly not.
32. A drink, also a town.
33. Lapse from chastity.
36. Ocean.
38. Summon.
40. Behold!
42. Railway Station (abb.).
43. Adversary.
45. A field.
46. Peel.
47. Compass point.

CLUES DOWN

1. Dog's name.
2. Verbal.
3. Maintenance.
4. Like this.
5. Bitter plant.
6. Denoting entrance, one place to another.
7. Northern Territory (abb.)
8. Procured.
11. Geographical Society (abb.).
14. Things treated of.
15. Man's name.
17. Errand boy at college.
19. Impoverish.
21. Expeditionary Force (abb.)
23. Conspire.
25. Bustle.
26. Insert.
30. Kind of horse.
32. Solidified medicine.
34. Very short letter.
35. L.T.E. (actual).
37. Cleopatra's weapon.
39. Watering place in Prussia.
41. Omissions excepted.
44. Plural of Thou.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

ACROSS: Comical, ape, ire, tope, rent, hives, maker, el, annas, we, all, ed, egles, as, ideas, since, Ness, ness, air, aga, usurper.

DOWN: Cape, opera, me, el, arras, leek, thesis, oil, new, tresses, snags, males, nil, D.D.E., oasis, singe, ass, Esau, near, R.U., A.P.

IS YOUR CHILD

IRRITABLE, LISTLESS, NERVY, RUNDOWN —

INSTEAD OF FIT AND WELL-LIKE THIS

HE'S STARVING FOR VITAL MINERALS

Why are so many children run down and unable to sleep—nervy and irritable. It is because they are starved for the vital minerals which we give even to live stock in the form of natural foods and mineral supplements. In many cases the very products which we feed to stock are the most valuable part of our food supply. Bran, for instance, and wheat containing living minerals are extracted from our flour before it is turned into that broken staff of life—white bread.

Our methods of cooking remove more minerals from our human food, whilst every year holders realise that the complete health of their stomachs depends largely on an adequate mineral ration provided directly in the form of mineral food supplements.

Therapeutics," the body needs iron to combat anaemia, and it is also a fact that iron salts increase the supply of red blood corpuscles which carry oxygen through the arteries for the purpose of oxidising the body's waste products. The inorganic phospherised form of iron is undoubtedly the most easily assimilated.

Calcium is the chief salt in the bones and teeth. It has been shown that calcium is readily absorbed in an inorganic form, particularly if associated with sucrose. The addition of the latter substance not only produces quick energy, but aids in the assimilation of calcium which assists in cases of children's ailments, such as rickets and bone or teeth affections. Calcium in a soluble form also increases the heart's energy and soothes the nerves. Phosphorous helps to keep nerves in tone and the brain alert and vigorous. Potassium, too, aids in the development of muscles, vigorous blood and nerve cells.

BIDOMAK

Bone formation, teeth, vitality and sound growth all depend on this mineral ration, and it is civilisation's major crime that the lesson learned and proved in stock control has not been applied to the infinitely more important problem of human health, particularly as it affects child-life.

CHILDREN NEED MINERALS.

Running, playing, jumping children burn up as much energy as a grown man, yet their storage reserves provide fuel for only half a day unless they are provided with additional benefits in the form of adequate vital minerals.

IRRITABLE, NERVY.

Children become irritable, nervy, listless or they do not eat and sleep well. These are symptoms of mineral starvation which can now be corrected scientifically.

Certain factors were well known from the researches of leading scientists in many parts of the world. One leading worker states that "death will occur within one month if mineral salts are absent from the diet." According to McQuigan, in his "Pharmacology and

Sodium is valuable in improving nerve tone, particularly that of the gastric nerves which affect digestion and create appetite.

All these invaluable minerals are present in Bidomak in a predissolved state in the form of phosphates and glycerophosphates.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GIVE BIDOMAK.

During the winter when bodily resistance is lowered it is a vital necessity that every child should be provided with these tonic foods to improve his general health — ward off infection or to help him throw off the unpleasant after-effects of winter colds and influenza.

Bidomak makes pale, thin, miserable youngsters fit, vigorous and well. They sleep better—eat better and vigorous play does not knock them out. Bidomak contains no dangerous drugs—alcohol nor opiates.

It is very pleasant to take. Get a big bottle to-day from any chemist or store.

AMAZING REPORT FROM USER

Original of report quoted below may be inspected at our office:

CHILDREN BENEFIT

Police Station,
South Lismore, N.S.W.

The Douglas Drug Co.
Dear Sirs,

You may be interested to hear of my two little boys, who have been patients in Lismore Base Hospital for six weeks with Acute Bronchitis and there was no sign of them getting better until one day my mother rang me up and said: "Why don't you try Bidomak? It has cured me and I am sure it will do them good the same as it did for me." I asked their father about it and he said: "Try one bottle." With the results of taking the first few doses they improved splendidly and my doctor here in Lismore was very surprised to know how they had improved.

After taking two bottles they were allowed to leave the hospital. After six weeks I am sending you the slip out of the paper, where my little son John, age 5 years, was in a bad state when admitted to the hospital. He was only 2 stone 12 lbs. when he went into the hospital and, now he is home taking Bidomak, he is 3 stone 3 lbs. 3 ozs. and he has only taken two bottles. Thomas, 4 years of age, with the same complaint as John, gained from 2 stone 1 lb. to 3 stone. We are all very pleased with the results, so I am keeping my children on Bidomak all through the winter.

People in Lismore say you would not think they were the same children.

Mr. Pritchard, who is a returned soldier, being gassed in the War, is much improved by taking Bidomak.

I am very grateful to my mother as my boys eat well, sleep well and are full of life, and the doctor asked me what I was giving them. I said: "Mother told me to try Bidomak and I did." He asked me to show him it and I did. The doctor tasted it and advised me to continue with it.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. D. L. Pritchard.

AFTER 'FLU

Bidomak stops depressing after-effects from 'flu and prevents a relapse because it builds you up so quickly.

Take Bidomak through the winter and ward off winter ills.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If you do not benefit from the first bottle of Bidomak we will refund the money paid on return of the nearly empty Bidomak bottle to the Douglas Drug Co.

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

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CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

To Wash Hair like "Talkie" Stars

There's no class of people who devote as much attention to the hair as do the "talkie" actresses, and in this respect it would stand us all in good stead to follow their practice. Inquiry shows that in hair care, they religiously avoid the use of soaps or ready-mixed shampoos which contain even dangerous amounts of free "alkali," a harsh chemical that dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle and dull.

Yes! Just drop the "alkaline" soaps or shampoos. For regular use there is nothing to equal Colinated Cocoanut Oil (a positively neutral, pure, saponified, but quite greaseless liquid), which is far better than any "alkali"-laden soap you could use. A couple of teaspoonsful cleanses the hair, from roots to tips—completely. Merely wet the hair with water and rub it through. A copious amount of rich, heavy, creamy lather collects every sign of dust, dirt, dandruff, or excess oil; and it rinses out very easily. The hair dries rapidly and uniformly, leaving the scalp soft and cool, and the hair fine and silky, brilliant, glossy, and fluffy. You can get Colinated Cocoanut Oil from any chemist—but be sure it really is "Colinated." This is inexpensive and will last all the family a long time. Sister will like it immensely, because it leaves the hair as easy to dress as though it hadn't been washed at all.***

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A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 43

THIS question, the third time I had heard it, met this time with a practical response.

Megan slipped off the table, went to her suitcase, snapped it open and extracted something which she handed to Poirot.

In a leather frame was a head and shoulders of a fair-haired, smiling girl. Her hair had evidently recently been waved, it stood out from her head in a mass of rather frizzy curls. The smile was arch and artificial. It was certainly not a face that you could call beautiful, but it had an obvious and cheap prettiness.

Poirot handed it back, saying:

"You and she do not resemble each other, mademoiselle."

"Oh! I'm the plain one of the family. I've always known that." She seemed to brush aside the fact as unimportant.

"In what way exactly do you consider your sister was behaving foolishly? Do you mean, perhaps, in relation to Mr. Donald Fraser?"

"That's it, exactly. Don's a very quiet sort of person—but he—well, naturally he'd resent certain things—and then——"

"And then what, mademoiselle?"

His eyes were on her very steadily. It may have been my fancy but it seemed to me that she hesitated a second before answering.

"I was afraid that he might—chuck her altogether. And that would have been a pity. He's a very steady and hard-working man and would have made her a good husband."

Poirot continued to gaze at her. She did not flush under his glance but returned it with one of her own equally steady and with something else in it—something that reminded me of her first defiant, disdainful manner.

"So it is like that," he said at last. "We do not speak the truth any longer."

She shrugged her shoulders and turned towards the door.

"Well," she said, "I've done what I could to help you."

Poirot's voice arrested her.

"Wait, mademoiselle. I have something to tell you. Come back."

Rather unwillingly, I thought, she obeyed.

Somewhat to my surprise, Poirot plunged into the whole story of the A.B.C. letters, the murder at Andover, and the railway guide found by the bodies.

He had no reason to complain of any lack of interest on her part. Her lips parted, her eyes gleaming, she hung on his words.

"Is this all true, M. Poirot?"

"Yes, it is true."

"You really mean that my sister was killed by some horrible homicidal maniac?"

"Precisely."

She drew a deep breath.

"Oh! Betty — Betty — How — how ghastly!"

"You see, mademoiselle, that the information for which I ask you can give freely without wondering whether or no it will hurt any one."

"Yes, I see that now."

"Then let us continue our conversation. I have formed the idea that this Donald Fraser has, perhaps, a violent and jealous temper, is that right?"

MEGAN BARNARD said quietly:

"I'm trusting you now, M. Poirot. I'm going to give you the absolute truth. Don is, as I say, a very quiet person—a bottled-up person, if you know what I mean. He can't always express what he feels in words. But underneath it all he minds things terribly. And he's got a jealous nature. He was always jealous of Betty. He was devoted to her—and of course she was very fond of him, but it wasn't in Betty to be fond of one person and not notice anybody else. She wasn't made that way. She'd got a—well, an eye for any nice-looking man who'd pass the time of day with her. And of course, working in the Ginger Cat, she was always running up against men—especially in the summer holidays. She was always very pat with her tongue and if they chaffed her she'd chaff back again. And then perhaps she'd meet them and go to the pictures or something like that. Nothing serious—never anything of that kind—but she just liked her fun. She used to say that as she'd got to settle down with Don one day she might as well have her fun now while she could."

Megan paused and Poirot said:

"I understand. Continue."

"It was just that attitude of mind of hers that Don couldn't understand. If she was really keen on him he couldn't see why she wanted to go out with other people. And once or twice they had flaming big rows about it."

"M. Don, he was no longer quiet?"

"It's like all those quiet people, when they do lose their tempers they lose them with a vengeance. Don was so violent that Betty was frightened."

"When was this?"

"There was one row nearly a year ago and another—a worse one—just over a month ago. I was home for the week-end—and I got them to patch it up again, and it was then that I tried to knock a little sense into Betty—told her she was a little fool. All she would say was that there hadn't been any harm in it. Well, that was true enough, but all the same she was riding for a fall. You see, after the row a year ago, she'd got into the habit of telling a few useful lies on the principle that what the mind doesn't know the heart doesn't grieve over. This last flare-up came because she'd told Don she was going to Hastings to see a girl pal—and he found out that she'd really been over to Eastbourne with some man. He was a married man, as it happened, and he'd been a bit secretive about the business anyway—and so that made it worse. They had an awful scene—Betty saying that she wasn't married to him yet and she had a right to go about with whom she pleased and Don all white and shaking and saying that one day—one day——"

"Yes?"

"HED commit murder——" said Megan in a lowered voice.

She stopped and stared at Poirot.

He nodded his head gravely several times.

"And so, naturally, you were afraid . . ."

"I didn't think he'd actually done it—not for a minute! But I was afraid it might be brought up—the quarrel and all that he'd said—several people knew about it."

Again Poirot nodded his head gravely.

"Just so. And I may say, mademoiselle, that but for the egotistical vanity of a killer, that is just what would have happened. If Donald Fraser escapes suspicion, it will be thanks to A.B.C.'s maniacal boasting."

He was silent for a minute or two, then he said:

Please turn to Page 48

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

THE SKIRT of this youthful gown of spotted muslin is cut full at the back to fall in graceful long folds around the feet. The bodice is high-necked. Worn by Olivia de Haviland.

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The Sentimental Season NOT FAR OFF

SPRING, the sentimental season, is not far off. In it, as usual, the young man's fancy will lightly turn to thoughts of love. Promises will be made and accepted, and there will be planning for the road of life.

Those promises will cover undertakings to cherish and protect, and what better basis for the fulfilment of such promises than membership in the A.M.P. Society and adequate A.M.P. assurance?

A young man, about to marry in 1891, took out an A.M.P. policy for £1,000. A.M.P. policies have a way of growing astonishingly, with bonuses, so that, when he died recently, his widow drew £2,480. Even in death he was able to keep his promise.

Another young man, who married early this year, in the full vigour of his middle twenties, became a member of the A.M.P. and assured for £500, meaning to add other policies as his income grew. A motor accident recently put an end to that planning, but there is £500 with which to protect the young wife while she readjusts herself to the life around her.

The young couple about to marry would do well to send for a copy of a booklet, "Investing in Happiness." It should show them a simple, but solid, basis on which to plan a life of love and affection.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HOME MAKER

July 18, 1936. A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

AN ANCIENT CRAFT *Has Become a* MODERN CRAZE

A KEEN revival in hand-spinning and weaving brings forth quaint and lovely new fabrics as articles for home decoration and personal adornment.

IT sounds almost like a fairy story, but the whirring of the spinning-wheel and the click-clack of the hand-loom can be heard in many homes to-day. Some may ask, "Why all this, when machine-made fabrics and articles can be bought so cheaply?"

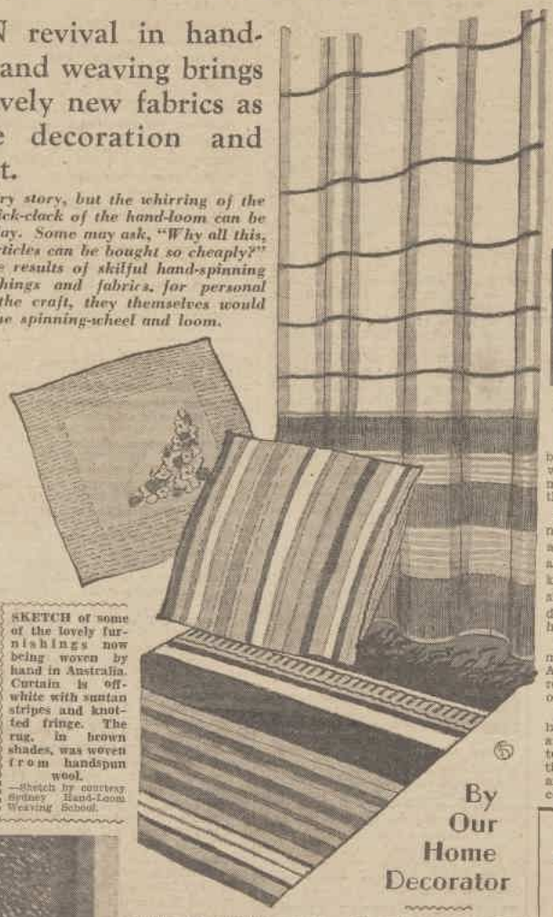
But, if these sceptics saw the results of skilful hand-spinning and hand-weaving—lovely furnishings and fabrics, for personal adornment—and then tried out the craft, they themselves would probably fall under the spell of the spinning-wheel and loom.

THE making of textiles—spinning and weaving—is an ancient art. Perhaps the oldest in the world. It was practised in the Stone Age. Silk was woven—and spun—in King Han, in China, way back in 2640 B.C.

All sorts of romantic tales and folk lore have been woven, literally, round it. Was it not the Sleeping Beauty who pricked her finger as she spun and fell asleep for a hundred years till she was awakened by the kiss of the Prince? Do you not remember Penelope, faithful wife of Ulysses? . . . "Wait until I have woven a winding-sheet for old Icarius, the father of Ulysses, so that I shall not lose my thread," she would say to her impatient suitors, weaving industriously all day so that she might undo all her work each night.

In old England, spinning and weaving was an integral part of the manorial system. Wife and daughters spun the yarn, the husband wove this into fabrics. And it was only after the inventions of the 17th and 18th centuries that the ambitious yeomen, by making for a market outside their own family, forced themselves into factories, and so to this, the machine age. And yet . . .

To-day, even as I write, men and women all over England and Scotland are spinning and weaving their own garments and furnishing needs. In some parts of Europe they are doing the same; in America—and now in Australia. And it is an industry that is appealing and will appeal to more and more women in this "woolly" land of ours. Women living on stations may take the wool direct from the sheep and spin it into yarn. Spinning-wheels cost only from 4½ guineas to 7 guineas each. Then, if they choose, they may weave the yarn into all sorts of lovely, individually-patterned materials (looms cost from 7 to 16 guineas) for home furnishing.



SKETCH of some of the lovely furnishings now being woven by hand in Australia. Curtain is off-white with suntan stripes and knotted fringe. The rug, in brown shades, was woven from handspun wool.
—Sketch by courtesy Sydney Hand-Loom Weaving School.

WOOL IS THE chief yarn spun by hand in Australia, being practically the only kind available, and here you see a quantity of it being spun on one of the neat, convenient little spinning-wheels of to-day.
—Photo by courtesy David Jones.

By Our Home Decorator

How To Spin

SPINNING comes with practice alone. Wool spun from greasy wool is easiest to spin. Cut off all the hard, dirty ends—don't try washing. If a pair of carders is not available, wool may be teased—"hand-pulled" out in order to make it as soft and fluffy as possible.

To commence spinning, tie a piece of wool or string on to spool. Bring up and over one of the hooks on flyer, and then through the eye on spindle. Then, holding thread in left hand, with end sticking out, lay a piece of carded wool on to this end. Then commence to treadle, turning the wheel from left to right.

The main thing to remember is not to let the thread being spun pass thumb and finger of left hand so that the spin or twist runs back into bundle of teased wool.

You must regulate tension. The tension on many wheels is done by a piece of string and a small spring attached to a peg. This peg is turned to tighten or loosen tension. If the wool is spinning too tightly, and is not winding on to the reel, tighten the string.

If you want two-ply wool, you place two spools of wool on the gallows, run two lots of spun wool through the wheel just as if spinning, but running the wheel from right to left instead of from left to right.

All sorts of lovely mixtures suitable for home furnishings are obtainable. You may spin the wool straight from the sheep as described, then skein, scour, and dye the single threads, and then ply two or three different colored threads together.

Another way is to scour and dye wool before spinning, then spin all one color with colored knops, spinning in one or more knops at intervals, making the thread similar to knop tweed.

Beautiful rugs have been made by spinning crossbred fleece without carding allowing all lumps (but not dirt) to spin as they come. Thus you get coarse, knobbly wool. You then ply these two single knop yarns together, skein, and dye, and then the wool spun is used for hook rugs.

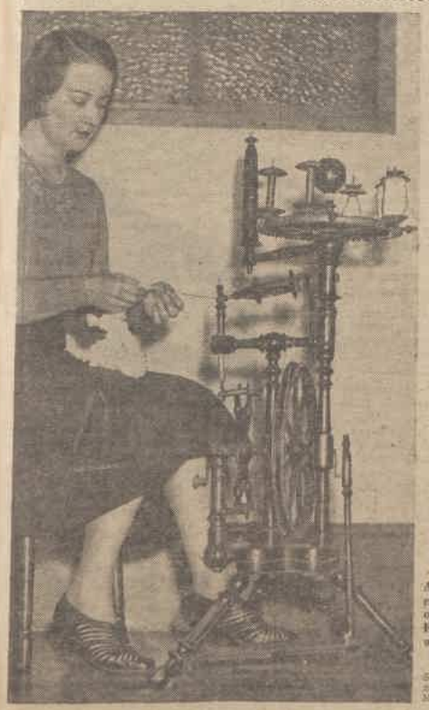
After you have spun your yarn you may weave it into any pattern you desire. And you may get very satisfactory results from weaving machine-spun yarn or combining the two.

Rugs particularly lend themselves to home-spinning and home-weaving, and are perhaps the most interesting of all to make. Two-ply wool makes attractive curtains, bedspreads, and runners, and is being very widely used. But, of course, you may use silk or linen or cotton yarn to weave all sorts of lovely materials for your home.

Imagine the charm of a fabric for room furnishing woven in cream or oatmeal threefold cotton, and which carries in its weave a bright and colorful linen or cotton thread. This is one way of obtaining the popular cottage weave. Consider again the effect you could get by omitting the bright linen or cotton thread in the weaving process and adding a touch of hand-embroidery to the finished curtains and cushions.

Another suggested color scheme is for a cream bedspread and curtains bordered in three bright colors; the carpet brown, the cushions fashioned from the three colors used for bedspread decoration.

Or have a room decorated with hand-woven materials in rough-weave linens in a natural shade relieved by peat brown. The note of color to be given in old gold and jade cushions. Rug should be peat brown relieved by fawn and different shades of brown.



ALTHOUGH several hundred years old, this antique French spinning-wheel is still being used to-day.
—Photo by courtesy Sydney School of Spinning and Weaving, Margaret Street.

This woman endured 10,000 hours of Stomach Pain!

Even one hour of acute indigestion is more than enough to prostrate any man or woman, yet in six years Mrs. H. R. suffered 10,000 hours of stomach torture. It was needless — as her vivid letter tells you. Read her own words of this harrowing experience :—

"After what I have gone through, it is nothing short of a miracle to me, being able to enjoy and digest anything set before me. For nearly six years, after every meal, I used to get severe pains which lasted for a couple of hours. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is healed for good, as I have had no pain since then." H. R.

If you also have stomach trouble, don't give up hope; remember that all this suffering is quite needless. Prove it by getting 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day; you will be amazed at the quick, sure relief you get. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the quickest-acting stomach remedy known, and it is used, prescribed and recommended by doctors and hospitals all over the world.

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THE SIX *Happy* PRIZEWINNERS

In This Week's Best Recipe Competition

If you have a good recipe, let it win a cash prize for you in our weekly Best Recipe competition. Prizes, weekly, consist of first prize of £1, second 10/-, and four at 2/6 each.

ALL you do is write it out clearly, giving ingredients and method of making, and send in to us. Prizes go to the most unusual, tasty, and, in general, economical recipe sent in each week.

You will want to try these prizewinners for this week:

NOUGAT BASKETS.

Half pound almonds, ½lb. castor sugar, butter, ½ pint cream, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence for cream.

Blanch almonds, cut each lengthwise into thin strips, lay them on a tray and place in a cool oven to dry. Melt sugar in a lined pan. When it is a golden color, mix in almonds. This forms a soft paste, which hardens when cold. Grease some hot small patty tins with butter, put some of the mixture into them, and with the handle of a greased spoon spread thinly round the moulds. Leave till cold, turn out. Fill with sweetened whipped cream, make a handle for each basket from thin strips of angelica.

First Prize of £1 to Miss Bell, 138 Wellington Parade, East Melbourne.

BLACKFELLOWS' HEADS.

Two eggs, ½lb. butter, 3oz. flour, ½ pint cream, 1 egg-white, ½lb. sugar, ½lb grated chocolate (unsweetened).

For Chocolate Icing: ½lb. icing sugar, 3 tablespoons boiling water, melted chocolate.

Cream butter and sugar, and add chocolate just melted. Add beaten eggs and, lastly, fold in the flour. Bake this in a buttered shallow tin, so that the cake will be about ¾-inch high when finished. When cool cut the cake into rounds with a sharp cutter. On top of each round heap up the cream and egg-white which have been beaten very stiff separately and then mixed. Carefully pour over each the chocolate icing, and when set stroke over with a knife dipped in warm water to make the icing shiny.

Second Prize of 10/- to Mrs. R. Taylor, 3 Mill Hill Rd., Waverley, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE TART.

One and a quarter cups grated tinned pineapple, 1 cup pineapple juice, 1 cup orange juice, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons butter, 3 egg-yolks (beaten), ½ cup sugar, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons cornflour.

Mix flour, salt, sugar, add beaten yolks, and all juices. Cook till thick, stirring continually. Remove from stove and add pineapple and butter. Bake pastry first, put the filling in the tart. Make a meringue of the whites of eggs. Put in the oven again for a few minutes to brown slightly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Griffiths, Cressy, Tas.

PASSIONFRUIT SPONGE PUDDING

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg, and beat well. Add cream of tartar and carbonate of soda, sifted with flour. Stir in milk. Grease a pudding mould, put in bottom pulp of five passionfruit, and three dessertspoons sugar. Pour over the above mixture, put on lid, and steam 1½ hours. This is delicious served with cream or custard sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. J. Hemmings, Box 49, Kalangadoo, S.A.

LEMON CHEESE PUDDING

Cut about four or five slices of white bread into small squares. Stale bread may be used.

Put in a piedish and cover with 1½ cups of boiling water. Put ½lb. butter, 1 large cup sugar, juice and rind of 2 large lemons in a saucepan with 1 large cup of water, and bring slowly to the boil. Remove from fire and pour over two well-beaten eggs. Add this mixture to soaked bread, and mix gently together. Place piedish in a dish of cold water, and bake in a moderate oven until firm. This can be decorated with whipped cream or meringue. Can be served hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. B. Williamson, 274 High St., Willoughby, N.S.W.

SPICED PRUNE PUFF

Soak overnight two cups of prunes. Next morning drain off water and stew prunes gently with 1 cup sugar, 2 cups water, the rind of half-lemon, a stick of cinnamon, and 4 or 5 cloves. When tender, remove rind and spices, and pour prunes into piedish.

For Puff-Top: One cup flour, 1 dessertspoonful cinnamon, half-teaspoonful baking-powder, one-third cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup milk. Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, and lightly stir in sifted flour, baking-powder, and cinnamon. Lastly, mix in enough milk to make a mixture that will just drop from the spoon.

Spread it over the prunes, and bake in a moderate oven for half-hour. While still hot, brush a little melted butter over the top, and sprinkle with a mixture of half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, sugar, and flour. Serve hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Foster, Mossman, via Cairns, Nth. Qld.

KITCHEN HINTS

TO wash rolling-pins, first scrub them, then plunge in cold water and dry immediately. If they are left to soak in hot water, they quickly become rough, and sometimes bulge out of shape.

Pennies come in useful for cleaning burnt aluminium saucepans. Rub over the burnt bits with a penny or any other copper coin, then scour the saucepan with steel wool. This is an excellent method, and very quick.

More Coffee Recipes

Readers enjoyed Ruth Furst's coffee recipes, recently featured, so much that they asked for more; and here are some excellent ones.

COFFEE CREAM FILLING

One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon crystallised sugar, 1 tablespoon cold milk, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Cream butter and sugar very well, making as white as possible. Then add very gradually cold milk; when it is well worked in, add gradually the boiling water, then coffee essence. Beat well. Use as a filling for sponge sandwiches. The success in the making of this cream is the creaming of the butter and sugar and of gradually adding the liquids.

COFFEE SANDWICH

Six ounces butter, 6oz. sugar, 3 large eggs, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 9oz. plain flour, 1 small teaspoon baking powder.

Cream butter and sugar well. Add beaten eggs, then well-sifted flour and baking powder. Divide the mixture into two. Add coffee essence to half, and leave other half plain. Place in well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn on to a sieve to cool. When cold, join together with lemon cheese, ice with coffee glaze, and decorate with angelica and finely-chopped nuts.

COFFEE SANDWICH.

Quarter-pound butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, essence vanilla, 2 tablespoons milk, 1½ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then essences and milk, lastly sifted flour and salt. Pour into 2 well-greased sandwich tins. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Turn on to cake-cooler. When cold join together with coffee cream and cover top with coffee icing.

COFFEE WALNUTS

White 1 egg, 1 tablespoon strong coffee, 10oz. icing sugar, halved walnuts.

Add coffee to the unbeaten white of egg, add sugar gradually till firm enough to mould, then roll into ball and press between halves of walnuts. Leave for a few hours to set.

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake, and becomes part of it.

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Hold a Pears tablet against the light; see how pure it is—the result of months of maturing. Give your skin the tonic action for which Pears has been famed for years.

Generations of beautiful women have proved that greater complexion loveliness follows if you use Pears. Start to-day—make Pears *your* soap!

Pears *Original* TRANSPARENT SOAP

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Stop taking dangerous laxatives! Keep regular naturally with delicious breakfast cereal.

* Frequent doses of harsh purgatives actually make constipation worse. 75% of intestinal troubles in later life are due to this dangerous weakening habit, doctors say. Cease drug taking while there's still time!

Stop constipation naturally. Eat Kellogg's All-Bran, the delicious cereal recommended by doctors as a source of "bulk." All-Bran gently stimulates intestines and bowels to normal, regular action. Very soon, you no longer need a laxative of any sort!

Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran, served as a cereal, covered with milk or cream, daily for one week, will relieve constipation. After that, 3 servings weekly will keep you regular. Delicious with fresh or stewed fruit. Sold by all grocers.

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BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE certainly makes short work of these stubborn old hang-on coughs and colds, that no other cough remedy will budge, according to Mr. H. A. Allen. Mr. Allen says: "For years I suffered every winter with a terrible cough. I have had many sleepless nights and coughed until tears ran, and my stomach ached. I started again with the same old cough this year—but after a few doses of BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE my cough was gone."

You can't go wrong on Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada. One or two doses ends a stubborn cough and even the toughest old hang-on coughs leave for good in a day or two. And it's only 2/3 at any chemists. Money back if not delighted.

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Quickly, safely and easily. Silvo, so gentle in its action, will keep your silver lovely—*always*.

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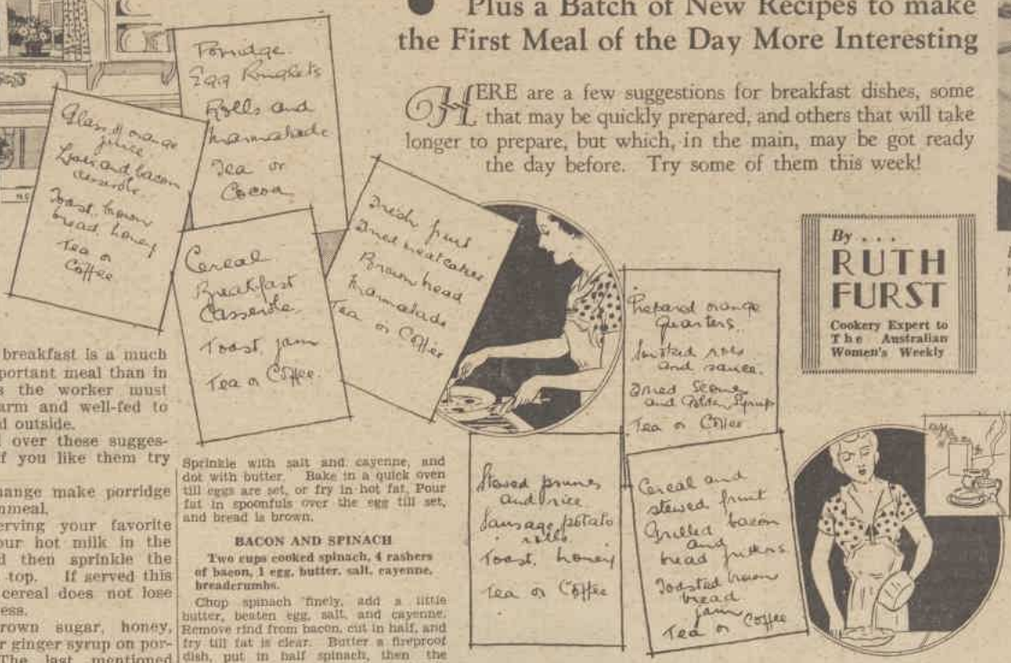
BRIGHTER *Breakfast Menus* ... *for* WINTER MONTHS

● Plus a Batch of New Recipes to make the First Meal of the Day More Interesting

All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchens . . .

HERE are a few suggestions for breakfast dishes, some that may be quickly prepared, and others that will take longer to prepare, but which, in the main, may be got ready the day before. Try some of them this week!

FOR A HEARTY winter breakfast who could refuse liver and bacon when it comes to the table garnished with finely-chopped parsley?



ON THE MENU CARDS illustrated above are given seven healthful and attractive breakfast suggestions. Recipes for each of the main dishes suggested will be found on this page.

By . . .
RUTH FURST
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

IN winter, breakfast is a much more important meal than in summer, as the worker must start off warm and well-fed to face the cold outside.

Just read over these suggestions and if you like them try them out:

1. For a change make porridge from cornmeal.
2. When serving your favorite cereal pour hot milk in the plate and then sprinkle the cereal on top. If served this way the cereal does not lose its crispness.
3. Serve brown sugar, honey, treacle, or ginger syrup on porridge. The last mentioned makes a delicious change.
4. Fry rashers of bacon till clear, in a pan; remove from the pan. Scramble eggs in the bacon fat; chop the bacon and add to eggs before quite cooked. Serve on toast.
5. Take 1 cup mashed potato, add to it one well-beaten egg, salt, and cayenne. Spread flat in well-greased, hot frying pan. When brown, turn and brown other side. This puffs up like an omelette.
6. Dip rounds of bread in milk, then fry till brown in hot fat. Beat eggs, add to them grated cheese, salt, cayenne, and a little milk. Stir till set over heat. Serve on the fried bread.

EGG RINGLETS

Three thick slices of bread, 3 eggs, salt, cayenne, butter, little milk.

Remove crusts from bread, then cut a circle out of the centre of each slice. Dip bread in milk, place on a buttered dish, break an egg into each hollow. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne, and dot with butter. Bake in a quick oven till eggs are set, or fry in hot fat. Pour fat in spoonfuls over the egg till set, and bread is brown.

BACON AND SPINACH

Two cups cooked spinach, 4 rashers of bacon, 1 egg, butter, salt, cayenne, breadcrumbs.

Chop spinach finely, add a little butter, beaten egg, salt, and cayenne. Remove rind from bacon, cut in half, and fry till fat is clear. Butter a fireproof dish, put in half spinach, then the rashers. Cover with remainder of spinach. Sprinkle thickly with crumbs. Dot with butter. Bake in hot oven till heated through. Serve at once.

SALMON CUTLETS

Small tin salmon, 1lb. mashed potatoes, salt and cayenne, lemon juice, chopped parsley, flour, pepper, and salt, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat, slices of lemon.

Add salmon to mashed potatoes, with salt, cayenne, lemon juice, and parsley to taste. Mix well. Form into cutlet shapes, using a little flour, dip in egg, then toss in the breadcrumbs. Wet fry till a golden brown. Drain well on paper. Serve at once on a paper d'oyley, garnished with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

2lb. sandwich loaf makes 18 sandwiches. Cut each into four to make 72 sandwiches.

¾lb. butter is sufficient for sandwich loaf of bread.

6 gallons coffee sufficient for 100 persons.

1 quart ice-cream sufficient for 16 persons.

1lb. loaf sugar contains 112 pieces.

FRIED MEAT CAKES

Rounds of fried bread, sausage meat, tomatoes, rashers of bacon, parsley.

Fry rounds of bread till golden brown in boiling fat, drain, and keep hot. Divide sausage meat into same number as rounds of bread. Roll into a ball, using a little flour to prevent sticking, then flatten. Fry in a little fat. Cut tomatoes in halves. Have cut side up on griller and grill till soft. Remove rind from bacon, and cut into squares. Grill till fat is clear. Lay bread on baking-dish, then bacon, round of meat, then tomato. Reheat, and serve at once.

RICE FISH CAKES

Half-cup cooked rice, 1 cup cooked fish, salt, cayenne, 1 egg, flour, pepper, and salt, breadcrumbs, parsley.

Flake fish, and mix with rice. Add salt, cayenne, and chopped parsley. Moisten with a little beaten egg (if too wet they will break when frying). Form into cakes, dip in flour, pepper, and salt, then in egg-glazing, toss in crumbs. Wet-fry in boiling fat till golden brown. Drain well. Serve at once, garnish with fried parsley.

BREAKFAST CASSEROLE

Half-cup haricot beans, tomato sauce, rashers of bacon, 1 small onion, butter.

Soak beans for 12 hours. Put into saucepan with water in which they were soaked, and cook till tender. Drain well. Fry chopped onion in little butter. Add chopped bacon. Mix these with beans and sauce. Put into greased casserole, and bake 15 to 20 minutes. Serve at once.

SAUSAGE POTATO ROLLS

Four cooked sausages, 1 cup cold mashed potato, salt, cayenne, 1 egg, breadcrumbs, frying-fat.

Mash potatoes well, add salt, cayenne, and small quantity of beaten egg, and divide into four. Flatten with floured hands. Roll round a sausage. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in crumbs. Wet-fry till golden brown. Drain. Serve at once on hot dish with brown gravy in sauce bowl.

SMOKED ROES AND SAUCE

Roes, tomato sauce, Worcester sauce, butter, salt, cayenne, toast.

Soak roes for half an hour, then cook in water for 10 minutes. Drain well. Melt some butter in frying pan, add roes, mix sauces, and, if too strong, add 1 tablespoon water. Add to roes. Cook for a few minutes. Remove crust from toast, cut in long strips, and lay on hot dish. Place roe on toast. Pour the hot sauce over. Serve at once.

CRUMB SAUSAGES

Sausages, flour, pepper and salt, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat.

Dip the sausages into the flour, pepper and salt. Completely cover with egg-glazing, then toss in the crumbs. Firm the crumbs on with a broad knife. Put into a frying basket and lower into boiling fat. Fry till a golden brown. Drain on white paper. Serve piled high on a hot dish.

BREAKFAST DISH

Slices bread, 1lb. steak, 1 onion, salt, cayenne, 1 dessertspoon flour, tablespoon water, parsley.

Cut the steak and onion into small pieces, put into a saucepan with flour, water, salt, and cayenne. Stir over gas till it changes color, then cook for 10 minutes. Cut the bread into rounds with plain cutter. Fry in boiling fat till golden brown. Drain on paper. Put the bread on hot dish, place a little meat mixture on each round. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve very hot.

LIVER AND BACON CASSEROLE

One lamb's fry, flour, salt, and pepper, 1 pint water, 1lb. bacon, chopped parsley.

Wash the liver well and soak in salted water about an hour. Dry the liver and cut into even-sized pieces. Dip into the flour, pepper, and salt, and place in casserole dish. Cover with the water, place lid on, and bake slowly until tender. Cut bacon into even-sized pieces, roll, and thread on a skewer. Place on a plate and bake until fat is clear. Serve the liver at once, garnished with the rolls of bacon and chopped parsley.

BACON AND EGGS

Grease a flat pie-dish with butter. Remove the rind from the required quantity of bacon and lay it evenly over the prepared dish. Break as many eggs as needed over the bacon. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are set, and the bacon quite cooked. Serve at once. If liked, bacon and tomatoes can be cooked in exactly the same way as the bacon and eggs.

GRILLED BACON AND BREAD FRITTERS

Four rashers of bacon, 4 rounds of bread, batter, milk, frying fat.

Remove rind from bacon, cut in half, roll up, thread on skewer, and grill till fat is clear. Keep in warm place. Dip the rounds of bread in milk, then coat with batter and fry in deep fat till golden brown. Drain well. Serve on hot dish, garnished with the grilled rolls of bacon.

'FLU STARTS AS A COLD
At the first sign of a cold, take
Q-RIT TABLETS
(Formerly CURE IT)
A scientific formula made to RELIEVE COLDS IN 24 HOURS
Relieve COLDS Overnight
Q-Rit TABLETS

It's easy
to get every scrap of dirt, grease or burnt in substance off aluminium. Use Steelo . . . it polishes also. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap—enough for 5 weeks.
STEELO

It works on hair of any texture. On any wave, natural or permanent. Without even disarranging your coiffure! And gives hair dazzling new lustre you never thought possible.

how to

"DAMP-SET" your hair!

New Wave-setting Discovery by Celebrated Chemist and Consultant to New York, London, and Paris Beauty Salons.

"DAMP-SETTING" has spread to every movie-lot. We owe this discovery to a famous American chemist—who has supplied several of the leading beauticians with their most luxurious and valuable treatments. Those perfect coiffures you see in the newest pictures were "damp-set." You can give your hair this same treatment at home, and make your wave last indefinitely.

This astonishing discovery saves hours of time and many shillings spent on frequent waving and setting. It makes any wave last ever so long. It keeps the hair fastidiously fresh. And it's done in FOUR minutes!

All you need for the treatment is brush and comb and an ounce of Velmol. (If you haven't any Velmol in the house, a bottle costs only 2/1 at any chemist shop.) And all you do is brush the Velmol through your hair, and simply press your waves into place.

(If you usually set your waves or curls with "bobby" pins or clips overnight—brush Velmol through hair first, and you'll be quite amazed at the results.)

"Damp-set" your hair regularly, and you'll always have deep, firm, waves. And never any grease—for Velmol is delightful, crystal—clear liquid not to be confused with heavy, messy "brilliantines." Your wave will always look fresh and new: a light finger-wave holds a surprisingly long time. And Velmol is already famous for the sheen and lustre it imparts to any hair.

JUST THREE STEPS IN "DAMP-SETTING."

(1)—Comb hair with comb moistened with water until all your hair is damp (never wet). (2)—Pour a little Velmol into palm of hand—run hairbrush over liquid until bristles are evenly covered, and brush it right through hair. (3)—Now press the waves in—just where you want them — using the fingers and comb. Press backward where the waves go back; forward where they swirl in toward cheeks and forehead. In four minutes your wave is revived—set; your hair has a glorious new sheen you never believed possible.

CUT OUT THESE DIRECTIONS SO YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

—(Copyright)

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You may be giving him all he *wants*—but not everything he *needs*. The fond Mother who loves him so tenderly is neglecting him badly in one respect. Some day he may find he will have to lose his precious teeth—all because Mother was careless during these important years.

Mothers, don't let another day pass without being sure that your children's teeth have proper care. Provide a *germicidal* tooth paste to fight decay. Euthymol Tooth Paste kills dental decay germs within 30 seconds—that's why it's recommended by dentists everywhere. Get Euthymol to-day—guard your family's teeth in every way you can!

1/3 per tube

A.B.C. MURDERS

Continued from Page 44

"DO you know if your sister met this married man, or any other man, lately?"

Megan shook her head.

"I don't know. I've been away, you see."

"But what do you think?"

"She mayn't have met that particular man again. He'd probably sheer off if he thought there was a chance of a row, but it wouldn't surprise me if Betty had—well, been telling Don a few lies again. You see, she did so enjoy dancing and the pictures, and, of course, Don couldn't afford to take her all the time."

"If so, is she likely to have confided in anyone? The girl at the cafe, for instance?"

"I don't think that's likely. Betty couldn't bear the Higley girl. She thought her common. And the others would be new. Betty wasn't the confiding sort anyway."

An electric bell trilled sharply above the girl's head.

She went to the window and leaned out. She drew back her head sharply.

"It's Don . . ."

"Bring him in here," said Poirot quickly. "I would like a word with him before our good inspector takes him in hand."

Like a flash Megan Barnard was out of the kitchen, and a couple of seconds later she was back again leading Donald Fraser by the hand.

I felt sorry at once for the young man. His white, haggard face and bewildered eyes showed how great a shock he had had.

He was a well-made, fine-looking young fellow, standing close on six foot, not good-looking, but with a pleasant, freckled faced, high cheekbones and flaming red hair.

"What's this, Megan?" he said. "Why in here? For God's sake, tell me—I've only just heard—Betty . . ."

His voice trailed away.

Poirot pushed forward a chair and he sank down on it.

My friend then extracted a small flask from his pocket, poured some of its contents into a convenient cup which was hanging on the dresser and said:

"Drink some of this, Mr. Fraser. It will do you good."

THE young man obeyed. The brandy brought a little color back into his face. He sat up straighter and turned once more to the girl. His manner was quite quiet and self-controlled.

"It's true, I suppose?" he said. "Betty is—dead—killed?"

"It's true, Don."

He said as though mechanically:

"Have you just come down from London?"

"Yes. Dad phoned me."

"By the 9.30, I suppose?" said Donald Fraser.

His mind, shrinking from reality, ran for safety along these unimportant details.

"Yes."

There was silence for a minute or two, then Fraser said:

"The police? Are they doing anything?"

"They're upstairs now. Lookin through Betty's things, I suppose."

"They've no idea who——? They don't know——?"

He stopped.

He had all a sensitive, shy person's dislike of putting violent facts into words.

Poirot moved forward a little and asked a question. He spoke in a business-like, matter of fact voice as though what he asked was an unimportant detail.

"Did Miss Barnard tell you where she was going last night?"

Fraser replied to the question. He seemed to be speaking mechanically.

"She told me she was going with a girl friend to St. Leonards."

"Did you believe her?"

"I——" Suddenly the automaton came to life. "What the devil do you mean?"

His face then, menacing, convulsed by sudden passion, made me understand that a girl might well be afraid of rousing his anger.

Poirot said crisply:

"BETTY BARNARD was killed by a homicidal murderer. Only by speaking the exact truth can you help us to get on his track."

His glance for a minute turned to Megan.

"That's right, Don," she said. "It isn't a time for considering one's own feelings or any one else's. You've got to come clean."

Donald Fraser looked suspiciously at Poirot.

"Who are you? You don't belong to the police?"

"I am better than the police," said Poirot. He said it without conscious arrogance. It was, to him, a simple statement of fact.

"Tell him," said Megan.

Donald Fraser capitulated.

"I—wasn't sure," he said. "I believed her when she said it. Never thought of doing anything else. Afterwards—perhaps it was something in her manner. I—I, well, I began to wonder."

"Yes?" said Poirot.

He had sat down opposite Donald Fraser. His eyes, fixed on the other man's, seemed to be exercising a mesmeric spell.

"I was ashamed of myself for being so suspicious. But—but I was suspicious . . . I thought of going down to the front and watching her when she left the cafe. I actually went there. Then I felt I couldn't do that. Betty would see me and she'd be angry. She'd realise at once that I was watching her."

"What did you do?"

"I went over to St. Leonards. Got over there by eight o'clock. Then I watched the buses—to see if she were in them . . . But there was no sign of her . . ."

"And then?"

"I—I lost my head rather. I was convinced she was with some man. I thought it probable he had taken her in his car to Hastings. I went on there—looked in hotels and restaurants, hung round cinemas—went on the pier. All damn foolishness. Even if she was there I was unlikely to find her, and anyway, there were heaps of other places he might have taken her to instead of Hastings."

HE stopped. Precise as his tone had remained, I caught an undertone of that blind, bewildered misery and anger that had possessed him at the time he described.

"In the end I gave it up—came back."

"At what time?"

"I don't know. I walked. It must have been midnight or after when I got home . . ."

"Then . . ."

To Be Continued

Bows Take a Bow

TUTTA ROLF looks fascinating in this coat of black wool, which features astrachan sleeves, to wear with a smart little hat that repeats the combination. The black taffeta scarf is tied in a large Alsatian bow.

Arm Ached with Neuritis

"My left arm was almost useless from neuritis. The piercing pain bothered me all day. At night the sharp twinges would wake me right out of my sleep. I suffered terribly until one day I tried 'St. Jacobs Oil.' The relief I got from this simple oil was unbelievable. My arm feels fine now."

Good old 'St. Jacobs Oil' is the one remedy that really stops the pains and aches of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, and Neuralgia. The relief is almost instantaneous because this marvellous oil goes directly to the affected part and quickly draws out all the ache and pain. And it does not burn or blister the skin. Get a bottle of 'St. Jacobs Oil' to-day at your chemist, and see how it relieves pain.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CONQUERS PAIN

Hair Magic!

Blondes often use "make-up" that's too harsh to be lovely—warmer tones of powder and rouge look much better. Get the popular "Brownette" effect praised by screen stars who have found that richer, warmer hair-tones allow of far lovelier make-up effects. Hennafoam, without dye or bleach, puts subtle lyric tones of colour into the hair of blonde or brunette—the result is a truly thrilling loveliness called "Brownette." Try Hennafoam and see the new glory it brings to faces that have "never had a chance" in the grip of peroxide or old-style "dead" shampoos. See Hennafoam reveal a new and warmer glow of loveliness—in the face as well as the hair. Now only 6d. a double-sized package at any good Chemists or Stores. Hennafoam is the Shampoo of the Stars.

HENNAFOAM Glorifies
—BUT DOESN'T DYE!

THE SMART WOMAN SAYS

"I Always Choose CUTEX"

The Cutex five minute care of the nails keeps them always in perfect condition.

Smart women, who interpret the mode to their finger-tips, choose Cutex Liquid Polish. Its fashionable shades lend youth and beauty to the hands, and blend with all new fabric colours.

Cutex is easier to apply because it flows on to the nails at just the proper rate! And this is why it wears so evenly without fading or streaking.

To remove polish use Cutex Oily Polish Remover. It contains a soothing oil that helps keep cuticle and nails perfect.

CUTEX
Manicure Preparations

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 6W3
379 Kent Street, Sydney, N. S. W.

I enclose 9d. in stamps for a trial size Cutex Manicure Set, including two shades of Polish.

Name .....

Address .....

WHO IS THE GIRL?

. . . that NINTH WOMAN who is always herself?

● All women are not born "free and equal." There are some days when women suffer severely. There seems not to be anything much to do about it. But to-day, hundreds of thousands have accepted the blessed relief Myzone brings.

● You can easily tell that "ninth" woman—the independent woman—who has learned to rely on Myzone . . . she is always a picture of poise—serene and self-possessed—smart, bright-eyed, alert—confident of her vivacious charm . . . the suspection of her femininity no never dismayed by "mean" spells.

● Do you suffer? Taken beforehand, Myzone will ensure such pain. But even when pain and headache is most severe, as prescribed, two tablets with a cup of tea or drink of warm water will bring complete relief in 3 minutes!

● Myzone contains the individual new relieve ingredient recently discovered new recommended by specialists as being the most harmless certain and swift way to relieve pain without possibility of "dopeing" other effects.

● Get a box of Myzone to-day. 1/- at every chemists. Try it on your very next headache!

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TIME TO *Think About* OVERSEAS GIFTS

What about posting a Wildflower Breakfast Set to brighten an Old-World Christmas?

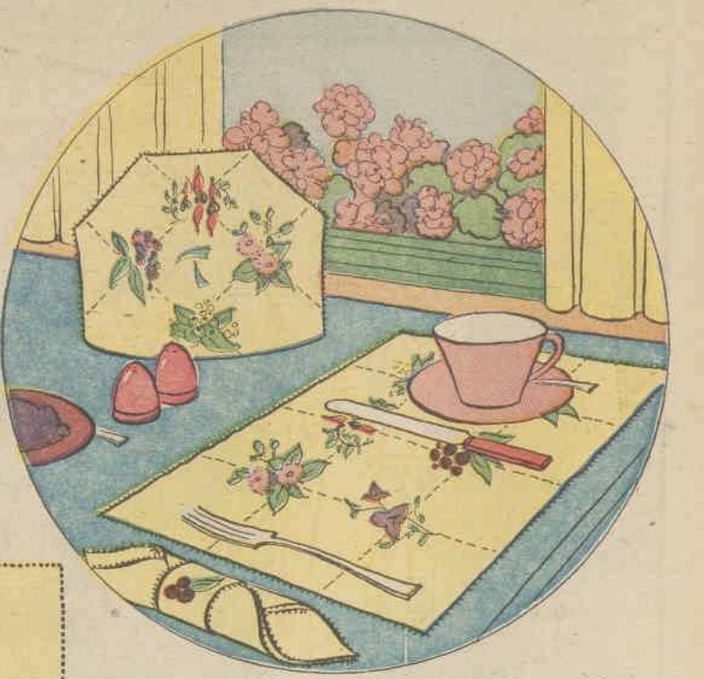
Look at it pictured here! Don't you agree that it's BERTHA MAXWELL'S very nicest offering this year? You'll want at least one set for your home, too!

AUSTRALIAN wildflowers — the very words breathe songs of rich warm sunshine, scented gumleaves, carolling magpies and cool blue nights under the Southern Cross.

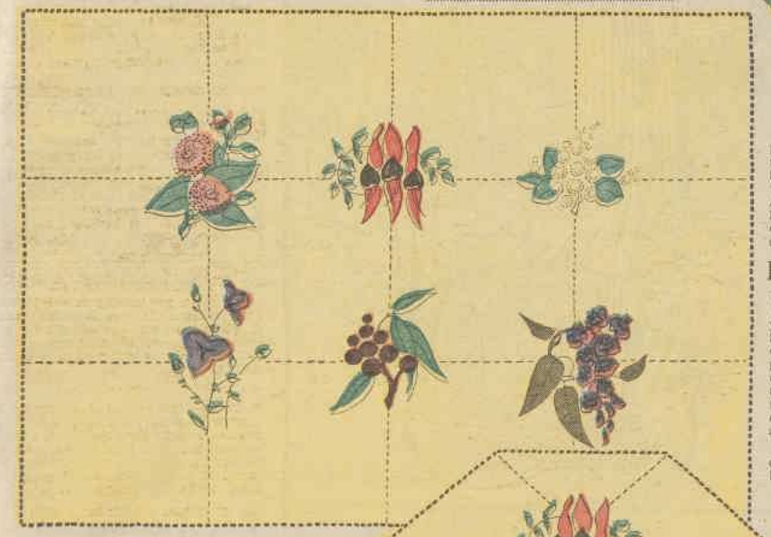
Embroidered, they make the happiest kind of gift for our friends in other lands. And when these sweet blossoms are offered on house linens of the greatest possible utility, stitched with clear gay threads, the gift is a perfect expression of goodwill.

THEY'LL BE DELIGHTED!

If you would delight your friends on the other side of the world, where Christmas comes in the middle of the long, northern winter, send this enchanting breakfast set shown here, decorated with sprigs of our wonderful and colorful bush flowers, lively, sunny, and warm to the eye. It will cause happy surprise and interest.



HERE IS a colorful sketch of Bertha Maxwell's newest design for a breakfast set, embracing 12 x 17-inch tray-cloth, 8 x 12-inch cosy, 11 x 11-inch napkin, and serviette ring. You may buy it, traced ready for swift embroidery in cream, white, blue, green, or yellow linen, also in Cesarine.



HOW CHARMINGLY Bertha Maxwell arranges these lovely bush flowers on linen! How jolly and gay they look on this breakfast-set. Note the "Chinese" initial.

ALTHOUGH called a breakfast-set, the small linens featured here are suitable also for informal and intimate little functions such as morning or afternoon tea. The addition of a few extra napkins will make up a set of any size you require. And if you feel that you cannot complete the set, just select a cosy or cloth and make that for your friend; even the tiny napkin with its ring is a dainty gift which can be made in an hour or two.

When preparing this set, the wildflowers were chosen so that there would be plenty of bright, cheerful color and simple forms. We have a great variety of bush flowers which are lovely in themselves, but so soft and delicate that no needle can really express them properly; the ones shown here are also very well known and representative of our land.

This small set gives a cloth which measures 12 inches by 17 inches, a size which fits many tea-trays; a cosy, eight inches tall, by 12 inches wide, the reverse side being without pattern unless you specially order it to be stamped with the design on both sides; a useful little napkin, and a quaint little linen ring to hold it. All the pieces are spokestitched round the edges, so that you may add quickly a neat crochet finish, coarse narrow lace, or a small needle-point edging. These are their prices:

Wildflower breakfast-set, comprising 12 x 17 cloth, 8 x 12 cosy, 11 x 11 napkin, and ring for napkin, measuring 1½ x 5 inches. In cream, white, blue, pink, yellow or green linen. Edges spokestitched for lace or crochet. Price, 5/- the set.

Wildflower breakfast-set in blue, yellow, or green Cesarine. Edges spokestitched for lace or crochet. Price, 4/- the set.

Linen napkins with spokestitched edges may be purchased separately. Price, 1/- each. Cesarine, price, 10d. each.

Linen traycloth, 13 x 17 inches, with spokestitched edges, price, 2/-. In Cesarine, price 1/8.

Arranged on the cloth you will see gumblossoms, desert peas, Queensland wattle, thysanotis, or fringed violets, gumnuts and leaves, and hardenbergia, sometimes called "sarsaparilla." They represent all parts of Australia, and with the exception of the fairy-like thysanotis are freely cultivated in some of our city gardens. And now for a word or two about their colors and stitches.

Embroidering Gum-Blossoms

USE salmon-pink intensely colored, orange, rose or scarlet, with dark green leaves; if you put a deep rust-red vein down each leaf, it will be correct and showy. Work the flower centres with pale green, then pack the dotted parts with the color you choose, using masses of tiny knots or dots and a few short lines in the same bright color. One little bud is splitting open; put a touch of color between the cap and base as shown. Outline leaves, stems and buds in green.

DESERT PEAS.—Brilliant scarlet, black centre parts, grey-green leaves. Work in outline, satin-stitch or long-and-short filling. These are glorious spots of color in your work; if the gum-blossoms are kept to pink shades, the scarlet peas get a chance to shine as they deserve.

WATTLE.—Soft bright yellow dots or tufts for the flowers, and flat buttonholing all round the leaves; satin-stitched stem.

THYSANOTIS.—It is not clear why these flowers have been called violets, except perhaps for their color, which is a rather light purple; they belong to the lilies, and are delicate ground flowers which come up in the spring. The three petals are fringed all round in the quaintest manner, which is best expressed by single stitches laid across the outline of the flower, very easy to do. The centre parts are dark purple, with the same shade for the pointed calyx of the flower, which is half turned away. Light green stems and buds are worked in outline.

GUMNUTS. — Light brown is the usual shade, worked in outline with satin-stitching for the dark open tops; leaves and stems bronze-green.

HARDENBERGIA.—Here is another lovely patch of color, deep rich purple pea-flowers, with the tiny curved centre parts light vivid green. Satin-stitching will do this work nicely, with outlining or buttonholing for the leaves. This is not a very easy flower to express, but its color is too good to omit, and if you use the right shades you will gain a lifelike effect which is satisfactory.

Quaint little gumnuts are used on the napkin and ring. Add a button and loop for fastening.

THE TRELLIS.—The crossed lines on which the flowers appear should be very simply treated as a light trellis; stitch in black, dark brown, or green with three strands in the needle, and simply darn over the lines; or outline if you prefer it.

And if you do not know anyone to whom you can send these gay little bits of work, make a set for yourself and see how it will be admired.

RIGHT: You see a close-up of the "Chinese" alphabet transfer design which you may use to decorate your linen. It is quite the smart thing to embroider initials or monograms on house linen. Transfers cost 9d. each, plus 1d. postage.

"By jove, look . . ."

"By Jove."

"My dear fellow," said Gilbert, "whenever you say 'By Jove' it is either a pretty girl or you've lost money."

"It's a pretty girl. Look."

"By Jove."

The girl was our very own Patricia. She is 25, but Creme Charmosan put Youth and charm and SUCH sweet enchantment back into her skin.

So she's a lovely, lovely girl again. At 35. With dark and laughing eyes, red lips, and the very air. O, men love Patricia.

Now, who wouldn't be a pretty girl when Creme Charmosan makes it so easy?

Clever, clever women aim to look young even if they're not young. Why not?

Creme Charmosan for skin youth

The perfect powder base. Beauty's gift to the plain or ageing skin. Big jar for your dressing-table, 2/6. Handbag tube, 1/-. Sold everywhere.

P.S.—Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour . . . you can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like . . . Charmosan face powder "stays put." How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It is the best powder that money can buy and costs but 2/6 per large box. Used by famous film and stage stars. It is the powder of youthful skin charm and enchantment no matter what your age. In all shades and sun tan. Sold everywhere.

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Our FASHION SERVICE *and* FREE PATTERN

For All These Distinctive Designs Patterns Are Provided!

AS easy to make as they are smart, these snappy styles all have expert patterns provided, which are now available. Note, too, that you may still obtain any pattern previously featured that you fancy.

NEW BASQUE EFFECT.

WW1256.—Pleated frilling on front bodice and basque is a charming note on this sophisticated model. Neckline is most becoming for young or old. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide, and 3¾ yards pleating. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NEAT AND SMART.

WW1257.—Suitable for all occasions and very trim and neat-looking. The front bodice and slim hipline give a very pleasing effect. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

FOR THE OLDER WOMAN.

WW1258.—For the older woman, most becoming, but to every woman this smart, dignified costume will appeal. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 40-inch bust: 4½ yards, 1 yard for collar, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

NEW WINTER NOTE!

WW1259.—A dressy frock for all day occasions. Note the unusual basque effect, and the becoming tie neckline. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child. (4) Use box Nos. given on free coupon.

SCHOOLGIRL BLOUSE.

WW1260.—A particularly smart blouse for the schoolgirl aged 8 to 16 years. Could be worn with the school tunic or under a costume. Material required: 2 to 2 3-8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

CHIC!

WW1261.—Straight and slimming, wonderfully kind to the figure, this chic Parisian model. Note the contrast inlet on shoulder. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5½ yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard for yoke. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

EVENING GOWN DE LUXE!

WW1262.—A most unusual and attractive evening gown with popular swathed shoulder treatment, and interesting skirt. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PETTICOAT AND BLOOMERS.

WW1263.—A dear little set, comprising petticoat and bloomers for little girls aged 2 to 10 years. Material required: 1¾ to 2¼ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

Free Patterns!

. . . For the Not-so-slim

THIS week we give in our free three-in-one pattern two charming winter frocks and a blouse, cut for 40-inch bust. They are specially designed to slenderise the full figure and may be adapted in all sorts of ways.

Don't you love the neck treatment of the frocks, and the dressy frilling of the blouse?

Material required for frock No. 1: 4 yards, 36 inches wide, and ½ yard contrast: for blouse, No. 2, 2 5-8 yards, 36 inches wide; for frock No. 3: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide.

To obtain fill in coupon at right and send in.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old. Note: The following box numbers should be used when sending for all patterns as well.

ADELAIDE. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

BRISBANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

SYDNEY. — The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3507KE, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA. — The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co., Pty. Ltd., 109-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

BY EVELYN

IF Weather Ages Rock ...

What must biting winds do to unprotected skin?

AFTER exposure to dry, biting winds, cleanse the face with cream instead of soap and water. Directions given in article.

ABOVE LEFT: The wise girl rubs camphor ice on her lips night and morning to keep them soft and free from cracks.

PREVENTING coarse, chapped skin is easier than curing it . . . the same principle applies to a host of other beauty problems that come in with the colder weather. But how to prevent them?

The accompanying article will help you to deal with some of these winter worries, including dreaded chilblains.

HAVE you ever considered using a special foundation—a more protective kind than that used in milder weather?

Here is a good one, a lotion that not only safeguards the skin, but keeps the powder "put."

Stir a large pinch of boracic acid powder into two tablespoonfuls of fresh milk which has been brought to boiling point. Now add one teaspoonful each of pure glycerine, rosewater, witch-hazel, almond oil, and toilet eau-de-cologne. Mix well, and then add ten drops of simple tincture of benzoin. Pour this mixture into a bottle and cork well.

How to Use Lotion

AFTER washing in the morning and drying the skin most thoroughly, saturate a small pad of cotton-wool with this mixture (always shake the bottle well before using) and dab the face. Allow it to dry in, then apply a trace of cold cream and powder in the usual way.

Regularly applied every time you cleanse your face during the day, this lotion will keep the skin soft and fresh. It may also be applied to hands and arms.

Washing the face in soap and water after a day's exposure to icy winds is a grave mistake. That is for those who do not use a protective foundation under the customary make-up. It is far better to cleanse the skin with a good cream.

AN EXCELLENT LOTION that will not only guard the skin but keep powder "put" is given. Dab it on with cotton-wool. Keep hands soft with cream, hand-lotion, or a mixture of camphor ice and olive oil. See article.

Smother the face and neck with cream, allow it to penetrate the pores—which takes but a few minutes—and then remove gently with soft tissue, cotton-wool, or soft towelling or muslin.

Never use hot water on the face during cold weather. Keep to lukewarm, and be most careful to rinse off all soap.

Camphor ice applied regularly to your lips will keep them from becoming rough, and banish all possibility of painful cracks.

Chilblain Worry

AND of course you will guard most carefully your hands. At night, apply a mixture made from melting a dessert-spoonful of camphor ice, to which is added the same quantity of olive oil. Smooth this well into the hands, don a pair of cotton gloves and leave on all night.

Cream or some kind of hand lotion should be used in the daytime (coal tar ointment is good) after washing the hands. Some find lemon juice excellent.

The curse of chilblains lies heavily upon many during winter. It is said that there is no infallible remedy, since all constitutions do not respond to the same treatment. Sometimes they are due to impoverished blood, sometimes faulty circulation. Your doctor will help you if the first mentioned is the cause; plenty of exercise may help you if you think that faulty circulation causes the trouble. In any case, try painting with tincture of iodine or friar's balsam. Methylated spirit will often give relief in the early stages.

None of these remedies, however, must be applied to broken chilblains. Hot fomentations are the best treatment, and a generous application of boracic ointment is to be recommended.

Many have found that a nightly application of equal parts of turpentine, olive oil, and spirits of camphor is a simple preventive for chilblains. The mixture should be vigorously rubbed in.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

...BY A DOCTOR...

PATIENT: I recently fell and received rather severe injuries. The doctor reports that the affected part is in an inflammatory condition. As there is no sign of inflammation, do you think I should get other advice, or would it be possible for that condition not to be apparent?

IT is convenient to think of all injuries and diseases as inflammations. Furthermore, this is essentially true. When tissues are injured, whether through a blow, a cut, the invasion of germs, or through tumor growth, a certain amount of irritation constitutes what we know as inflammation.

We should not, however, think of inflammation, no matter what its variety may be, or where it is located, merely as a destructive process. Tissues are inflamed because nature is trying to repair the damage done to the tissues involved.

Indeed, were it not for inflammatory processes, injuries and disease would not be restricted to specific areas. On the contrary, they would spread and spread until the entire body was affected, with death, of course, as the inevitable result.

In all inflammation there is heat, redness, swelling, pain, and, lastly, some impairment of the part involved. Heat is always present when any tissue is injured or diseased.

This is true whether the inflammation is on the surface and visible to the naked eye, or whether it is located somewhere within the body and hidden.

The reason for the increased heat is that in all injured tissue nature immediately causes an increased amount of blood to flow through it. If the injury or disease is severe, the temperature of the body may be raised. This is the familiar phenomenon of fever.

The redness in all inflammation is caused also by the increased blood flow. At first this is usually a brighter red than it is later on. This is because the blood may remain in the part for a long time, and thus lose some of its redness because it has lost some of its oxygen, which has been used in helping to combat the disability.

Types of Pain

SWELLING is brought about by the increased blood flow, also by the fact that the tissues become distended with serum which does not flow out readily. Inflammatory products, caused by the white corpuscles of the body in their attempt to kill off the germs and poisons by actual ingestion, also distend the part.

The pain in inflammation varies according to the injury. In inflamed bone it is aching or boring in character. When it is mucous membrane, like the lining of the mouth, the pain is burning or scalding. Other types of pain have been described as stabbing, lacerating, throbbing, and sickening.

When a part of the body is inflamed, that part cannot be used as formerly. In other words, its function is impaired. When the nose is inflamed, one cannot smell. If it is the eye, one cannot see.

The manner in which the blood, the tissues and the body as a whole react in inflammation is a fascinating study. Anyone would profit, and be highly diverted as well, were he to read up on the subject in some popular treatise.

WE'VE BEATEN RHEUMATISM

Going right to the root of the trouble. Warner's Safe Cure attacks rheumatism at its source . . . in kidneys and liver. Disorder in these important organs creates harmful body poisons which give rise to rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica, backache, biliousness, etc. Warner's Safe Cure has definitely proven itself in the treatment of all such complaints.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

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It's so easy to become expert in CROCHET with these folders to help you . . . .

By gently graduating stages "Crochet Designs" takes you from simple edgings to the intricacies of filet crochet—coaches you to an easy mastery of all those piquant personal and household accessories so fashionable today. See the complete range of nine instructional folders at your needlework shop—start with the one that matches your present ability and, as you advance step by step, you will find yourself tackling the most elaborate designs with confidence. The folders cost 1d. each. But to obtain the results you hope for be sure to crochet your design in—

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IN WHITE & 30 COLOR INSPIRATIONS

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Ask to see also "With your Crochet Hook" and "Crochet To-day"—full of intriguing crochet designs and ideas, and "Crochet Made Easy," a booklet giving clear instructions and excellent illustrations of crochet stitches.

WW.

COUPON: To P.O. Box 1094P, Melb.; P.O. Box 2573H, Sydney; P.O. Box N1090, Perth; P.O. Box 135 Te Aro, Wellington, N.Z. I enclose..... in stamps for one copy of each of leaflets *No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. Price 3d. each including postage. *Strike out leaflets not required.

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THIS SPECIAL TOOTH PASTE

REMOVES SMOKE STAINS A SAFE WAY

Special stain-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is not contained in any other leading dentifrice. Make the simple test that surprises smokers. Thousands find dull, ugly teeth become naturally white and sparkling.

If you smoke, you've probably noticed stains on your teeth, or an ugly yellow smudge. Now there is a way to keep the faintest smoke trace from showing on your teeth. This way is Pepsodent, the special film-removing tooth paste.

No matter what dentifrice you now use, switch to Pepsodent to-day and make the smokers' test. See how Pepsodent immediately "takes hold" to make teeth cleaner, whiter, more attractive. Let your mirror prove that they glisten with natural whiteness many smokers think impossible to attain.

It Works in a More Effective Way

In Pepsodent is a special ingredient designed especially to remove the film on teeth. It is this film, not the teeth themselves, that smoke discolors. Therefore, this film must be removed if you want to escape that unnatural yellow color. It is film your dentist tells you to remove in fighting tooth decay and other dental troubles. This remarkable film-removing ingredient in Pepsodent is contained in no other leading dentifrice. Not only does it bring out the natural whiteness of your teeth, but it also polishes enamel to the highest brilliance.

In addition, this "Special Film-Removing tooth paste" has another major distinction: it is the softest . . . and therefore the *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders as shown by scientific tests.

Try Pepsodent to-day. Not until you do can you know how beautifully white your teeth are.

PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

IN NEW LARGER TUBES

MORE PEPSODENT — Same Price

New processes have cut costs, and we are passing the saving on to you. The identical time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you in the new larger tubes at no increase in price.

KEEP HEALTHY

keep young

CONSTIPATION is often the cause of PREMATURE OLD AGE

Constipation is a POISONER. It clogs the body with impurities, weakens stomach, liver and kidneys and makes you look old before your time. But there's one remedy that will make you feel, look and ACTUALLY BE BETTER—Beecham's Pills. They purify, regulate and cleanse the system, tone up the internal organs and free the digestion from the noxious products due to a sluggish system. Try this simple way to health TO-DAY.

Beecham's Pills

The World's Medicine.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Here's a New Idea in Cosy Pram Covers!

Cold-proof, easy-to-make, no baby should be without one this chilly weather. Buy a yard of cosy material and make it in an hour!

ABOVE YOU SEE the cuddlesome cover which has been specially designed for the comfort of winter babies. It costs little, and is the easiest possible affair to make.

EVERY mother will appreciate this idea for making a cuddlesome, cold-proof pram cover. It can be fashioned from flannel or bunny-rug material, or any other type of woolly fabric that is light, yet protective.

YOU simply purchase a cosy fabric—a sufficient amount to comfortably cover the pram. Allow for inch-wide hems all round.

Then, as shown in the sketch, you cut the material to allow baby's head to "pop" through, hem all round this opening and fasten the sides with those lightning-like zippers, or fasten button and loop as illustrated in the small diagrams.

The zippers are best used as they prevent any chance of draught penetrating, and less chance of baby's would-be flaying arms becoming blue with cold.

And here's a tip: When you buy zippers do buy the best you can. They are made in Australia to-day, and these, I am happy to say, are far and away superior to the cheap imported kind, which, after a few months' wear, not only refuse to work, but rust and spoil the article.

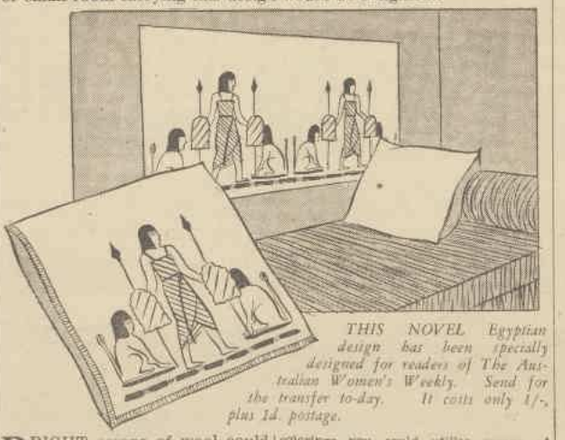
SHOWING the zipper way of closing the sides of pram rug.

Left: HERE you see how button and loop can be used to fasten the cosy cover.

Novel Egyptian Design for Cushions and Panels

20 x 22 inch transfer design, as pictured below, available to our readers for 1/-, plus postage.

Cushion covers made from canvas, crash, burlap, hessian, flannel, linen or velvet can be turned into the most picturesque affairs with this decorative transfer design, while a wall-panel for the hall, lounge or small room carrying this design would be delightful.



THIS NOVEL Egyptian design has been specially designed for readers of The Australian Women's Weekly. Send for the transfer to-day. It costs only 1/-, plus 1d. postage.

BRIGHT scraps of wool could be used for the embroidery. On the other hand, applique patches would be smart and up-to-date. Use silk or taffeta on velvet; linen patches on crash, burlap, and linen; bright pieces of flannel on a flannel background.

In the East, where they are so adept in this art, they use scraps of colored cotton material on a coarse canvas background but, unfortunately, they fade quickly. As a result the beauty of the original work is so soon lost, unless, of course, the cushions or panels are used in rooms where the sun has little access.

These Eastern cushions and panels are bound with colored cotton, usually one of the predominant colors being picked out for the purpose.

Blue seems to be a favorite—a rich sky-blue—and this is featured in the applique design with black, grey, and red. If your room features autumn colorings you could utilise scraps of materials in fawn, yellow and orange, and brown, or brown, rust, and a rich orange.

Pastel colors are not advisable—you need to aim for a bold effect.

If you decide to use applique patches on this design they are best hemmed on by hand.

Buttonholing is out of place—it is not rustic in its effect.

Silk and cotton embroidery thread can be used for eyes, nose, and mouth of the figures.

Again, the whole design may be worked in simple outline-stitch—that is, if you wish to get the effect without going to any great trouble. Use coarse wools for this type of embroidery.

One transfer is sufficient for a cushion, but if you wish to make a wall-panel similar to the one showing in the sketch above, you will require two transfers.

Send for one or more to-day! They cost 1/- each, plus 1d. postage.

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red, as the tropic enchantress does

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• Pasteless, transparent, highly indelible colour for lips . . . instead of pasty coating. That's TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick . . . let it set a moment . . . then wipe it off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, tempting South Sea red that only time can remove . . . and that will give your lips a touch-thrilling softness they have never had before. And tattooed lips positively *can't* chap! Five luscious shades . . . each attuned to the spirit of red adventure! Make your choice at the Tattoo Colour Selector by testing all five on your own skin . . . at your favorite store.

CORAL . . EXOTIC . . NATURAL . . PASTEL . . HAWAIIAN

Send 1/6 for Introductory size, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Doward & Co., Pty. Ltd., 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. 1.

TATTOO

South Sea Colour for Lips

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4610380

Well-Designed Woollies

... Knit Them at Little Cost!

1. Snappy suit, embracing trousers and shirt to suit the 4 to 5-year-old lad.
2. Adorable party frock for little girls, 4 to 6 years of age.

THE little girl in the picture shows you how nice is this knitted white wool frock in lacy stitch. The pockets are twin baskets in pink angora, with wee blue flowers and green leaves embroidered upon them.

Stocking-stitch, so easy to do, makes the "shorts" for the lad. These button to the shirt, which features a nice, broad rib and a neat, turn-down collar. Knitting directions are given for long as well as short sleeves.

WHITE and brown or white and scarlet would be a splendid color scheme for the suit. An edging in crochet, matching the color of the shorts, gives a snappy finish to the shirt.

The Boy's Suit

MATERIALS: 3 skeins of white 3-ply wool, 2 skeins of 3-ply in a contrasting shade, a pair each of Nos. 12 and 9 needles, buttons to match, a medium crochet hook.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; sts., stitches; s.c., single crochet.

The Shirt

BACK: With white wool and the fine needles, cast on 80 sts. for lower edge, work 6 rows in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1. **1st row of body pattern:** change to No. 9 needles, k. 3, * p. 2, k. 6, repeat from * across, ending row with p. 2, k. 3. **2nd row:** P. 3, * k. 2, p. 6, repeat from *, ending row with k. 2, p. 3.

Repeat these 2 rows (ribbing of k. 6, p. 2) until piece measures 6 inches from the fine ribbing. Bind off 5 sts. at beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then decrease 1 st. at both ends (k. 2nd and 3rd st. from ends together) in every other row, 3 times; 8 sts., in all, are now taken off at each armhole.

Work even in pattern for 24 rows (or until armhole measures 3½ inches; measure in straight line from first row at armhole). Bind off 7 sts. at beginning of each of the next 6 rows; bind off remaining 22 sts. for back of neck.

Right Front: With the finer needles, cast on 43 sts., work 6 rows in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1, as on back. **1st row of broad ribbing:** Change to No. 9 needles (this is right side, beginning at front edge), k. 6, p. 2, alternately, ending row with k. 3. **2nd row:** P. 3, * k. 2, p. 6, repeat from * 3 times; k. the last 8 sts. Repeat the last 2 rows, thus working 6 sts. at front edge in garter-stitch for front border and the rest in broad ribbing as on back, until there are as many rows on front as on back at underarm. Bind off 5 sts. at armhole, then decrease there 1 st. every other row, 3 times.

Work 14 rows even. Next row that begins at front edge bind off 8 sts. for front of neck; decrease 1 st. at neck edge in every row, 6 times. Bind off 7 sts. from armhole every other row 3 times; fasten off.

Left Front: With the finer needles, cast on 43 sts., work 6 rows in ribbing of k. 1, p. 1. **1st row of broad ribbing:** Change to No. 9 needles, k. 3 (this is side edge), p. 2, k. 6, alternately, to within 5 sts. of front edge, bind off 2 sts. for buttonhole, k. remaining sts. to front edge. **2nd row:** K. the first 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., k. 3, * p. 6, k. 2, repeat from * across, ending row with k. 2, p. 3. Continue to work left front to correspond to right; mark places on right front border where 4 more buttons should be placed; in corresponding ridges on left front band work buttonholes the same as first; the last buttonhole should be in 2nd ridge from neck.

Short Sleeves

WITH No. 9 needles, cast on 48 sts. **1st row of seed-stitch border:** K. 1, p. 1, alternately, ending row with p. 1. **2nd row:** P. 1, k. 1, alternately, thus knitting the sts. that are purled in row below (seed, or moss-stitch). Repeat these 2 rows until there are 12 rows of seed-stitch. Next row (right side) k. 3, * p. 2, k. 6, repeat from *, ending row with p. 2, k. 3. Continue in broad ribbing as on body, until sleeve measures 4 inches from beginning. Bind off 3 sts. at beginning of every row until 12 sts. remain; bind off all 12 sts.

Long Sleeves

CAST on 40 sts. and work as for short sleeves, increasing 1 st. at each end of the needle in the next row after the 12 rows of moss-st., then again every inch for 3 inches (48 sts. on the needle). Finish as for short sleeves.

Collar

WITH No. 9 needles, cast on 97 sts.; work in seed-stitch, decreasing 1 st. at each end in every other row, until there are 24 rows from beginning (about 2½ inches); bind off.

Sew front and back together; sew sleeves together, baste into armholes evenly and sew in. Pin centre of collar to centre of back, and ends of collar 2 sts. in on front band (see illustration), baste collar to neck and sew. With contrasting color and working from right side, crochet a row of s.c. on outer edge of collar, as shown in illustration.

The Shorts

WITH contrasting color and No. 12 needles, cast on 24 sts. for upper edge of right front. K. 4 rows in garter-stitch. Next row make 2 buttonholes as follows: K. 3 sts., bind off 3 sts., k. 15, bind off 3 sts., k. to end of row (seam edge at centre of front); in the following row cast on 3 sts. opposite those bound off. K. 4 more rows in garter-stitch, ending at side where the first buttonhole was made. Change to the large needles, keep the first 4 sts. in garter-stitch, for border at side, and work the other part in stocking-stitch, increasing 1 st. in every 8th row at front edge (seam) until work measures 3 inches from upper edge; end last row at side border and break off.

With fine needles, cast on 44 sts. for upper edge of right back and k. 4 rows in garter-stitch. Next row (beginning at centre of back) k. 20 sts., bind off the next 3 sts. for buttonhole, k. to within 6 sts. of end, bind off 3 sts., k. to end of row, turn, k. 3 sts., cast on 3 sts., k. to next buttonhole, cast on 3 sts., k. to end of row. K. 4 more rows in garter-stitch, ending at centre of back.

Change to No. 9 needles, k. the first 8 sts., turn and p. back over these 8 sts.; turn, k. 16, turn and p. back; turn, k. 24, turn and p. back to end of row; turn, k. 32, turn and p. to end of row; turn and k. all 44 sts. Keep the 4 sts. nearest side in garter-stitch and work the rest in stocking-stitch, increasing at seam edge (centre of back) in every 8th row until there are as many rows on back as on front at side border; end last row at centre of back.

Next row k. to within 4 sts. of end, k. each of the 4 border sts. together with one of the 4 border sts. on front piece (having front overlap on right side of work); k. remaining sts. from front on to the same needle.

Work all sts. in stocking-stitch; increase 1 st. at each end in 8th row after last increase before the joining of front and back, then increase at both ends in every 4th row, 10 times (100 sts. on needle). Work 2 rows even after last increase; decrease 1 st. at both ends in every other row, 4 times. With the finer needles work 4 ridges in garter-stitch; bind off in next row on wrong side.

Work other half of shorts to correspond. Baste and sew the two parts together, leaving 2 ridges open to form a buttonhole at centre of band at upper end of back.

THE SNAPPIEST little knitted suit for the four to five-year-old lad, and (above) the white lace wool party frock designed for all little girls four to six years of age.

The Party Frock

MATERIALS REQUIRED: For the dress, 7 skeins of 3-ply white wool and 1 ball of pink Angora Layette wool. Nos. 12 and 9 bone needles and No. 6 steel crochet hook.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to hem, 26in.; sleeve seam, 4in.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; st., stitch; st.-st., stocking-stitch; dec., decrease; inc., increase; rep., repeat; tog., together; beg., beginning; wl. fwd., wool forward; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; w.r.n., wool round needle.

The Front

USING No. 9 needles and cream wool, cast on 188 stitches, beginning 1st row, p. 1, k. 1 to end of row; 2nd row k. 1, p. 1; repeat these two rows 4 times, then begin pattern for skirt:

1st Row: K. 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. (k. 16, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 11, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog.), 4 times, k. 16, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 12. Work three rows in plain stocking-stitch, without shaping.

5th Row: K. 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. (k. 14, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 11, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog.), 4 times, k. 14, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 12. Work three rows of plain stocking-stitch without shaping.

9th Row: K. 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. (k. 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 11, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog.), 4 times, k. 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 12. Work three rows of plain stocking-stitch without shaping.

13th Row: K. 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. (k. 10, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 11, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog.), 4 times. K. 10, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 12. Work three rows of plain stocking stitch without shaping.

17th Row: K. 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. (k. 8, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 11, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog.), 4 times, k. 8, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 12. Work three rows of plain stocking-stitch without shaping.

21st Row: K. 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. (k. 6, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 11, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog.), 4 times, k. 6, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 12. Work three rows of plain stocking-stitch without shaping.

25th Row: K. 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. (k. 4, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 11, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog.), 4 times, k. 4, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 12. Work three rows of plain stocking-stitch without shaping.

29th Row: K. 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. (k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 11, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. * tog.), 4 times, k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 12. Work three rows of plain stocking-stitch without shaping.

33rd Row: K 12, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. (k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 11, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog.), 4 times, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 12 Work three rows of plain stocking-stitch without shaping.

39th Row: (K. 12, slip 1, k. 2 tog., p.s.s.o., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog.), 5 times, k. 13. Knit 19 rows of st.-st.—increasing the 86 stitches to 92 stitches on the last row.

Then begin the diamond pattern.

1st row: K. 1, * k. 2, k. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 1, wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., through the back of the loops, k. 2, rep. from * to last stitch, k. 1.

2nd and Alternate Rows: K. 1, purl to the last stich, k. 1.

3rd Row: K. 1, * k. 1, k. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 3, wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., through the back of the loops, k. 1, rep. from * to last stitch, k. 1.

5th Row: K. 1, * k. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 5, wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., through the back of the loops, rep. from * to last stitch, k. 1.

7th Row: K. 1, * k. 2, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 1, p. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2, rep. from * to the last stitch, k. 1.

9th Row: K. 1, * k. 3, w.r.n., p 3 tog., wl. fwd., k. 3, rep. from * to last stitch, k. 1.

11th Row: K. 1, * k. 3, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 2, k. 2 tog., wl. fwd., rep. from * to the last stitch, k. 1.

13th Row: K. 1, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., through the back of the loops, k. 4, k. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 1, rep. from * to last stitch, k. 1.

15th Row: K.1 * p. 1, wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., through the back of the loops, k. 2, k. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 2, rep. from * to last stitch, k. 1.

17th Row: K. 1, * p. 2, wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. through the back of the loops, k. 2 tog., w.r.n., p. 3, rep. from * to last stitch, k. 1. Cast off 9 stitches each end for the arm-hole.

19th Row: K. 1 * p. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 4, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 1, rep. from * to end of row, k. 1.

21st Row: P. 2 tog., * wl. fwd., k. 6, w.r.n., p. 3 tog., rep. from * to last 9 stitches, wl. fwd., k. 6, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., k. 1.

23rd Row: K. 1, wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2, * wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2, wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 3, rep. from * to last 6 stitches—wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2, wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 1.

24th Row: K. 1, purl to the last stitch, k. 1. Continue pattern to the 17th row, then cast off for neck as follows:—

18th Row of Pattern: K. 1, * p. 2 tog., wl. fwd., k. 4, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 1, rep. from * once more, p. 2 tog., wl fwd., k. 4. Cast off 24 stitches for neck then k. 4, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 1, rep. from * to * once more, p. 2 tog., w.r.n., k. 4, w.r.n., p. 2 tog., p. 1. Continue the pattern on these 26 stitches for the shoulder, for another 10 rows (5th row of pattern).

Next Row: Purl, then * knit 6, w.r.n. (this is for the buttonholes), k. 2 tog., rep. from * twice, k. 1.

Next Row: Purl. Cast off and work other shoulder to correspond.

Back: The same as the front—but you do not cast off for the neck. For each shoulder k. 4 rows of plain stocking-stitch to correspond with the buttonholes.

The Sleeves
(BOTH ALIKE)

USING No. 12 needles, cast on 74 stitches, and work three rows of moss-stitch. Then begin the diamond pattern; with No. 9 needles work to 24th row of pattern, then cast off 2 stitches each end, ending on the 17th row of pattern. Cast off.

Pockets

USING No. 12 needles, cast on 9 stitches (pink angora wool) and knit 6 rows of stocking-stitch, then increase 1 st. each end of knit row until you have 21 stitches on needle, then k. 1, m. 1 three times, k. 1, p. 1 to last 5 stitches, k. 1, m. 1 three times. Knit three rows of moss-stitch without shaping, then cast off.

BUTTONS: Using No. 6 steel crochet needle, make 3 chain, join, and work about 3 rows of double-crochet, increasing at alternate intervals, then fill with some soft material and draw button together and pull a length of wool through (enough to sew onto frock).

TO MAKE UP: Press all knitting very lightly with a damp cloth, sew up side seams and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves, sew on buttons to correspond with the buttonholes (there are 6 buttons altogether). Sew on the pockets and work the handles of the baskets in chain-stitch. Work a spray of rosebuds and blue daisies—with a touch of green leaves.

PUT A REAL STOP TO INDIGESTION

Stop harmful excess stomach acid and, in ADDITION, purify and strengthen your intestinal tract—then you will be free from many of the upsets that drag down health and spoil appearance. HARRISON-Maclean Stomach Powder, will do things for your health no old-style stomach remedy can do. It will end digestive pain faster and better; will protect raw spots on the stomach and intestinal linings, will absorb harmful intestinal mucus, and will tone up the organs of digestion so they can do their work unaided. Thus, energy and good spirits return. Harrison-Maclean Stomach Powder is 2/6 at the better chemists, but be very sure to see the name HARRISON ☐ front of MacLean or you may get an ineffective Maclean substitute. It always pays to get the genuine article.

HARRISON-Maclean Stomach Powder brings swift PEACE to FIERY STOMACHS

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That "always tired" feeling means that your body has lost its energy and vitality. Take Wincarnis, the tonic wine, *regularly* and keep your blood rich and pure. Wincarnis feeds starved tissues and brings calm to jangled nerves. Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle from your chemist—*to-day*. Pints 4/3. Quarts 7/3.

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SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT makes it EASY! It builds robust health and strength, with its concentrated goodness of vitamins and minerals, so necessary to correct nourishment. It prevents and overcomes digestive troubles—disordered sleep, listlessness, constipation — increasing resistance to germ attack and ailments that threaten children.

after SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT

AIDS DIGESTION—BUILDS THE BODY

Jellheim

"Yah-Yah-Yah Yah-Yah-Yah"

("For goodness sake buck up with that Laxette!")

BABIES who can't talk are old enough to know that Laxettes are a "treat." When they see the Laxette tin they are all impatient till they get their half Laxette or whatever the dose for their age is. This eagerness makes it so easy to keep them well, for Laxettes, despite their delicious chocolate taste, are the finest "opening medicine" that children can possibly be given—unfailingly effective, yet gentle in action and having no unpleasant after-effects. Try a large tin (1/6d.), or a small sample tin (6d.), but make very sure of the genuine by asking for "a tin—a TIN—of Laxettes."

LAXETTES

FOR *Young* WIVES *and* MOTHERS

Boiling the Milk is Best . . . and the Safest!

By MARY TRUBY KING

Mothers often wonder whether it is necessary to boil the milk-mixture for their babies, or whether pasteurising is better and just as safe.

Boiling, especially when the milk is diluted with water, stands out as the most effective practical means of preventing curd-formation in the stomach.

FROM the standpoint of ready digestibility, scalded or boiled milk has great claims.

A second argument in favor of boiling, which some doctors consider even more important than the first, is the fact that it kills the bacilli of tuberculosis if present in the milk. Pasteurising may do the same, but it has little effect on the curd.

Even "bringing to the boil" causes a great physical change in the casein (an organic substance contained in milk and cheese), making it less capable of forming the natural tough solid curds of unboiled cow's milk when it is subjected to acid gastric juice.

The longer the milk is boiled the more loose and light become the curdled particles of casein.

Doctors Favor Method

WHILE everyone admits the advantages of diluting cow's milk with water before feeding it to baby, there has been strong and persistent opposition to boiling on the part of many authorities, mainly on the following successive grounds:

(1) That boiled milk tends to cause constipation.

(2) That it kills the normal and beneficial bacteria in the conversion of some of the sugar of milk into lactic acid.

(3) That boiling destroys vitamin C.

While there has been some foundation for each of these contentions, the general trend and consensus of professional opinion is in favor of at least scalding the milk. The lack of vitamin C is easily made up by giving the baby orange juice daily.

The opinion that boiling the milk tends to cause constipation has been very much exaggerated in the past. Some authorities contend that the alleged tendency is non-existent, or at least negligible when the milk is boiled for only two or three minutes.

The killing of the natural bacteria is a valid objection to boiling for long periods, but if milk is scalded, or even boiled for two or three minutes, the damage to vitamins is not greater than in ordinary pasteurising (where milk is kept from 10 to 20 times as long at a much lower temperature.)

Stir While Heating

ON the whole, the present verdict tends to be in favor of boiling milk for artificial feeding as a routine practice. In countries in which certain grades of milk are certified as being free from tubercular or other microbes, such milk may be used unboiled if the child has good digestion, and is over six months of age.

Whether one merely brings the milk to the boil or boils it for one to twenty minutes, the milk should be kept constantly stirred from the time when it approaches 150 degrees Fahr., till the time it has cooled down to the same degree. If this is not done, some of the albumen will inevitably form a skin which cannot be broken up completely.

This means that one need not stir for a few minutes, while the milk is getting half-way towards the boil, but that once the milk has reached about 150 degrees, one must continue the stirring right through until the milk is no longer hot.

When milk first "boils up," its temperature has not reached "true boiling point" (viz., 212 degrees Fahr.). Coagulation of albumen into a skin commences when the milk's temperature is between 160 and 170 degrees. Any rise of temperature above 170 involves more and more rapid and complete skin-formation.

"Skinning," therefore, does not take place until the milk is too hot for one to bear one's fingers in it, though naturally one uses a dairy thermometer for this purpose—not one's hands!

Mothers should try these experiments for themselves (a dairy thermometer costs only a small amount), so that they will know from observation the necessity for stirring the milk.

Of course the boiling of milk alone does not render it fit for infant consumption. Dilution with water is indispensable, and can only do harm if carried to excess without reasonable compensation by the addition of suitable sugars and fats. Babies are sometimes subjected to chronic starvation by careless over-dilution of milk, without the necessary additions.

And Don't Guess!

THE best dilution for ordinary routine use is that which brings down the total protein percentage in the recipe to 1.4 or 1.5 per cent.; though for temporary purposes it may sometimes be beneficial to give as much as 2 per cent. or even 3 per cent. of protein in cases of extreme intolerance for fats and carbohydrates. In such exceptional cases, the simple and better way would be not to resort to extreme dilution, but rather to add some form of powdered dry casein.

This, however, is a matter for the doctor or nurse in charge, and should not be left to the haphazard guessing of the mother or any untrained woman.

The main effect on the solids of the milk by dilution with boiled water is the thinning out of the casein and tendency to fleecy flocculation when curdled, instead of forming a mass of firm curd, or tough solid indigestible lumps of casein and fat.

Dilution is also necessary in order to ensure that the baby will get enough water in his daily fluid intake, especially in the early stages of bottle-feeding. Again, it enables the digestive juices to interpenetrate and get freer access to all food particles in the stomach.

During the first few weeks of artificial feeding, the formula for "humanised milk" should be considerably weaker than the human milk standard.

CLEVER IDEAS

INK STAINS ON BOOKS: To remove ink stains on books, make a solution of oxalic acid and water and apply it on a little rag to the ink stain. Thus you can greatly lessen and often entirely remove the stain.

TO MAKE A BOLSTER: When your elderdown wears out, roll it up and sew it into a white cover, then put on the bolster-case. You will find it a very comfortable bolster for a full-size bed.

TO PRESERVE BEETROOT: If you have any cooked beetroot left over that you wish to preserve, put a teaspoonful of mustard in a muslin bag and put in a jar with the beetroot. This will keep it in perfect condition.

FOR A SHINY SKIRT: Save the coffee grounds next time you make coffee, and pour hot water over them. Apply the liquid thus formed on a piece of rag to the shiny patches on your skirt, and rub in well.

FUR IN KETTLES: Remove fur in a kettle by pouring enough vinegar into the kettle to cover the fur, which then dissolves. Rinse kettle then with cold water.

GREASED CARPET: To clean grease or oil from carpet or mat, rub the spots with dry flour. Leave the flour on for some hours, so that it absorbs the grease, which is then brushed off with it.

BRISK EGG-WHISK: A quick way to beat up eggs is to break them into a clean milk bottle, put the cardboard cap on again, and shake up and down for a few minutes. And there's no egg-whisk to clean afterwards.

SEWING THICK MATERIAL: When sewing thick, closely-woven material, rub along the edges of the wrong side with a cake of hard, yellow soap. This makes the needle slip through very easily.

PROTECT YOUR SKIN FROM INFECTION

WHEN you take your daily bath or shower—when you wash the face and hands — use Wright's Coal Tar Soap and you'll have definite protection from skin infection. Wright's is a safe soap; its antiseptic lather cleanses and stimulates, while it safeguards your skin from contagion. Doctors in Great Britain use Wright's more frequently than any other toilet soap.

10½d. per cake at all chemists and stores.

WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

Pain Around Your Heart? It's Gas!

Those pains you get around the heart after eating are caused by gas pressure. If you want quick relief, get a few ounces of pure Salix Magnesia from your chemist's. It has a higher amount of "light" magnesia, that quickly gets round stomach walls, and soothes irritated lining. A teaspoonful in half a glass of hot water after meals brings relief with a speed that will surprise and delight you. Salix Magnesia contains no artificial digestants; no "dope" or harmful drugs of any kind, but is prepared specially to eliminate bloating stomach gas and blot out the excess acid which is the real cause of a gassy stomach. Within 5 minutes the pain is gone from around your heart, and you can once more take a deep breath, so often prevented by gas pressure against your lungs.

Salix Magnesia—recommended by doctors and chemists for more than 12 years—is to-day the most scientifically-balanced form of magnesia and bismuth available to stomach sufferers—possessing fully twice the acid-neutralising power; three times the pain-relieving speed; tenfold the lasting curative properties; and by far the most palatable taste.

NOTE.—Don't confuse Salix Magnesia with unsatisfactory forms of magnesia—granular, salines, citrates, etc. It is always wise to pronounce clearly the name "S-A-L-I-X" Magnesia.

MAN WORKED OVERTIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"'Varex' treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle in fact. In five weeks the wound healed up completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure." Write to-day for free Varex Booklet. Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymock's Building, 424N George Street, Sydney; 92N Collins St., Melbourne.

BEST WAY to *Make* SEED FRAMES

And the Best Varieties of Seed to Sow for Next Summer's Display

By the Old Gardener

Because you will soon have to plant out your summer display, this week the Old Gardener tells you how to grow your own plants from seed—a much more satisfactory way all round than buying them.

Learn now how to make the seed frames in which the young plants will make their first appearance, how to prick out—and learn what flower seeds to put in now.

IN a few weeks we shall have spring with us again, and while we are enjoying its wonderful flowering we shall have to prepare for summer's rich display. For in a garden time does not stand still, and there is always new planting to be done.

This week I am going to tell you how to raise your own plants from seed, with special attention to sowing for summer.

When you have time and space available, why buy plants? How much more interesting and satisfactory the gardening work becomes when we can watch the result of our own plant-raising. It is so much more convenient, also, for when we have our own plants they can be transplanted at will when all conditions suit the work.

First thing to do is to look around for a good, sunny, sheltered position. Remember, morning sun is always most beneficial to plant growth.

Small Type of Frame

HAVING selected the position, build a seed frame—against wall, fence, or hedge, to give it protection. Build the frame according to the size of your garden, one that will give you the required number of plants. Small gardens can have tiny frames.

Drive in two posts at the back about three feet high, and two at the front about two feet high. Nail battens along the top, sides, and bottom. Cut open some old chaffbags, cornbags, or hessian and tack all round the sides. Cut a good piece for the top, nail on the top batten at the back, and on the drop portion make a hem, and insert a broom handle, or piece of waterpipe. This covering can then be rolled up or down as desired.

Having completed the frame, and if you desire to make a hot bed, dig the soil out for two feet, fill in with manure and cover with two inches of soil. Mark out into tiny beds.

Sprinkle the seeds thinly, cover lightly with well-decayed manure, rubbed through a fine sieve, water well, and in a very short time the tiny plants will appear. The covering then will be rolled up during the day, and let down again at night. As the plants grow each night the covering is rolled up a few inches. By this method the plants become acclimatised to natural conditions.

And here is another method for making seed frames for larger gardens: Build up waist high from the ground. Have boards six to eight inches wide around the sides, have narrow boards for the floor, spacing them about an inch apart. The floor is then covered with cinders, old coke, broken stones; in fact, any material that would do for drainage. This is then covered with old leaves or grass to keep the soil from mixing with the drainage. Finely-sieved soil is then placed on top and seed beds divided off.

Covering the Frame

THE frame covering for this nursery is made on the gable idea. Hessian is then tacked on in strips, say, 4 to 5 feet wide, with a piece of round wood or waterpipe sewn on so that each section can be rolled up at will. The advantage of building the frames up from the ground is that slugs, snails, and various other insects and garden pests are kept from the plants.

Two frames of this kind should be built—one in which to raise the seedlings, the other into which to prick the plants. All plants should be pricked into frames or boxes when they have their third leaf. This method gives the plants a chance to grow strong, healthy, and with a good root system. Then at transplanting time, if they have been placed in the nursery an inch apart, they can be cut out with a good block of soil with them, and no check in growth is given in the doing.

Having prepared our seed beds we turn our attention to what we are going to grow for summer. And what a host of improved varieties are catalogued this season!

Snapdragons are always beautiful. Some varieties are: Campfire, Loveliness, Crimson, Indian Girl, Wildfire, and varieties in lovely copper shades and rusty pink.

Calendula (English marigold) is a colorful species; Campfire, Golden Delight, Orange King, Radio, and Golden Radio are all good varieties.

Try mignonette—Machet Golden, Crimson Giant, Goliath, and Ruby. Have a display of perennial phlox. Phlox drummondi, annual variety, will make the garden gay.

Petunias are fascinating, double, single, and in many lovely colors. There is Rosy Morn, in a beautiful pink variety which can be, with careful cutting, made to flower nine months of the year. Rose of Heaven is another magnificent pink. Violacea, a rich deep violet, and a beautiful bedder. Austral Giant, large double, beautifully fringed.

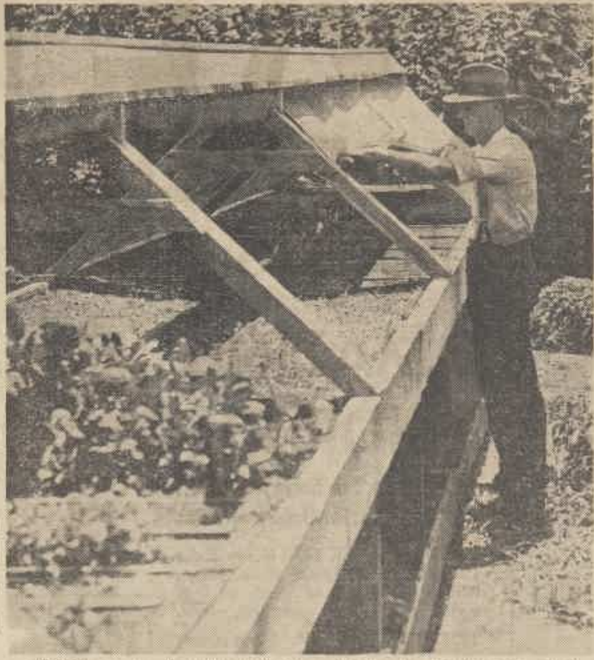
Pentstemon, which flowers when the garden is devoid of color; verbena, marigold, guinea-golds, African marigolds, lobelia, that beautiful blue dwarf for edging, and celosia are all excellent for summer.

More Lovely Flowers

THEN we must not forget portulaca, bonfire salvia, gaillardia grandiflora, dianthus, salpiglossis.

Torenia Fournieri Grandiflora are dainty little gems, and make good border plants. Viscaria are bright, hardy, and a mass of beautiful colors. Zinnias flower profusely. There is the giant double-mixed, the dahlia flowering, the small compact lilliput, and then the small border haageana.

Delphiniums are aristocrats of the garden. The tall hybrid types, belladonna and bellamosa, with their long spikes of flowers are favorites with everyone.



ABOVE you see the larger type of seed frame described in this article. One advantage of building up frames is that snails and other garden pests are kept from the plants.

Seeds Available

THE Australian Women's Weekly has established an up-to-date seed department.

Readers are now able to obtain best quality seeds (no inferior types will be stocked) of any flowers mentioned in the Old Gardener's articles for 6d. and 1/- per packet, plus 2d. postage.

MAJESTIC SNAPDRAGONS

In winter or summer—good seasons or bad—Snapdragons provide brilliant garden displays and abundance of attractive, long-lasting flowers for the house. The "Majestic" strain grows 2 feet high, is compact and shapely, and bears huge spikes of large, individual blooms of marvellous coloring. Sow Seeds Now! ORANGE KING—terra-cotta merging to deep orange, with yellow lip; DELIGHT—lovely salmon, shaded apricot and golden apricot; ROSE MARIE—soft salmon-rose and gold; ELDORADO—richest and deepest golden yellow; ROSE BEAUTY—true rose; SUNSET—bright terra-cotta, rose shaded; RED CHIEF—rich, glowing scarlet. Price, 1/- per pkt. SPECIAL OFFER: The set of 7 pkts. (value 7/-) for only 5/6, Post Free.

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TREATMENT: Apply Rexona Ointment to the affected part and rub well in; leave on overnight. Next day, wash with warm water and REXONA MEDICATED SOAP, which is particularly good for healing tender skin. It is a very mild soap, containing the same soothing, healing properties as Rexona Ointment.

Proof — Read this extract from a letter by M. K., Roslyn Gardens, Elizabeth Bay.

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Romance and a Career for Lovely Sydney Girl

Continued from Page 2

MARGARET'S success in the film world is the highest that has yet come to an Australian girl, and it holds endless possibilities. Not only has she a long-term contract, but she has been signed up by a company—the Columbia-National Studio, which will ensure world-wide distribution of the picture in which she is to star.

It is probable that she will be sent to Hollywood later on, but not to remain there. If she goes it will be only to gain experience for another Australian picture in which she will star.

Clarence Badger, the American director of the Zane Grey film, put the young aspirant through four screen tests—an unusual "try-out." He had the difficult task of selecting the star to play opposite the famous American, Victor Jory, from among hundreds of aspirants.

Mr. Badger is more than satisfied with his choice, and considers Margaret is a real find. He should know, for he discovered Gloria Swanson and other artists of note.

Work on "Rangle River" will begin at Pagewood Studios next Monday, and for many months to come Margaret's life will be a busy one.

It will not be her first experience of a film studio. She knows something of the craft, having been one of the six bridesmaids in "The Burgomaster," a film produced in Sydney, but never released. She was also in the ballroom scene in "The Flying Doctor."

These modest excursions into filmdom, however, were not the source of inspiration that led Margaret into aspiring for the job that is now hers. She owes that big venture mainly to John Sandes, a well-known Sydney photographer. He had a full appreciation of her photogenic possibilities, and persuaded her to let him make an artistic picture to submit for the contest.

This was the first step in the landing of the big contract.

Our Book Offers

Here is Token CG7 in the "Australian Home Cookery" and "Australian Home Gardener" Book Offer.

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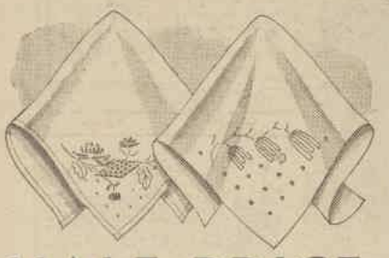

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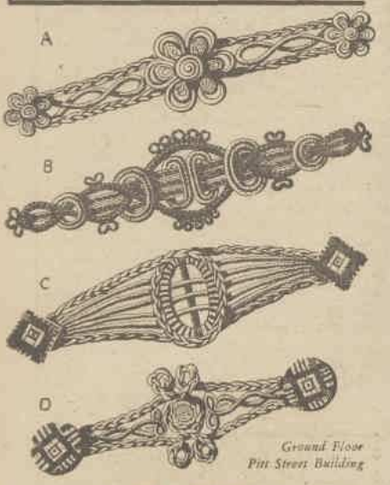

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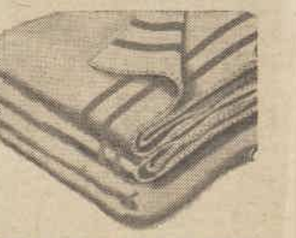

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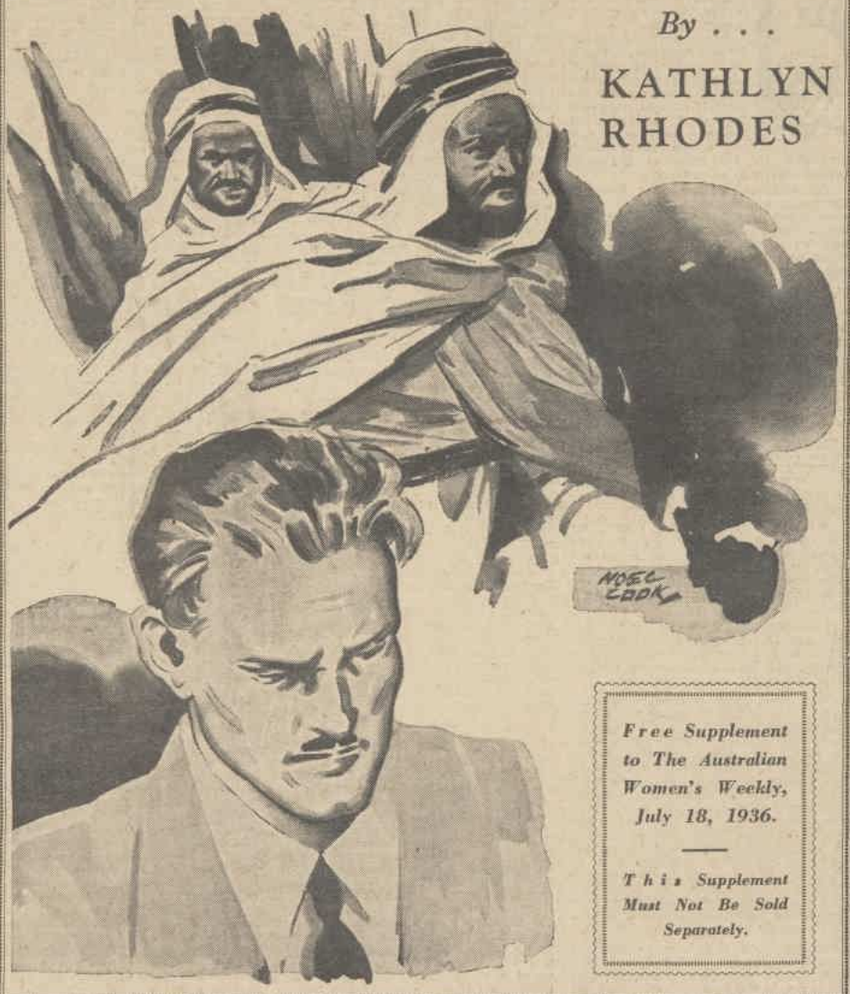

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ALLAH'S GIFT

By KATHLYN RHODES

BOOK 1

CHAPTER 1

"IBRAHIM, are you sure that is the village—over there among the trees?"

Grania Dillon spoke in French, narrowing her grey eyes beneath the brim of her panama as she gazed over the desert towards the huddled cluster of mud houses in a setting of feathery palm trees, and the elderly Arab, sitting motionless on his horse at her side, nodded gravely in affirmation.

"Oui, Madame, c'est le village." He spoke the queer, guttural French which many Arab guides acquire in the service of tourists in Egypt. "Mais, Madame"—his voice took on a slightly portentous tone—"it would be wise if madame considered before going further. For all is not well in the village."

"I don't understand, Ibrahim." Now she turned in her saddle to face him, while the other two Arabs in the background paused beside the pack-laden mule to await the end of the conversation between Ibrahim and the young white lady whom they were conducting to the oasis village of Den-Afar, a hundred and twenty odd miles by rail and horse transport to the south of Cairo.

"Madame, there is a rumor of sickness in the village. News travels oddly in the desert, as without doubt Madame knows, and if it be so would not Madame be well advised to return to Cairo without going further?"

"What— go back without visiting my friends?" Grania was genuinely surprised by the suggestion. "Oh no, Ibrahim. I could not do that; after coming all the way from England! And I dare say the rumor is exaggerated—in any case one of my friends is a doctor."

"Hakeem?" Ibrahim seized on the last word eagerly and his face brightened. "It is well, for he will be able to advise Madame whether she goes backwards or remains there, where she arrives."

"Well, come along, Ibrahim!" Suddenly Grania was anxious to get to the end of this long-drawn-out journey from England. It had taken some courage to come out here alone, even at the warm invitation of her old school friend, Louise Mellor, now a young widow with one delicate child. Hearing of Colonel Dillon's death, Louise had begged Grania to come out here as companion and guest to Den-Afar, where she was keeping house for her brother, Dr. Ian Keble, who was spending the winter in the desert, writing a book on some form of disease peculiar to the East —Louise had been vague on the subject involved—and so busily engaged thereon that Louise found herself somewhat at a loss to occupy her own time.

Her invitation had been so obviously sincere, not to say urgent, that Grania had accepted it at once, cabling a grateful assent to the plan and setting off for Egypt without undue delay, enjoying to the full the feeling of adventure which the journey promised her.

But now the end of the journey was in sight, and Grania straightened her shoulders, drew herself more erect in the saddle, and rode bravely up to the outskirts of the village, a typical huddle of huts in a maze of narrow alleys and lanes between mud walls, with a small domed mosque in the centre, surrounded by a group of feathery palms, the whole dominated by a square stone house set a little apart from the village itself in a kind of combined courtyard and garden, which was, so Grania told herself with instinctive certainty, her own destination.

Ibrahim, who had been growing more and more silent as the little party approached the village, now spoke, and his voice and manner were apprehensive and uneasy.

"Madame, there is something not right with this village. It is as though some djinn had been at work. There is no one about; usually the people come running out at the approach of strangers, but here there is nothing. It is as though it were a place of the dead."

"Nonsense, Ibrahim!" Grania spoke quickly, though the man's manner affected her uncomfortably. "Everyone is at home—resting or eating."

"Non, Madame." His voice, though respectful, was decided. "It is too late for rest—the siesta is over, and it is not yet the time to eat."

"Well, anyway, the only thing to do is to go and see where everyone has got to. We can't obviously turn back now."

She said the last words unthinkingly in English, but the quick-witted native gathered her meaning, for he replied instantly:

"It would be well to return, Madame. There is something wrong. If Madame will be guided by me she will turn and go back to Cairo."

"No. I can't do that." Suddenly Grania felt an intense desire to know what lay behind this apparent somnolence. "Come, Ibrahim, that must be the house yonder" —she pointed with her whip to the square stone building—"let us hasten and we shall soon find out what is the meaning of this silence."

TO Grania, unfamiliar with the life of the Near East, the deserted state of the street bore little significance; but to Ibrahim, himself a denizen of one of these desert villages, there was a vast significance in the fact that no one came out to greet the riders, or at least to regard their progress with eager, inquisitive eyes. True, here and there a dog rushed from some squat mud hovel, barking loudly, but a growl from Ibrahim sent him back again; and even the children who usually form a vociferous bodyguard of travellers were conspicuous by their absence. An air of gloom, of depression, hung over the whole squalid place like some evil miasma, and now and then from some low doorway issued a dreadful sickening smell, which nauseated Grania's unaccustomed nostrils.

As they passed the little whitewashed mosque a sudden sound of wailing pierced the brooding atmosphere, and Ibrahim's face grew almost stern with apprehension. Taken in conjunction with the silence, with the prevailing fetid odours—even more pungent than the smell of most Arab villages—this sudden wailing held a most significant meaning; and Ibrahim began to perspire profusely beneath his flowing garments as a horrible and most unwelcome conjecture flashed into his mind.

GRANIA, too, had heard that ominous sound, but by now her whole being was concentrated on arriving as soon as possible at her destination. She felt a sudden dread, almost a terror, of the situation in which she found herself. She shrank even from the grave and courtly Ibrahim, with a sudden distaste for the natives by whom she was surrounded. She felt a great longing for her own kind, for the sight of an English face, the clasp of a fellow countryman's hand. All at once she wondered at the impulse which had driven her forth into this wild and alien land, away from the safe familiarity of her Irish home, to seek her fortune, as it were, in a desert village, under burning desert skies, among people with whom, with the exception of her former friend, she had no acquaintance might indeed discover no points of common interest. And then, with returning sanity, she told herself that this reaction was only the result of her fatigue, that with the advent of a friendly welcome, a cup of tea, and the prospect of a hot bath, all these apprehensive fears would vanish like mists before the morning sun, and she would be free to yield herself once more to the delightful anticipation of this new and enchanted existence.

"That must be the house of the hakeem, Ibrahim. A new tone in her voice made the Arab realise that the lady had decided to ignore the portentous signs around her, and with a shrug of his shoulders the philosophical native accepted the situation and answered courteously:

"Indeed, madame speaks truly. Without doubt this is the dwelling of the hakeem; and madame will bear witness to the fact I, Ibrahim-ben-Ali, have conducted her safely hither through the perils of the desert."

Seen more closely the house of her friends was not unattractive. Unlike the huts of the Arabs, it boasted two storeys, with glazed windows in each. It was surmounted by a flat roof, and from the coping thereof hung a tangle of pink wild geranium; and this, in conjunction with the green sun-shutters and the cheap, gay curtains lent it a vaguely European air, in spite of the fact that the deep verandah which surrounded it led on one side to a sun-baked courtyard, and on the other to a sand garden filled with a variety of rather dusty-looking flowers, and a number of rose trees covered with masses of withered and shrivelled blooms. From another corner of the coping fell great trusses of purple bougainvillea, and as Grania and her escort rode into the tiny courtyard four or five charming white doves perched on the balustrade of the roof, made

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an exquisite cameo against the deep blue of the sky.

"At last!" With a sigh of pure relief Grania realised that the moment for relief and refreshment—mental and physical—was at hand; and barely waiting for Ibrahim to assist her she slipped down from her horse and, running up the steps and across the verandah, beat with the handle of her whip upon the oddly massive door.

While she waited, smiling, for the summons to enter, she took in, almost unconsciously, the details of the scene. The stone house, its rather grim material garlanded in brightly-hued flowers, the tall and stately palm trees, the little group of Arabs who had drawn together and were chattering in undertones with much gesticulation, the beautiful horses with their slender limbs, their glossy hides, the rolling desert with the mud village a little distance away, over all the blue sky, the golden sunshine which even now, though the sun was sinking, held an indefinably magic warmth and brilliance . . . . Once more she felt joyously that she had done well to come out to this wonderful and storied land, had done well to escape the rigors of an English winter for this warm and sunny clime.

But when, at the end of several minutes, she realised that her knocking had received no answer, she felt a vague uneasiness clouding her radiant mood; and once more she knocked on the door, more insistently now, with the handle of the whip.

This time her summons was answered in a startling fashion.

With a suddenness which made her involuntarily step backwards the door opened and a young man came out hurriedly, almost, it seemed, endeavoring to prevent any one crossing the threshold of the house whence he came.

He was carelessly-dressed in a crumpled white shirt open at the neck and a pair of shapeless flannel trousers, and his hair was ruffled as though he had lately arisen from sleep. His eyes, blue under dark brows, were strained and rather red-rimmed, as though for lack of sleep, and his face, somewhat flushed, was haggard and drawn, with lines about the firm, rather obstinate mouth which made him look older than his actual years warranted.

The impatient expression in his face changed to something like absolute consternation as his eyes fell on Grania standing before him, looking very young and slim in her riding-dress, her cheeks pale with fatigue, her mouth a trifle wistful as she waited for the welcome which was so oddly long in coming.

For nearly a moment the two faced each other in silence, while Grania's heart beat with an uncomfortable premonition of evil. Then the man spoke, and though he had been slow to address her, when he did so there was no hesitation in his manner.

"Good Lord, it's Miss Dillon! You've come after all? Then will you please turn round and get back to wherever you came from just as fast as your horse will carry you!"

THUS Dr. Ian Keble greeted Grania to Den-Ajar; then, realising his abruptness, invited her indoors.

For several minutes they talked together on indifferent matters, Ian involuntarily postponing the explanation which must come until his guest was thoroughly rested and refreshed. But when at last the pleasant little interlude came to an end, and Grania put down her cup for the last time, Ian knew that he must wait no longer, and, opening a cigarette-case, he offered her a cigarette and took one himself, after which he began his story without further delay.

"Look here, Miss Dillon, I'm afraid my welcome didn't seem very warm just now. The fact is I was absolutely knocked out by surprise. You see, when she left here, over a week ago, Louise promised to send you a cable asking you not to come after all."

"But I left England ten days ago——"

"Of course, but we felt sure that a cable to you, at the offices of the Morania's agents in Marseilles, would certainly be delivered on your arrival there last Friday. Louise left here on Wednesday, and her first job on arrival was to be that of cabling to you. We calculated there would be ample time—more than enough—for the thing to reach you before the boat left Marseilles, and I can't understand what happened."

"I know!" Grania spoke impulsively. "I didn't come out in the Morania after all. A week before I was due to leave—just after I cabled the date of sailing to Louise—I ran across a girl I used to know very well who was coming to Port Said to meet her husband returning from Australia, and she persuaded me to cancel my passage on the boat and book a berth with her on another line, which I did."

"Ah, then that accounts for the fact that you didn't get the cable. Well, I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I can't let you stop. You see . . ."—he hesitated for a second—"we're in a bad way here. To put matters plainly, we're in the midst of a terrible epidemic of—I hate to tell you, but I must—of . . . well, cholera."

"Cholera!" In spite of herself the girl's face paled and her voice sounded startled. "But . . . are you fighting it . . . all alone? Isn't there anyone here to help you?"

"No." He spoke sombrely. "At least"—he qualified the denial immediately—"I've one or two native assistants, decent fellows who do what they can to help me, and I've a couple of girls, Copts, who, having been to the Mission School in Cairo, are a bit less ignorant than most of 'em. But, of course, they have to be told everything a dozen times, and they're so convinced that it's useless, if not wrong, to meddle with any of Allah's visitations that I never feel sure they'll carry out my orders!"

"But this is appalling . . ."

"Yes, isn't it?" He misunderstood her solicitude. "I can't tell you how sorry I am this has happened, and I can't help feeling it's my fault somehow. But I promise I'll do my best to send you safely back to Cairo, if not to-night, first thing to-morrow morning."

BUT in this prophecy Ian was not quite correct. Ibrahim and his fellows had indeed been served with a banquet of horrors by the scared and garrulous Naoui, in whose mouth the tale lost none of its attendant terror. Even the grave and dignified Ibrahim, whose years might have been supposed to bring wisdom, had taken fright as the saga of disease and death was unfolded; and although, in conjunction with many of his race, the shibboleth of the Will of Allah was often on his tongue, he decided to-night that in this case the Will of Allah would best be conformed to by a hasty withdrawal from this area of misfortune.

When, therefore, Ian questioned the three Arabs, he was informed with the utmost courtesy that they proposed returning to their own village, and if the Hakeem, or the sitt would be pleased to pay their just dues, they would depart forthwith, in spite of the fast approaching darkness.

"But you can't do that!" Ian spoke peremptorily. "You must stay the night and return, with the lady, in the morning. Oh, you'll be safe enough!" He had caught Ibrahim's look of dismay at the project. "We'll find you a place to sleep, and you needn't go into the village at all!"

But Ibrahim and his companions were adamant. By the Beard of the Prophet, by the Ninety-nine Beautiful Names of God, Ibrahim swore his resolve to leave this surely-accursed place ere the first star pierced the canopy of night. If the lady desired to return he would escort her with the utmost courage and devotion to the railhead, whence she might return to Cairo . . .

"She couldn't get through to-night." Ian spoke sharply. "You know quite well that there are no trains till to-morrow morning, and the lady can't stay all night in your village."

As to that Ibrahim shook his head and wagged his beard gravely. He was quite prepared to see the lady to the railhead, but after that it was plainly the work of Allah to look after her, and Ibrahim's responsibilities were obviously at an end.

In vain Ian tried to shake the man's resolution. Self-preservation is one of the strongest of emotions to which human nature is liable; and when, to the natural shrinking from death, is added a very intense desire to live, to enjoy such delights as floated before the elderly Arab's eyes, one gets a sum total of almost unshakable obstinacy.

CHAPTER 2

LOOKING back in after days Ian could never clearly understand how it came about that at the end of a week Grania was still in Den-Ajar. He had fully intended taking her back to Cairo—or at least to the railhead whence she might travel towards civilisation and safety; and had risen from his bed on the morning after her arrival with, or so he imagined, his plans for the journey fully made.

But a sudden fresh outbreak of the disease which was ravaging the village had occurred that very morning. It seemed, indeed, that the epidemic reached, so to speak, its peak on that day; and, although Ian had not the comfort of the knowledge, this fresh crop of cases really heralded the very slow and gradual decline of the plague.

Unfortunate though it was, Ian realised that it was out of the question for him to take, or send, his girl visitor away to-day; and when he tapped at her door to tell her breakfast was ready he asked her not to delay her appearance as an unforseen situation had arisen.

She obeyed the summons promptly, looking fresh as a rose after her night's rest; and as they sat together in the verandah drinking coffee and eating boiled eggs—all Naoui could achieve so early in the day—he told her quietly what had happened.

"Then I can't possibly go ..way to-day!" Her musical Irish voice sounded pleased. "Don't worry about me, Doctor Keble! I'll be perfectly happy here, and I promise I won't be in your way."

"I'm terribly sorry about it, Miss Dillon." She could see that he was really upset. "But I'll do my best to get you away to-morrow, and in the meantime you are really in no danger of infection so long

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as you stay here and don't go beyond the garden."

"I'm not worrying about infection," she said quietly. "As I told you, I believe I was meant to come; and somehow I feel as though I should be here for a long time yet!"

"Heaven forbid!" He spoke so fervently that the girl was forced to smile.

"It's not very complimentary you are," she said lightly. "But I don't believe I shall leave here to-morrow—nor yet the next day!"

"I hope that isn't a prophecy," he said earnestly. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I must be off. Please don't hurry over your breakfast. And—if I'm not back by noon, tell Naoui to bring your lunch without waiting for me. I'm afraid it will be simple fare, but I know you'll put up with it."

"Of course." She hesitated, then spoke impulsively. "Doctor Kebis, I'm awfully sorry to be a bother to you, but it isn't my fault, is it? And I do hope you'll find things in the village better than you expect."

"Thank you." He stood looking down on her for a moment as though he found the sight pleasant, as indeed he did. "Perhaps you've brought luck with you—the turn of the tide, as it were. Who knows?"

"In that case you mustn't send me away," she said gaily. "I may be your mascot for all you know!"

"Heaven grant you may prove a mascot," he said swiftly. "He knows we need one badly enough! Well, Miss Dillon, I must go. Make yourself at home, and ask Naoui for anything you want. He's a good boy and will do anything for you."

A minute later he was gone, and Grania sat alone on the verandah, finishing her breakfast and reviewing the situation.

THE sun was setting in a magnificent flame of scarlet and gold fire before she saw Ian approaching through the garden; but as she instinctively started to her feet he called out a warning to her not to come near till he had had a bath and changed his clothes.

"I won't be long, but I'm not going to let you run any risks. We'll be ready for some food in about twenty minutes, if you don't mind telling Naoui to get busy."

"Very good." She knew better than to dispute his injunctions, and in less than half an hour they faced each other across the little table in the sitting-room where, so he told his guest, the evening meal was always served.

The soup was followed by a dish of stewed pigeons and a macedoine of vegetables which had come, so Grania guessed, like the soup, out of a tin; and cheese and fruit completed the simple menu.

"Had Louise been here we'd have had much nicer things to eat, Miss Dillon," he observed rather anxiously. "She was a marvellous housekeeper, even out here. But I'm sure you'll excuse our shortcomings?"

"There's nothing to excuse," she said sincerely. "These pigeons are deliciously tender. Naoui is quite a cook! I did not like to offer to help in the kitchen, I was afraid of wounding his susceptibilities."

"Somebody has been at work here," he remarked, looking round at the fresh and orderly room. Those flowers were picked to-day, I'm sure. I hope you've not been tiring yourself out."

"No fear. I've loved straightening things up a bit. But I'm afraid you've had a strenuous day?"

"Well, I have, rather. I'll tell you about it after supper, when Naoui's left us. He doesn't know any English to speak of, but he might just pick up something."

He finished his coffee and put down the cup.

"Now, what shall we do till bedtime? Would you like the gramophone? You've had a very quiet day, I'm afraid."

"I've loved it, and I don't want the gramophone, thanks." She rose and drew her chair a little nearer to the door leading to the verandah, so that she could watch the big, bright stars as they talked. "That's better. Let's just sit and talk—unless you're too tired. Do you think you ought to go to bed?"

"No. It will rest me to sit here." Following her example he moved his chair forward. "Now tell me about yourself. What made you decide to come out here."

"Well, I have been feeling pretty desolate since I lost my father last year." Her voice was low. "And although I haven't much money to live on, I couldn't decide what to do. Since I left school three years ago I've done nothing but keep house for Daddy—he couldn't bear the thought of me leaving home, and I've no saleable accomplishment so to speak. I can sketch a little and play a little, and dance pretty well, but none of those things seemed to be of much use, and I hated the idea of typing in a stuffy office in the City. I wanted, above everything, to travel, and when Louise's invitation came I didn't hesitate a minute. I just ran out as I was—it was raining in torrents, but I didn't wait even to put on a hat—and cabled my reply straight away!"

"Well, I wish you hadn't been quite so precipitate!" His smile robbed the words of sting.

"I don't! Even if you do find a way of getting rid of me I've had a wonderful peep at the desert. And you haven't got rid of me yet!"

In spite of everything Grania was oddly happy here.

It was true that Ian had little time to enjoy the domestic atmosphere. As a rule they took their early breakfast together on the verandah, after which Ian started off on his day's work, which lasted generally until sunset. At first he came home for a midday meal, but as this involved a good deal of preparation in the way of ablutioning and changing of clothing before he could sit down to table with his guest, he decided it was hardly practicable, and henceforth ate his lunch, prepared beforehand by Grania, and took the necessary siesta, in the house of his native assistant.

BUT when the sun begun its nightly panorama of fire and splendor Grania knew she might expect her host's return; and although he invariably entered the house at the rear and changed his clothes before greeting her, he lost no time in emerging on to the verandah, where Grania awaited him, cool and charming in one of the thin silk frocks she had brought with her, her black hair shining and sleek, a little curl on each soft cheek, her beautiful grey eyes full of welcome and solicitude.

Then came the evening meal, prepared by the joint efforts of Naoui and Grania, and served with all the accompaniments of spotless linen, shining silver, and crystal-clear glass which Grania could compass. The little table would be adorned with flowers, and to Ian, tired and disheartened after the day's experience of the dirt and disorder, the squalid odor which make up a normal Arab village, the whole terribly accentuated by the presence of the plague in its midst, the lamp-lit room, the pretty table, above all, the charming girl who ministered so sweetly to his comfort, seemed like a glimpse of a gentle and kindly heaven.

Now and then, as happened to-night, a picture of another dining-table would flash into his mind, and the present agreeable scene would fade away. In its place he saw a large and lofty dining-room, its three long windows hidden by massive velvet curtains, in the centre a long table, its shining surface protected by the most dainty of mats covered with the most fragile of linen, edged with the finest lace.

Yet how many times had he sat at that shining table, eating the choice food, exchanging small talk with the beautifully-dressed chatelaine, and wishing with all his heart that he had never set foot in this big and imposing house, had never delivered himself body and soul to this fetish called Convention.

IAN, I've offered you a penny—or a piastre—twice, and you've never even heard me!"

Grania's laughing voice brought him back to a sense of his surroundings, and he came to himself with a start, finding he was seated at the simple little table decorated with fresh roses which was so unlike the vision evoked by a chance word.

"Grania, I'm fearfully sorry! I was thinking—my thoughts were miles away in London." He did not guess what an unexpected pang pierced her heart at the words, with their hint of a life in which she had no part. "Forgive me, won't you? And let me give you some more of this very delicious stew."

"No more, thanks. Naoui and I have been concocting a very wonderful sweet of pineapple and oranges, and I'm saving up for it. By the way, you look dreadfully tired to-night. Have you had a specially hard day?"

"No. As a matter of fact, things are slackening off a bit now. I think the end is really in sight, thanks be to Allah! And possibly it's the relief, a sort of reaction, that makes me feel slack."

"How splendid if you can really see the end!"

"Yes. I think in another week or so I'll be able to see about getting you back to civilisation. You've been simply marvellous, but you must be longing to return to a land of hot baths and morning tea, and milk that hasn't come out of a tin."

"I'm not so devoted to my comfort as all that implies," she said rather resentfully. "I can get quite clean with water boiled on a stove, and I like lemon in tea better than milk any day."

"Oh, I know. I was only teasing you," he said contritely. "There are very few women who would put up with . . . well, inconveniences as cheerfully as you. But, all the same, you'll be glad to say good-bye to all of us, won't you—even the beautiful Hafiz?"

"Glad? You think I should be glad . . ."

She had begun to speak impulsively, almost defiantly, but she suddenly pulled herself up, coloring hotly, and bit her lip, annoyed at her involuntary betrayal; and Ian, feeling oddly embarrassed, floundered into what he realised later was a foolish speech.

"You mean you won't be glad to leave this place? You'll be . . . sorry?"

For a second she did not speak, though the color still flooded her face. Then, looking down at the table, her slim fingers

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playing with a spoon, she answered his query in a low voice.

"Yes."

"You'll go back to England?" Her voice was still subdued and she did not meet his eyes.

"England? No. I shan't go back there —yet." He hesitated, tapping a fresh cigarette on the back of his hand thoughtfully. "Under existing circumstances I can't settle down in England."

"You can't?" Now she raised her eyes and looked at him rather oddly. "But you're English—I mean, you've a profession and a position there, haven't you? Can't you go back and take them both up again?"

"No. You see—you don't quite understand." Some suppressed feeling made his voice a little rough; and she colored.

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to be inquisitive—I only meant——"

"You only meant, as you always do, to be the sweetest and most sympathetic girl in the world." Now he spoke warmly, realising that he had thoughtlessly wounded her. "Look here, Grania, we're friends, you and I, and friends don't indulge in secrets and mysteries, do they? Would you care to know the real reason of my presence here—of my disinclination to return to England?"

He had made the suggestion impulsively, looking at her eagerly, but her lack of immediate response chilled his heart, and for a moment he wished the words unspoken.

Then very sweetly came her reply.

"Ian, as you say, we are friends, but friends can have reticences, little intimate things that they don't want even their best friends to know. Are you sure you want to tell me these things? You know I'll be honored and—and glad—to hear anything you can tell me about your life, but are you sure you won't regret it later, and hate me just because I know more about you than some people know?"

Reassured, feeling moreover an urge for confidence, and a conviction that it was fairer, more honest, to let her learn the truth about himself and Evelyn, he answered her quietly:

"No. I'm perfectly certain I shan't regret giving you my confidence. But first, are you quite happy there? Isn't that great beast too heavy for you? No? Well, I'll tell you the story of my life—if you're sure you won't be bored." He smiled as he said the words, but it was only a fleeting smile, and the next moment he was serious again.

IT was a beautiful night, such a night as comes to northern Africa in autumn or winter, a night of moonshine and starshine, a night when the stars, usually silver, burn with a golden reflection from the great orange moon till they look like amber flowers in the garden of the sky. Beneath them the desert lay in waves like those of a tawny sea, every little mound throwing an exaggeratedly inky shadow. The air was magically soft and balmy, with now and again a little vagrant breeze blowing like the breath of some gay and gentle spirit, and the very moonshine held a suggestion of warmth which gave the atmosphere a delicious effect.

The silence, as usual, was profound. Even the palm trees could not creak their branches nor rustle their leaves beneath the fairy touch of the wandering breeze, and the very dogs were apparently at rest in the village. Once, indeed, a donkey, roused by some sudden noise, brayed loudly, but as though abashed by his own temerity, he cut short his uncouth cry and once more silence reigned.

For a moment, looking at his companion, Ian wondered whether he did wisely in spreading the picture of his life before her young eyes, but it was too late to draw back, and with his gaze fixed on the apricot desert beyond the verandah he began his tale abruptly.

"I was always keen on medicine, even as a boy. When I was fourteen a school friend, a fellow called Martin, had a terrible accident while motoring with his parents, and he was so badly hurt that they thought he'd have to lie on his back for the rest of his life. It seemed to me simply appalling that an athletic fellow like Martin, splendid at all kinds of games, should have to suffer for the whole of his life, and—well, to cut the story short, he didn't. Some very clever specialist—quite a young fellow—came along and declared he could cure him, though it would mean endless care and supervision. And cure him he did, though it took years to do it. The specialist—Trevor was his name—gave up no end of time; used to spend what should have been his holidays trying new ways of alleviating Martin's pain; and when I watched him, realised what he was doing, literally giving the chap more than his life, his very chance of happiness, I knew I'd have to be a doctor."

"But you're not a surgeon?"

"NO. I soon realised that my tastes didn't lie that way —though I sometimes wish they had done. But there are other forms of special work, you know, and I . . . well, my ambitions, such as they were, aren't of any importance now. But I went through my training, held various appointments, and was just beginning to visualise something in the far distance when my life was suddenly changed by my meeting with Evelyn Denison."

He paused on the name, evoking perhaps some almost forgotten memory of that first meeting with the tall, blue-eyed daugher of Lord Rossborough, but a moment later he quietly resumed his story.

"I fell in love with her almost at once. She was—is a very beautiful and attractive woman, and I wasn't by any means alone in my wooing. But, oddly enough, Evelyn seemed to favor me more than the others, and in six months' time—after, I admit, a good deal of opposition from her father, who quite rightly did not consider me a fit match, from a worldly point of view, for his beautiful and rich daughter—we were engaged, and three months later we were married, with all the pomp and ceremony which she and her family looked upon as an essential part of the affair.

"I had expected, after our marriage, to go on as I'd been doing, building up my practice in the neighborhood of St. John's Wood. I had a jolly old house in Acacia Road, with quite a good garden, and Evelyn had always seemed to like it well enough, but during our honeymoon she told me she had a great surprise for me—and this was it." Now his voice was a trifle bitter. "Her father had hinted to me that, besides the lovely car which was his present to his daughter, he had a joint wedding present for us both, and this turned out to be the lease of a house in Queen Anne Street, completely furnished to his daughter's taste; and there, it was suggested, we should settle down and let me build up an entirely new practice."

"A new practice? But—what of your own?" She could not resist the question, and his response was swift.

"Oh, mine didn't count in the Earl's scheme of things! Being mostly among artists, or musicians, or other middle-class folk, it was to him only a step above the 'dispensary' doctor's practice! He could not allow his daughter to live the life of an ordinary hard-working doctor in such a neighborhood. Like a fool, that aspect of the case hadn't presented itself to me, and I'd imagined we'd go on in the old way. Evelyn had never given me a hint of what was happening, and when on the last week of our honeymoon she sprang the surprise on me I was absolutely staggered and horrified by her news."

"You gave in—at once?"

"Oh, no." He smiled rather grimly. "I stood out for quite a while. Fortunately the house wasn't absolutely ready—there had been some structural alterations to make, and until it was ready we went on living in my own house." He broke off for a moment to dilate on its charm. "It was in a quiet road off St. John's Wood Road, standing in a garden with a high wall. There was a delightful flagged path up to the door, and on each side of it daffodils grew every spring, and there was a fascinating green lawn with a great mulberry tree. It had belonged to an artist, and there were latticed casement windows and a studio with a musician's gallery. Oh, it was a charming old house, and I had a real affection for it. But—I had to give it up."

"What of your practice—your patients?"

"Oh, they had to go, too." A very real pain was audible in his voice. "I thought at first I might manage to combine the two practices, especially as the new one wasn't exactly in existence. But I soon found it impossible. My father-in-law kept his promise so far as procuring me influential patients went, and I was soon hard at work treating wealthy ladies and gentlemen who hadn't always much wrong with them."

"YOUR practice grew?"

"Oh yes, it grew all right. By dint of much self-control I forbore to offend those same delicate susceptibilities, and acquired I believe quite a reputation for a good bedside manner." He laughed rather acidly. "As for Evelyn, she played her part perfectly, of course. She gave dinner-parties, little ones at first, which grew to be quite large affairs, and insisted on my going with her to all the return functions which naturally followed. She was a great theatre-goer, too, and had a box at Covent Garden . . . well, I liked that too, when it wasn't all Wagner!" He smiled at her shake of the head. "But I found that this constant entertaining and being entertained was too much strain on me. I couldn't spend hours every night chattering to comparative strangers, or visiting the theatre with late suppers afterwards, and be in absolute form for the next day's work. I approve of recreation and pleasure, relaxing the taut bow and so forth, but in my opinion work comes first, and any man who takes his profession seriously, as a doctor above all men must do, realises that his duty to himself and his patients doesn't allow him to take liberties with his health and strength. You see, we all have so much in the bank, so to speak, and while some men can sometimes overdraw their account, as it were, and get away with it, a man on whom the lives of others often depend can't afford to overdraw."

"You told her so?"

"Yes. And for once she lost her usual philosophical calm, and told me, quite plainly, that she was disappointed in me, that I seemed unable, or unwilling, to give her the sort of life to which she was accus-

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tomed, and to which she considered she had a right. Well," said Ian, interrupting himself, "if it comes to that, I suppose she had. But she knew my opinions on the subject when she married me, and she knew, too, that I much preferred to make my own way to being bolstered up by her family."

"You—struck?" Now she was not sure she heard the word aright.

"Yes." He grinned, and his face lost its look of premature age. "I delivered an ultimatum to Evelyn. Either she let me off this life of so-called pleasure, was content to let me get on with my work and go about without me—she had heaps of friends—or I should chuck up the practice, go and live in the country and devote myself to the needs of some village population. Or—I suggested an alternative—I—and she—could go abroad for a year or two. There are marvellous clinics in Germany and Austria, and I could quite well have put in a year or so studying their methods. Gad! She opened her eyes at that!"

"And did you go abroad?"

"Well, oddly enough, just at that moment when I was deciding what to do, I had what I suppose religious people would call a 'leading.' In other words, a chap I knew well, a fellow ten or fifteen years older than me, was starting off on an expedition to the Balkans to make researches into a scourge of malaria and wanted an assistant to help with notes and so on, and eventually to knock the material into shape for a book. It seemed the man he wanted couldn't go, and half in jest he asked me if I had any interest in the subject. It so happened that I had, and I jumped at the chance of going out with him. We fixed it up; he was far too discreet to ask any awkward questions, and the end of it was I made over my practice—for the time being—to another fellow I knew well, and we went off together. Evelyn took it better than I'd expected—I think she liked the name of Sir Benton Ross—and we parted friends, with the tacit understanding that when I returned we would have another try."

"And you did?"

"Well"—he smiled—"I've not been back yet! We were away nearly fifteen months, and then, hearing from the man this place belongs to that he was going to be away for some time and would like someone to have it in his absence, I decided this would be as good a place to write up my material as anywhere else."

IN the silence a sudden unusual noise was heard, and Naoui came running round the side of the house, his eyes rolling with excitement, his robe flapping against his bare legs as he ran, making him look like some queer ungainly fowl.

Instantly Ian sprang to his feet, the healer in him uppermost once more, with a premonition of some new disaster in the unhappy village beyond his domain and barely waiting for the boy's cry of "Hakeem! Hakeem!" he sprang down the steps and clutched the native's shoulder while he asked him a rapid question, to which Naoui gave answer with much gesticulation, and pointing of brown hand towards the garden gate hidden from the verandah by a screen of bushes.

The information the boy brought seemed to astound his hearer, for Ian made him repeat his words more than once before turning back to face his visitor.

"Grania, a most extraordinary thing has happened. There's a fellow I know—a Scotsman friend of mine—arrived here from Cairo . . ."

"Arrived here?" She sprang up, her brain whirling beneath the shock of the announcement.

"Yes. It seems he heard of our plight in Cairo and came along to lend a hand—he's a doctor, too. He's at the gate, holding the horses while Naoui breaks the news to us—to me."

"He'll stay here?"

"Yes, I suppose he'll have to stay now he's come." Even Ian's quick mind functioned uncertainly for the moment. "We've got room, and—I suppose he's come to help, so we'll have to make him welcome."

"Shall I go and see about getting a room ready?" Grania stood before him in the moonlight, and he realised, as she had done a moment earlier, that the situation was somewhat awkward; but, seeing the look of embarrassment in his face the girl told herself the only way to carry off matters was to adopt as unconcerned an attitude as possible. With this end in view, she did not wait for his assent, and he realised gratefully that her absence would give him time to explain the situation before his two guests met face to face.

Unfortunately, however, the latest comer upset this convenient arrangement by appearing suddenly at the foot of the steps, calling out cheerfully as he came in a loud voice with a strong Scots accent:

"Now then, Ian, is this a welcome for a man who's come all the way from bonny Scotland to have a crack wi' ye?"

"MAC! It's really you! By Jove, old man, it's good to see your phiz again . . . but . . . you realise we're in quarantine, so to speak? You know, cholera's raging over yonder, and if you're a wise man you'll say how-d'you-do and good-bye in one breath."

"Then I must be a fool," returned the little Scotsman promptly, "for I've come to stay. That is," suddenly his eyes fell on Grania, who had involuntarily paused in her passage towards the door, "if you've room for me. If not . . ."

"Well, we've no convenient hostelries at hand," laughed Ian, realising that the best way to treat the situation was to refuse to see any awkwardness therein. "And though, as you see, I have one visitor already, we can put up two quite comfortably. And, by the way, I'd better make you acquainted with one another straight away. Grania, may I introduce Doctor Macintyre, one of my best friends? Mac, this is Miss Grania Dillon, who drifted here a week or two ago on a visit to Louise, and has been a prisoner ever since."

"Louise? But your sister's not here."

"No." In spite of himself Ian hesitated for a second. "You see, she took fright—or I did for her—when the cholera made its appearance, and cabled to Miss Dillon not to come, as she and little Jean were leaving for Cairo, but the cable didn't arrive in time . . . And, by the way, how on earth did you hear of our plight?"

"Why, through Louise—indirectly. She met friends of mine, a mining engineer and his wife, in Cairo while she was waiting for the boat, and told them the story. When I was up in Cairo a week ago I ran against these folks and heard about it, and, being at a loose end, I thought I'd just come along and see if there was anything I could do."

"Jolly decent of you, old man!" Ian spoke warmly. "And I'm delighted to see you, because you solve the problem of Miss Dillon's return to civilisation."

"I do? Expound, my boy. I'm afraid I've lost the connection."

"Why, I haven't been able to spare time to see Grania safely away, and now you and she can go back to-morrow morning."

THERE was a momentary silence, in which the eyes of the newcomer and Grania met—Scotland and Ireland questioning one another, as it were; and in that momentary interchange of glances was laid the foundation of a lasting and genuine friendship.

In Dr. Macintyre's glance Grania read the question: "Will this girl accept the offer, let me take her back to Cairo, leave this fellow to carry on single-handed still longer? Or will she refuse to go, and let me stay and do my best to help?"

While to Macintyre the girl's eyes said plainly: "You won't do it, will you? You'll insist on staying to help—without bothering about me?"

And Ian, looking from one to the other in some bewilderment, was, after all, the first to speak.

"My proposal doesn't meet with much enthusiasm," he said, smiling. "Don't you like the look of Jock, Grania? He's quite reliable, a real canny Scot?"

"Oh, it's not that," protested Grania with a rather embarrassed laugh. "But I'm quite sure Doctor Macintyre doesn't want the bother of taking me back the minute he arrives. Besides" — she pulled herself together resolutely and looked her host squarely in the face—"I don't want to go. You'll have to let me stay as your housekeeper if you're going to have a visitor, won't he?" She turned to the newcomer with an appeal in her Irish eyes which even the dour little Scot could not resist.

"Of course he will. You needn't think ye'll get rid of me so easily, Ian. If I do take Miss Dillon away I'll be back as fast as I can, so ye can make up your mind to that, my boy!"

Seeing that Ian hardly knew how to take this ultimatum, Grania seized the opportunity of slipping away to make arrangements for the comfort of the traveller, and when she had gone Ian turned to his friend rather hurriedly.

"Look here, Jock. I know it looks rather queer, finding Miss Dillon here, but it's all O.K., just as I told you. She was coming on a visit to Louise, and the cable putting her off missed her, so that she arrived unexpectedly. I couldn't manage to send her back, though I tried to arrange it, and she wanted to stay and have a taste of desert life. Then Naoui—my boy—fell sick, and she stayed to help, and—oh, well, that's all there is to it, and you must make what you can of it."

"What I make of it is that ye're a fine pair of fools," said Dr. Macintyre grimly, yet with a look in his blue eyes which seemed to contradict his words. "You stay here to look after a lot of worthless natives who get this foul disease as a direct result of their own filthy habits, you run the risk of contracting the disease and dying yourself . . . well, there's an excuse for you, perhaps"—for a moment his eyes twinkled—"ye're a physician, and we're expected to act like fools for a good part of our lives. But for this young girl—a good-looking lass and a fine one, too, I'll be bound—well, for why did she elect to risk her life? She can't have a ha'porth of interest in these fellows, and though I don't suppose you'll

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her go among them, she's running a grave risk—and you know it."

"Don't say that, Mac!" For a moment Ian looked almost angry. "Don't you suppose I take every precaution to keep her immune? Good God, you don't suppose I wanted her to stop, do you? If anything happened to that girl owing to my failure to get her away in time, I'd be ready to cut my throat!"

"Oh, I know you'd not willingly let her run any physical risk." He felt bound to accent the penultimate word. "But . . . well, it's none of my business, and ye may kick me out for it if you want to, but is it wise to have her here—on other counts? Does she know all your circumstances—is she, for instance, acquainted with your wife—Evelyn?"

For a moment he thought he had gone too far. Ian's eyes suddenly blazed with unmistakable anger, and he spoke harshly.

"Look here, Jock, you're a godly Scot with a fine set of rigid principles of your own. But they needn't make you suspect other people of lack of virtue. Miss Dillon knows all about my marriage." He did not think it necessary to add that Grania had been in possession of the knowledge for something like an hour and a half. "And I assure you I haven't taken advantage of her position as a guest in my house. In other words, although we're alone, or practically so, we are not living in sin, as you seem to imply."

"I'm sorry, Ian." The other man held out his hand with an apologetic look in his eyes, and Ian took it with a rather diffident gesture.

"I'm sorry, too, old man. Don't know what makes me go off the deep end so easily these days. I've been a bit . . . well, driven, you know—lack of intelligent assistance for one thing, and, of course, though you seem to doubt it, this girl's presence has been an added anxiety . . . or responsibility at least. But now that you've come . . ."

"We'll pull through all right." Dr. Macintyre completed the sentence cheerily; and although Ian did not realise it, the words effectually settled the question of Macintyre's departure—and, automatically, the present fate and ultimate destiny of Grania Dillon.

CHAPTER 4

ANOTHER week passed swiftly enough in the desert village. Dr. Macintyre had thrown himself into the fight with all the bulldog tenacity which made him, for all his small stature, a prominent member of the Rugger team of his hospital days; and to himself Ian owned that the advent of his friend had been the biggest piece of luck which had ever come his way. What had proved an almost impossible, at any rate a heart-breaking, task for one was reduced to more manageable proportions when undertaken by two, and with the arrival of the Scot the disease began, almost miraculously, to lessen. Day by day the figures went lower, the rate of mortality steadily decreased, and by the end of the first week Ian realised that the worst was over, that the Angel of Death was sated at last, and that, unless some terrible ill-fortune, a recrudescence of the plague should occur, the village would soon return to its normal insanitary, but not ordinarily, deadly condition.

With the beginning of the second week Ian found time to think more particularly of the third member of his household—Grania herself, and he owned with a sense of rather shamefaced dismay, that she had got passed altogether unscathed through this period of stress and strain. True, her youth had carried her triumphantly through without any serious impairment of her radiant health and spirits, but her cheek was thinner than it had been when she first arrived, and the wild-rose color had paled to a more delicate, more fragile shade. Beneath her lovely Irish eyes, too, the shadow was a little deeper, and the burning heat of the dry and sandy air had taken some of the spring from her step, the ring from her voice.

Hastily consulting Dr. Macintyre on the subject, Ian was informed, in no measured terms, that it was rather late in the day now to regret the folly of the past weeks; and the little doctor went on to denounce the stupidity of expecting any woman, young or old, to live under this constant strain of anxiety, on her own part, and possibly on another's, without showing some evidence of that ordeal.

"What you should have done was to keep those Arab fellows here by force until next day, and then packed them off, girl and all, to safety. Oh, you say they sneaked off before you expected it, but still you ought to have known better than to keep that pretty, young creature here in imminent risk of catching the disease and dying of it, maybe . . ."

HE had got so far in his denunciation when a look in the other man's face pulled him up short, and he broke off to resume presently in a less aggressive voice:

"Well, as it happens, there's no particular harm done. The girl's not ill, only a bit tired-looking, and if I were you I'd take her out riding, give her a little pleasure of some sort. After all, she deserves it, after being shut up here all these weeks. And if the rate of improvement continues you can take her back to Cairo next week."

"Next week?" Ian's voice was startled, and the little doctor smiled rather grimly.

"Well, you don't propose keeping her here for ever, do you? You could quite well get off for two or three days, and I'll carry on here. I've picked up enough of the lingo to give my orders, and if they're not carried out . . . well, I'm thinking the argument of the fist is as conclusive in Egypt as in Scotland, and I'll reckon to get my way all right."

"But why shouldn't you take Miss Dillon back?"

"Because it's time you had a bit of a change yourself, my boy." Suddenly the little doctor's face lost its dourness and grew human. "You've done wonders, Ian, a work that any man might be proud of, though it'll likely never be heard of at home, and you'll often sit unnoticed in a gathering of much-praised and rather vainglorious young men and women who break records in motor cars or aeroplanes, risk their lives in doing stunts which are of no practical value to mankind. But it is always the really heroic works of this kind that pass unnoticed, and the only reward is the feeling that one has done one's best, than which no man can do more. And I can't help thinking that if at the Last Day there were to be a parade before the Judge of those who did the best on earth, a good many people would get the surprise of their lives. And that applies both ways."

Rather taken aback by his friend's unusual eloquence, Ian tried to speak, to say something in answer to this tribute, but suddenly he found it too difficult, and instead he stretched out his hand and grasped the other man's in almost apologetic silence.

"Well, that's settled." Dr. Macintyre spoke briskly. "Next week you shall have an 'exeat,' so to speak, to take your girl friend back to Cairo, and in the meantime get out on horseback with her. You've got decent horses; I've seen 'em, so have a picnic somewhere. No, I won't come; I'll hold the fort in your absence. But I bet you the lass will jump at it."

"I only hope you're right."

IF Grania did not exactly leap into the air at the prospect of a picnic, she betrayed sufficient pleasure to show Ian that Dr. Macintyre was a true prophet. As a matter of fact, the daily round of housekeeping was beginning to be just a trifle boring. Owing to circumstances there could be little variety in the monotony of the menu, and meals which came largely out of tins, varied by fresh vegetables from the garden, eggs, goats' milk cheese, with an occasional rather skinny chicken, were apt to grow uninviting, if not at times repellent. And although Grania struggled valiantly with the sand and grit of the desert, it was impossible to keep everything clean and shining as it should be when a sudden sandstorm would arise unexpectedly and throw showers of fine, sandy dust over the whole room which had just been tidied and cleaned.

But there were times when Grania found the afternoon pass very slowly after a well-filled morning, and she welcomed the thought of a break in the monotony of the days with a girlish joy which Dr. Macintyre, at least, found both touching and revealing.

"I'd love it, Ian!" Her eyes danced with anticipation. "Where shall we go—and when? To-morrow? How lovely! You will come, too, Doctor Mac?"

"No, not to-morrow, Miss Grania." A look which he could not quite fathom passed over her face, a look in which an involuntarily relief and a fraction of apprehension seemed, oddly, to mingle. "I'm going to do the work to-morrow while Ian plays for a change. All work and no play, you know . . ."

"Well, I wish you could come, too!" He smiled at her quite unconscious insincerity. "It will be heavenly to get out into the desert! You know I haven't really seen very much of it since I came here five—no, six weeks ago."

"Well, you must see all you can before Ian packs you off home," he said kindly, and he was quick to notice the shadow which fell over her face at the reminder of her impending departure.

She did not, however, take up the allusion; but went away to busy herself with preparations for the morrow, a task which Naoui shared with ready enthusiasm.

LOOKING back on that wonderful desert picnic Grania was wont to tell herself that she had never before known what real sunshine was like.

Laughing, the two disclaimed any desire for a pretentious menu and cantered off on their beautiful horses, which seemed as eager to be away as their riders. And Dr. Macintyre, as he went about his work in the squalid huts, the packed and evil-smelling mosque, found his thoughts more than once wandering from the unpleasant scene around him to rest on the far happier picture of Ian and Grania riding over the tawny sand of the desert, the blue sky over their heads, the glorious golden sunshine around them, the limitless vista before them reminding them of their own splendid young lives.

And Dr. Macintyre, whose heart, or that fraction of it which was not occupied

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with the woes of humanity at large, lay buried beneath the waters of the sea as they wash against the shore of the Hebrides—for his young wife had been drowned in a boating disaster five months after their marriage—told himself rather sadly that had it not been for Lord Rossborough's daughter Ian might at last have attained the happiness which he so honestly deserved.

They rode more slowly on the homeward journey than they had done in the first exuberance of the morning.

The air was still very hot, though Ian told Grania that a breeze would probably arise as the sun declined. The atmosphere was marvellously clear, the colors growing in delicacy as the light began to lose a little of its actinic quality; and it was possible to see distant objects: a string of camels being led, probably, to their night's rest, a flock of little black-and-white goats, officered by a capering goatherd—a youth who played bravely on his pipe as he went along, though he was too far away for his music to be audible. Once or twice a native horseman passed them, riding superbly on his splendid animal, but beyond a hawk-like stare from fierce black eyes he took no notice of the white riders, sweeping by them with a probably quite unconscious arrogance of mien and bearing which held all the pride of a great and lofty race.

When they were well on their way Ian suggested a trifling detour, in order, he said, to show his companion a rather interesting little ruined mosque which he had visited in the first days of his desert sojourn; and Grania, nothing loth, accepted the suggestion gladly.

THE mosque stood in the middle of a tiny group of palm trees, too few in number to be distinguished by the name of oasis, beside a little well which had long since gone dry. Probably it had never been a very satisfactory source of supply, since the village which should have flanked the mosque consisted of two or three shabby mud huts, giving an impression that, owing to the question of irrigation, so to speak, the building of further habitations had not been proceeded with.

"Queer little place, isn't it?" Ian and Grania soon concluded their tour of the ruin and came out into the sunshine of the late afternoon. "I don't suppose anyone comes here nowadays—Hallo, who's this individual, I wonder? Seems to have sprung out of the ground, doesn't he?"

The individual alluded to was a lean and hungry-looking native, a tattered robe, obviously his whole wardrobe, hanging on his gaunt frame, a primitive turban wound around his head. In one hand he clutched a bag of some native cotton material, in the other he held, surprisingly, a long stick of sugar-cane which, as his eyes fell on the two foreigners, he began to wave in the manner of a conductor waving a baton, capering about as he did so, and uttering shrill cries.

There was something indescribably comic in the sight of the tall, capering figure beating time to his own uncouth movements with the sugar-cane baton, and involuntarily both Ian and Grania burst out laughing, an act which seemed to annoy the man, for he stopped abruptly and stood staring at them with an expression of hostility on his emaciated face.

"Hullo, we've annoyed the gentleman!" Ian, knowing the people of the country pretty well, guessed that the man was probably not quite normal, or was, possibly, a priest or fanatic to whom the ruined mosque was still a holy place; and he spoke placatingly in the native's own tongue—one of his accomplishments which never failed to fill his visitor with awe and envy.

THE man's stare lost its hostility as he heard the first words, and he answered at once with even a trace of respect in his tone; after which a short conversation ensued, unintelligible of course to Grania, who listened, half-amused, to the flow of incomprehensible sentences.

Presently Ian turned to her and began, smilingly, to explain.

"It seems the gentleman—who isn't, I gather, quite compos mentis—thought we were making fun of him, and he was really only welcoming us to the mosque, of which he appears to have constituted himself the guardian. He lives in a village a mile or two away and comes here every day—why, I can't quite make out. I offered him money as a salve for his wounded feelings, but he won't take it unless we let him read our fortunes in the sand. Would it bore you frightfully to let him do it?"

"Bore me! Oh, no, I'd be thrilled!" He laughed at the eagerness in her voice. "Do let him! May I have first go?"

"If you like." He was amused. "I'll explain to him that you're much interested and he'll tell you a better fortune."

But when he addressed the would-be fortune-teller, he found that this particular soothsayer had his own way of doing things. Requesting his clients to sit on two adjacent boulders, he produced from a fold in his tattered robe the bundle which he had hidden on first catching sight of the visitors, and unfolding the cloth and laying it on the ground, he proceeded to smooth the sand which it contained into a flat surface before beginning to trace some mysterious symbols in each corner of the flattened surface. Next he asked a question which apparently took Ian by surprise.

"He wants our names," he said. "I don't know this ritual at all, but I'll say them over to him, though I doubt if they will convey much to him."

He pronounced the two names Ian and Grania slowly, twice, and the sand diviner nodded, as though satisfied, and proceeded to scrawl some more strange symbols on the sand. Then for some time he pored over it in silence, glancing up now and again at his clients; and once, taking the girl's hand gently in his own brown claw, he scrutinised the palm closely and then let it drop.

"Odd how the belief in palmistry exists all over the world," said Ian in a low tone while the native examined Grania's hand. "It's the Book of Job, isn't it, that refers to a man's fate being written in the palm of his hand? Ah, our seer is beginning to speak. I'll listen carefully and interpret what I can, though I don't understand his particular dialect very well."

The native began to speak rapidly at first, then more slowly as he realised that his hearers could not follow his too quick speech, and from time to time he paused, waiting for Ian to translate his sayings to his companion.

"He says we have come from a far country, but that yours is smaller and more warlike than mine. One for Old Oireland, eh?" He smiled rather teasingly. "He says that you will return shortly to my country, not your own, and that I shall follow you there. He says also, which isn't quite so intelligible, that he sees us both by the shores of a lake whose waters are bluer than the sky—he doesn't call it a lake, but says it is fresh water and yet not a river like the Nile."

"He sees us both there?" She could not resist the question.

"Yes. And . . ."—for a moment he hesitated—"he says he sees another woman, who is as fair as the moon in the month of Ramadan, who is tall and supple as the young palm trees, whose mouth, he says, is scarlet as the pomegranate."

"She is there—with us?"

"No. I don't gather that. He just says he sees her; and I can't help thinking"—he spoke slowly—"that he means my wife, Evelyn. She is fair and tall and supple, and her mouth"—he laughed rather awkwardly—"well, she certainly uses a good deal of scarlet lipstick. But I don't know why she should come into my life at this moment——"

Again the seer broke out into garrulous speech; and this time Ian's face showed a variety of emotions: unbelief, astonishment, a slight annoyance, and finally something which looked like pleasure—though this was quickly wiped out by a rather rueful incredulity.

The native by this time was gesticulating freely, using his fine brown hands with a truly Oriental wealth of gesture, still pouring out a torrent of speech, when suddenly a small, bright-eyed bird of the wagtail species, frequently seen in Egypt, which had been hopping about behind the man, gathering courage, hopped forward almost on to the sand which was spread on the seer's cloth.

Instantly the native was transformed with rage. At his angry movement the bird, startled, flew away, but not content with that the man snatched up a handful of sand and flung it angrily at the flying bird, muttering imprecations the while; and then, turning to his tray of sand began to gather up the corners of the cloth with a gesture which indicated that the seance was at an end.

BEWILDERED, Grania turned to Ian for an explanation of the man's sudden anger, but not until he had spoken to the native was he able to give her a reason for the outburst.

"It seems many natives believe the birds of the air are evil creatures who work ill, betray the secrets they are privileged to overhear. It is unlucky, apparently, to let birds come too near, especially when there are confidences brewing. That's why he drove the bird away.

The homeward ride was indeed pleasant, thought Grania, for the little breeze Ian had promised her had sprung up and blew deliciously round their heads as they rode. The horses, too, refreshed by the short rest, were full of spirit, and carried their riders gaily over the sand.

"What was he getting so excited about when the bird cut him short?" Grania asked the question idly enough, but Ian hesitated before he replied, and when he spoke his voice was a little constrained.

"Oh, he was off on a long rigmarole about me and the fair woman, who must, I think, have been Evelyn. He seemed to think that you and I and she would all be mixed up in some way, and yet he did not appear to take in that she and I were—or had been—closely connected. It was all nonsense, of course. In almost the same breath he told me the destroyer—by whom I presume he meant death—had designs on me, and muttered darkly about a danger which I had feared passing me by and another unsuspected one getting me in its grip, but he was so vague I may not have got it right. And, you know"—he spoke slowly, picking his words—"I don't think, really, you and Evelyn are even

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likely to meet. I don't suppose Evelyn and I will ever be able to live together again."

"You don't? But I thought . . . I mean . . . well, I didn't know you weren't really going back to Queen Anne Street."

"What would be the good of trying again?" said Ian rather wearily. "We should never see eye to eye, and I believe, honestly, Evelyn is a hundred times happier on her own than she would be with me. Besides . . ."—he hesitated—"I could not go back to her—now."

"Not go back?" She paused then in her embarrassment, the very question she wished to avoid shot out blatantly. "But . . . why?"

"Why?" For an instant, beneath the surprise of the question, even Ian's steady self-control failed him and he spoke as openly as she had done. "Good God, Grania, don't you—of all people—know why I can't go back?"

THE question was never answered, owing to an unforeseen interruption. It is well known that there is a curious antipathy between horses and snakes, and even as the last word left Ian's lips his horse, startled by the stealthy passage beneath his feet of a small gliding snake, reared suddenly into the air with a terrific snort, and Ian, who was expecting nothing less than the disconcerting manoeuvre and was riding accordingly with a slack rein, was flung out of the saddle and fell in a heap on the sand almost in front of Grania's horse.

Terrified, she pulled up immediately and threw herself from her horse's back with a cry on her lips.

"Ian! Oh, Ian, what's the matter? You're not hurt—oh, do say you're not hurt!" She wrung her hands in her distress. "Oh, what shall I do? Ian—Ian darling—do open your eyes and say you're not badly hurt!"

Thus it was that Ian, feeling rather sick and shaken, but calling desperately on some Higher Power to aid him in this disastrous moment, opened his eyes and spoke with a good semblance of ignorance.

"Hallo, Grania! What on earth's happened? Taken a toss, have I? Well, it's the first time in my life! Come, cheer up, my girl"—it was useless to ignore the fact that she was crying, with relief, so he told himself quickly—"I'm not dead yet! Help me up, there's a good child, and let's see if there are any bones broken!"

"Oh, Ian, I thought you were dead!" In spite of herself she spoke rather wildly, her breath coming in great gasps, but he ignored these evidences of emotion, and with her assistance got rather awkwardly to his feet.

"That's better!" He shook himself gingerly, and then pronounced himself sound. "No harm done, Grania. Luckily my skull is pretty thick! What startled the beast, I wonder? Possibly a snake; there are sure to be some in this part of the world—sand-vipers, or something of the sort, and horses can't abide snakes. He looks quiet enough now, doesn't he?"

Dr. Macintyre was properly aghast at the behaviour of the wicked Moussa, and insisted on examining Ian's head to see if any real damage had been done. Beyond a slight swelling, however, there was no material damage, and Ian and Grania departed to their respective rooms to exchange their riding-kit for cooler and more comfortable clothes.

Ian was half-way through his dressing when a knock at the door proclaimed the visitor for whom he had been half-unconsciously waiting, and when in response to his summons Dr. Macintyre entered the room and closed the door carefully behind him, Ian knew that his premonition had been correct.

"Well, Mac, what's the news, eh? I thought you looked like Cassandra when we rode up just now. What is it—a fresh outbreak, or what?"

"Not exactly. I think, indeed, we've about scotched the cholera fiend by now. But"—he spoke rather grimly—"I've had two cases of typhoid to-day——"

"Typhoid! Good Lord, man, you don't mean that?"

"I do." Dr. Macintyre shook his head wisely. "Unmistakable, Ian. It's two boys—sons of the fat old fellow with one eye—you know the one I mean? By a stroke of luck they've got a pretty decent house—the biggest in the village, I should say; and I've isolated them there. But it'll be serious if it spreads."

"Any panic?" Ian put the question sharply as he tied his tie.

"No. Luckily it's not got out. The other villagers think it's something the kids have eaten—I threw out vague hints of tummy-ache through eating unripe fruit, and they seemed to swallow it all right. But once the thing gets a hold—then Heaven help us all!"

"Well"—Ian took up his coat and began to put it on. "One thing's clear. The sooner Grania gets away the better."

"QUITE so. But who's to take her? It's a case of all hands on deck for a day or two. It will mean an even closer attention to the rules of hygiene and sanitation, you know." He sighed. "To tell the truth, I'm not surprised at this new development. For sheer crass stupidity in hygienic matters give me the Arab fellaheen. They don't seem to realise that to keep a stinking mess of garbage next to a jug of milk isn't sanitary, and that sewage and drinking water don't mix satisfactorily."

"Oh, I know it's pretty hopeless to try to teach them anything," said Ian rather wearily. "God knows I've tried, but most of my teaching has been a mere waste of time. Upon my word I feel half inclined to chuck it all up and go back to Cairo. After all, these damned natives aren't my affair. They've got themselves into this mess by their own filthy habits—let 'em get out of it by themselves!"

"Come, don't be downhearted, Ian!" The other man was rendered vaguely uneasy by the hopeless look in his friends' face. "You've done wonders—Allah alone knows what would have happened if you'd not been here. You're tired—that clout on the head was enough to knock you out. You get off to bed early to-night and don't worry about to-morrow."

"You're right, Jock, and I'm a cowardly fool." He set his lips firmly, and the old fighting look which Macintyre knew well came into his face again. "I'll be myself in the morning. I believe the fall shook me up a good bit; my head's splitting now."

"Well, come and have some food and get off to bed. I'll look after the colleen for you to-night!" He grinned boyishly and, opening the door, led the way out, followed by his host.

True to his word Ian went to bed soon after dinner, and Grania and Dr. Macintyre sat on the verandah smoking their cigarettes while the soft night breeze played round the quiet house, bringing with it a faint fragrance from the pale roses which blossomed in the sand garden tended so carefully by Grania and Naoui.

The new disaster had not been referred to during the meal, but as soon as they were alone Grania tackled her companion impulsively.

"Doctor Mac, what's wrong—what's happened while we've been out? Oh, don't try to put me off; I'm certain you're upset about something. Won't you tell me? I—I'm one of the firm, so to speak, and perhaps I can help."

"I'm afraid you can't help, lassie—I beg your pardon, Miss Grania! But you're bound to learn it, first or last, so I'll tell ye. Typhoid's broken out in the village yonder, and unless we can keep it down there'll be the devil to pay."

"Typhoid!" Her voice was startled. "Oh, Doctor Mac, how dreadful! Poor, poor Ian! After all his work to have this happen!"

Dr. Macintyre, who had wondered to himself what the girl's reaction to this new disaster would be, was confirmed in a certain uneasy surmise by her immediate thought for Ian rather than for herself.

"Well, it's certainly unfortunate," he said slowly. "And I'm afraid he won't think himself free to take you back to Cairo, as I had almost persuaded him to do."

"Oh—me! What does it matter about me?" Her personal indifference was too genuine to be doubted. "It's Ian I'm thinking of. You know—at least, you don't know how he's worked all this weeks. It's been hell, really, a horrible, frightful nightmare of disease and death, and very often instead of thanks nothing but ingratitude and reproach. Oh, I know they're poor, ignorant creatures, more like animals, some of them, than human beings; but often at night Ian has come home with a kind of stricken look in his face, and I know it means not only that he's lost a case, but that the people have been vile. One man had the—the wickedness to say that if Ian had stayed with his son he'd not have died—and Ian run off his feet trying to attend to all the new cases!"

"He said that?"

"Yes. What's more," she hesitated, as though wondering whether she would betray a confidence by continuing, then decided to speak—"the horrible man struck him in the face——"

"Stuck him, by God!" Macintyre was shocked into blasphemy.

"Yes. He came home with a great red mark on his cheek, and in the end he told me what had happened. He was quite broken up that night." The girl's voice was low. "It was the only time I ever saw Ian give way, but the boy's death had upset him, and he said he felt like a murderer."

"Absurd! Why, the man's a hero——"

"Of course"—the girl's eyes shone—"and they know it really. But—Oh, Doctor Mac, when are we going to get through this awful time? You know Ian's pretty well played out already, and to-day's shock hasn't improved matters."

"YOU'RE quite right, Miss Grania." Dr. Macintyre was uneasily touched by her vehemence on Ian's behalf. "I don't like the look in the fellow's face. He's about at the end of his tether, physically, and I've been dreading lest he fell ill himself."

"Oh, no, don't say that!" The terror in the girl's voice deepened his uneasiness. "For Heaven's sake, don't say that!"

"Well, doctors aren't immune from disease," said Dr. Macintyre practically, "though some folk seem to think they are. But it's not likely after all these weeks—

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at least, not if the strain lifts pretty soon. I gather you're not afraid for yourself?"

"Not a bit." She spoke quietly, without any special emphasis. "I'd have gone to help in the village if Ian had allowed me, but as he wouldn't, I just did what I could to make things comfortable for him when he came at night."

"You think a good deal of Ian, Miss Grania?" He put the question so unobtrusively that she hardly noticed its importance until she had answered it with an earnestness that betrayed her secret to her shrewd listener.

"Of course I do! I think he's simply magnificent!" In the midst of his dismay Macintyre told himself he was glad she did not employ the adjective "marvellous," which was just then in vogue. "It's been a privilege to live out here all these weeks and watch him working for those poor wretches out there—working day and night for them, never sparing himself——"

"Well, he's a good chap; one of the best," said Dr. Macintyre heartily. "Deserves a better deal than he's had up to now. You know about his wife, I suppose? That's been an unfortunate marriage, if you like—and not much chance of bettering it, I'm afraid."

"I know about his wife, yes. Do you know her, Doctor Mac? Oh, do tell me something about her. She's very handsome, isn't she?"

"Yes. She's certainly a remarkably handsome young woman of a very unusual type—brilliantly fair, and a wonderful figure. A Northern type, really, a Dane or a Scandinavian—something of that sort, a kind of Ice Maiden or Snow Queen, with eyes that glitter like the blue shadows on ice—and upon my soul I believe her heart is ice, too!"

"You mean?"

"I mean"—Dr. Macintyre was wound up by now, and his usual Scotch caution was thrown to the winds as he spoke with a freedom at which he wondered greatly later on that night—"I mean the woman took Ian's heart, his love, just as you and I might take a handful of dates from a native pedlar—and valued it as much. At first, when she fondly imagined she could mould his life to the shape she desired, she was complacency itself; but when she discovered she wasn't going to be able to turn him into a fashionable physician with an eye on a knighthood at least, she began to find life with him quite impossible. So it was, I dare say, from her viewpoint. Ian's a born healer, but he's not the sort of fellow to listen patiently to the woes of malades imaginaires, which is what most of her Society friends were, I believe.

"Do you think"—Grania's eyes were fixed on the brilliant sky where the great stars glittered and burned—"the gulf will ever be bridged? I mean, will they ever come together again?"

"I don't know. I sometimes wish a divorce could be arranged." He did not look at her as he spoke. "If it could, there would be a chance of happiness for each of them. As it is . . . well, it seems pretty hopeless."

AT this moment the lamp which had hitherto lighted the verandah gave a sudden flicker and went out, leaving the two figures in a dim and starlit gloom. "Hallo, Naoui's forgotten the oil, I suppose. I'll go and see where he's got to and we'll soon have it alight again."

"No, don't do that!" She put out her hand to prevent him rising. "It's not worth while; let's sit in the dark"—an involuntary sob startled him—"just a little longer."

"Of course—just as you wish." The knowledge that she was weeping embarrassed the little Scotsman enormously, the more so because he thought he knew the source of her tears. "But—had ye not better go to bed? Ye've had a long day, and it must have been a bit of a shock when that great loon went and tumbled off his horse beside ye!"

He had spoken with would-be jocularity, and was not prepared for her reception of his rather ill-timed jest.

"A bit of a shock!" At first her voice sounded almost indignant, but in a moment it broke again, and he knew she was trying to hide her emotion from him. "I thought . . . I thought . . . oh, it was the most awful moment of my life! You know I thought—I was sure that Ian was dead."

"And that"—into the Scotman's naturally rather harsh voice there had come a note of tenderness known to those of his patients who were drawing near the dark valley—"and that would have broken your heart, my bairn?"

"Oh yes, yes!" Suddenly she sprang up from her seat, and in the starlight he saw the tears streaming down her flushed face. "Doctor Macintyre—let me go, please! I ought not to have said that! I never meant to let you—or anyone else know! You won't tell Ian, will you? Swear you won't ever tell Ian? I—I should die of shame if he knew."

"I'll not tell him, my dear." There was something almost fatherly in his tone, though he was not much older than Ian, and he laid his hand kindly on her shoulder. "It shall be our secret, yours and mine—though I expect the lad yonder would be proud to know it! But I'll never say a word—and I'd bid you remember, my lassie, that no love in this world is ever wasted."

GREATLY to the relief of both Ian and Dr. Macintyre the new terror did not spread. There were two or three more cases, but they were exceptional, and at the end of another week the two doctors congratulated themselves on the comparatively hopeful state of affairs.

Rather to Dr. Macintyre's dismay Ian's relief was somewhat languidly expressed. He seemed, indeed, too tired, too depressed, to feel anything very keenly, and his face was oddly haggard as they sat down to the evening meal on the day on which they had decided that the danger of a second epidemic was over.

He owned, under pressure, to an overwhelming sense of fatigue, and he ate nothing, but that was too ordinary a phenomenon to attract attention. What was new, however, was the irritability which, from time to time, showed itself in his manner. He spoke sharply to Naoui, finding fault with him for little apparent reason; and both Grania and Dr. Macintyre were rather relieved when he decided to go to bed immediately after dinner.

He looked little better for his night's rest when he came to the breakfast-table next morning, but Dr. Macintyre's proposal that he should take a day off met with so decided repulse that the little Scot did not press the matter, and they went off together as usual, leaving a rather uneasy Grania to face the hot morning hours alone.

She was not, however, destined to spend an altogether solitary time; and when the men returned, tired and hot after a rather unsatisfactory day, she met them with the surprising news that she had been entertaining a visitor.

"A visitor—here?" Dr. Macintyre opened his eyes in surprise. "I thought we were quite off the beaten track! Who was it—a man, I suppose? But whatever brought him here?"

"Wait till dinner time and I'll tell you." She smiled tantalisingly. "It will give us something new to talk about. So hurry up and get changed, because I'm longing to tell you."

When, half an hour later, the three of them met at the prettily laid table, whose decoration was one of Grania's most pleasant tasks of the day, she noticed regretfully that Ian still looked grey and haggard with fatigue.

He put aside her rather tentative inquiries with an impatience she had not previously experienced at his hands, and she did not attempt to question him further, only waiting until they were seated round the table before embarking on her story.

Then, while Naoui set before them plates of excellent vegetable soup, she began her astonishing narrative.

"I was sitting reading on the roof, just before lunch, when I happened to look out over the desert, and to my surprise I saw a motor-car bumping along over the sand!"

"A motor-car?"

"Yes. Just imagine it, a real live motor-car. I couldn't believe my eyes at first, but it was quite genuine, and it came lurching along in the most determined way, with a funny little man at the wheel."

"Miss Grania, I believe you are doing what is vulgarly known as pulling our legs!" Dr. Macintyre twinkled at her, shaking an admonitory finger in reproach.

"I'm not, truly! It really was a car, and it came along, skirting the village and apparently making for this house."

She broke off for a moment as Naoui began to remove the soup plate, and she had time to notice that Ian's soup was almost untouched. She knew better, however, than to remark on the fact, and went on with her story.

"Well, in due course the car arrived; and the little man hopped out and made for the garden gate. I thought I'd better descend from the roof, and by the time I reached the verandah the man, shepherded by Naoui, was coming up the steps."

"You knew him? A friend of yours?" Dr. Macintyre was intrigued by the situation.

"Oh, no, I'd never seen him before. But I had to go forward and greet him; and he immediately shook me warmly by the hand and begged me to excuse this intrusion, but he'd heard something about a spot of bother—that was what he called it—in the village, and he'd come to learn what he could about it."

"But why? What business was it of his—and where did he come from?"

"Wait a minute and I'll tell you." When the stew of pigeons and green peas had been served she continued her story. "His name, he told me, was Harry Lennox, and he was an American journalist."

"A journalist?" Ian frowned.

"Yes, travelling with a film company. They'd been taking pictures—shooting, was what he called it—somewhere further south and were now on the way back to New York, via Cairo and Alexandria. The others had gone on to the railroad junction; but he had heard of some mysterious story of a white man fighting single-handed with a terrible plague of some sort, and thought, I gather, that there would be a 'story' for his paper, so he came to see if the rumor were true."

"Snooping little blighter!" Ian spoke angrily, a flush appearing on his livid

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cheeks. "I hope you sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

"Well, not exactly." Her voice sounded rather anxious, and Dr. Macintyre glanced at Ian with something of suspicion in his look. "It was lunch-time, and he looked so fearfully hot and thirsty I couldn't do anything but offer him a drink."

"He took it, I suppose," said Ian bitterly. "Never yet met a journalist who refused a free drink!"

"Oh, yes, he accepted it—asked for a whisky-and-soda. And then Naoui, evidently under the impression he was a friend of mine, announced with a flourish that lunch was ready, and of course I had to ask him to eat with me!"

"And I suppose he asked all sorts if impertinent questions which you answered to his satisfaction." Ian still spoke with ill-concealed irritation; and Grania's color deepened as she answered him, this time with a hint of resentment in her tone.

"He certainly asked me a good many questions, but I told him very little. I didn't see that it was any business of his, and, anyway, I knew you'd hate having a fuss made about things."

"Hate it! Good Lord, I should think I would." Naoui was removing the plates, and again Grania noticed that Ian had eaten nothing. "I hope to God we don't see a flowery account of the business in some damned newspaper. I know these journalist fellows—they've no decency, and when they can get anyone to talk——"

"How long did he stay, Miss Grania?" Dr. Macintyre's interruption was deliberate.

"He stayed nearly two hours. I thought he'd never go—but suddenly he said his company would be waiting for him, and he wrung my hand again, thanked me for what he called my marvellous hospitality, and dashed off as if he were suddenly afraid of getting the cholera if he stayed any longer! I watched him off and his car didn't seem to like the sand very much!"

"I wish he and his car would get smothered in a sandstorm," burst out Ian vindictively. "Well, Grania, if you find yourself billed on the front page of the next newspaper we see, you'll only have yourself to thank!"

"Come, Ian, you're not being very polite to your guest!" Dr. Macintyre told himself he couldn't sit by and see the girl bullied like this. Even if the fellow was feeling a bit under the weather he needn't attack poor innocent Grania like that. "Miss Dillon couldn't refuse to answer questions—the man would have thought there was really something mysterious going on out here, and that would have been worse!"

"I made him promise not to use what he called the 'story' in any paper," said Grania quickly. "He seemed rather disappointed, but he promised he'd keep quiet about it, and I don't think there is really any harm done."

SOME note in her voice seemed to penetrate Ian's rather confused consciousness, and he answered in a less aggressive tone.

"I know—it wasn't your fault the fellow came here, and I'm sure you were discretion itself, Grania. Forgive me speaking so stupidly—I've got a brute of a headache, and I feel too cheap to live!"

Later, during a temporary absence of Dr. Macintyre in search of his pipe, Ian turned to Grania as they sat on the verandah with an apologetic look in his face.

"Grania, I'm sorry I was such a boor at dinner. But I do feel played out to-night. My forehead's burning—do put your nice cool hand on it for a second, there's a dear girl."

He moved from his chair to sit on the divan beside her, and with a rather odd sense of disquietude in her heart she did as requested, putting her slim cool hand on his forehead, which was alarmingly hot to her touch.

Dismay drove her into unconsidered speech.

"Why, Ian, your skin's like fire—you can't be fit! Do let Doctor Mac give you something——"

"Oh, don't bother, darling!" The epithet startled her, but he seemed unconscious of the fact. "I shall be all right to-morrow—and if I'm not . . . well, we can only die once, and if I could die with you stroking my forehead with your lovely hand I don't think I'd mind dying."

"Oh, Ian, don't talk like that!" In her distress she took her hand away hastily, but he seized it and began to cover the palm with hot, feverish kisses.

"Dearest—darling Grania, you know I'd die for you—and you love me, too—I heard you call me darling—you cried because you thought I was a goner after that fall . . ." his mounting fever made him betray the secret he had meant to keep ". . . and if only you'd let me love you—really—we'd be so happy. . . ."

IT was at this precise moment that Dr. Macintyre returned to the verandah, pipe in hand; and suddenly Ian's excitement died away and he dropped Grania's hand and passed his own over his forehead with a bewildered air.

"I say"—he spoke rather thickly—"have I been talking a lot of tosh? I feel as though I'd been babbling—have I, Grania?"

"Oh, no." She spoke quietly, though her heart was still beating tumultuously beneath the shock of his words. "You only said your head ached, and I'm sure you ought to go to bed."

"I will . . . yes." He put down the coffee-cup he had unconsciously taken up. "Good night, Grania. Good night, Mac. No, you needn't come with me; I'm quite all right—be better in the morning, anyway."

He made his exit rather stumblingly, and Dr. Macintyre looked after him uneasily.

"He's badly off-color," he said anxiously. "When I came in just now his voice sounded queer. Was he odd in his manner, Miss Grania?"

"Oh no—at least"—her mouth was dry and she moistened her lips nervously—"he was rather upset, I think, but it wasn't anything serious. Doctor Macintyre, do you think he's really ill?"

"I hope not. But, as I told you, he's been working at high pressure for weeks, and man, like all other machines, is apt to crack up under too frequent usage. But don't worry—I'll make him rest a bit now. And if I may advise you, Miss Grania, you'll go to bed. You look like a ghost yourself."

"Oh, I'm all right, only a little tired. I will go, though, so good night. You'll go and see Ian before you turn in?"

"Oh yes, I'll look after him. Run away now and get a good night's rest. You'll not have many more nights in the desert, you know!"

Later he paid a visit to Ian's room, finding him sunk in a feverish and unquiet slumber; and although Dr. Macintyre was fatigued almost to the point of exhaustion, he could not bring himself to go to bed, experiencing a kind of instinctive feeling that there would be developments in which he might be needed before the night was over.

Accordingly he made himself as comfortable as possible in a sheltered corner of the verandah. It was still intensely hot, and the sitting-room seemed stifling after the fresher air without. From where he sat he could, by turning his head, see the door of Ian's room—for the upstairs rooms, reached by a short flight of shallow steps, were given up to the visitors—and did Ian issue forth in search of perhaps a drink, he could easily go forward and help him to get what he wanted.

Dr. Macintyre had seen many people die—friends as well as patients. He had held his young wife in his arms after her death by drowning, and had told himself in his despair that the adorable flame of her life had been quenched for ever in the salt waters of the cruel sea, that never again would he hear her voice, feel the softness of her young mouth, see the light in her bonny blue eyes . . .

From his wandering fancies Dr. Macintyre was suddenly recalled by the noise of an opening door, and turning sharply he saw Ian emerging, pyjama-clad, from his room, a guttering candle held unsteadily in his hand.

He was muttering to himself, the light of fever in his eyes, and as Dr. Macintyre sprang up and went to meet him, he heard him say something about Grania expecting him—a palpable delusion born of his fever, but one which must be gently combated immediately.

At his friend's touch on his arm Ian started violently, and a look of anger replaced the eager anticipation which had given his face the expression almost of a hungry animal—the simile flashed unexpectedly into Dr. Macintyre's mind.

"What is it—who are you—what d'you want?" The words issued in a kind of formless babble from the young man's lips, and his frame shook from head to foot.

"I want you to come back to bed, Ian, old chap." The doctor spoke gently. "Ye're not well, and it's not fit for ye to be stravaghing about here at night. Come back to your bed, my boy, and I'll get ye a drink."

"To hell with you and your drinks!" He tried feverishly to release himself from the other man's hold. "I'm going to find Grania—she's in love with me, you know; she called me darling when she thought I was dead, and I'm going to her now. We can't be married because . . . I'm married already, aren't I?" He stopped suddenly, as though bewildered, and Dr. Macintyre seized the opening thus offered.

TEN minutes later Ian was in bed, sleeping heavily. But it was nearly dawn before Dr. Macintyre saw fit to leave him alone, and when at length he crept out of the room and up the stairs he did not go to his own sleeping chamber but to that in which Grania lay asleep.

His first gentle knock on the door went unanswered; but at the second tap a sleepy voice called out a rather startled query.

"Yes? Who is it . . . do you want me?"

"It's I, Miss Grania . . . Mac." He paused a moment. "I want to see you rather urgently. May I come in? I know you're in bed, but you needn't mind me, and it's important."

"Oh, then come in!" She spoke eagerly and sat up in bed to receive him, looking very young and childish in the grey light

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of dawn. But when she saw his face her own suddenly grew older.

"Dr. Macintyre, what's wrong? It it Ian—he's ill?"

"I'm afraid so, my dear." He hesitated, torn between a desire to comfort her and a certainty that there was some reason for apprehension. "It's typhoid beyond a doubt, and, of course, the boy's run-down and in no state to fight a serious illness. But, look here, Grania"—he used her name unconsciously—"there is to be no nonsense about this. I propose getting either that Copt girl, or the native fellow who's worked so well all through the plague, to come and give a hand with the nursing. And I furthermore propose that I send you to Cairo under the escort of the son of the old head fellow of the place—the boy was one of the first to fall ill, Ian told me, and he's pretty well all right now and knows the way to the railway junction."

"No, Doctor Mac." She spoke resolutely. "Send that man to Cairo for help, if you will . . . get nurses, drugs, anything; but I shall stay. Oh, I'll do just as you say . . . you needn't be afraid I shall be troublesome or stupid. I'll obey your orders; I'll even"—her lip quivered—"I'll even let someone else nurse him if you insist, but . . ." Her voice broke and she clutched his arm wildly. "Doctor Mac, don't send me away! I can't—I can't go and leave Ian in danger! Oh, I know he's married and all that, but just the same, I've got to stop!"

"You mean it, Grania? You know what it entails; the pain of seeing him suffer, the risk of falling ill yourself, the possibility of . . . well, a tragedy at the end of it all? I won't deny you'll be a Godsend if you stay, but as a doctor I can't reconcile it with my conscience . . . and if I did my duty I'd pack you off this very day."

"Then for once you'll have to forgo your duty, Doctor Mac!" Her voice was almost gay. "Come, is it a bargain? I'll do all you tell me, though I mean to take a share in nursing Ian myself! And between us we'll pull him through!"

A moment longer he hesitated, and, as he did so, a sudden shaft of golden light pierced the greyness of the room like a radiant, flashing spear. And as the sudden gleam brought a note of hope and courage into the drab atmosphere, Dr. Macintyre turned to Grania with a most unusual impulsiveness and took both her hands in his.

"Comrades, eh, Grania? We'll fight this grisly thing together? Very well, then you shall stay! And God bless you for a gallant lass!"

And as the sunshine suddenly flooded the world, turning the faint rose and pearl of dawn to sparkling gold, the comrades clasped hands and entered forthwith upon the fight which meant so much to both of them.

END OF BOOK ONE

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

OF all the cities in the world, perhaps none is more attractive than Paris on a beautiful morning in spring.

To Ian Keble, fresh from the barren aridity of the desert, from the burning heat of a sun whose rays were surely more malign that benignant, fresh, moreover, from the horrors of disease, both vicarious and personal, Paris on this spring morning was a veritable heaven of ease and refreshment.

As he crossed the spacious Place de la Concorde, intending to enter the Tuileries Gardens, his step unconsciously grew more brisk, his eyes brightened, and the shoulders, which since his illness had stooped a little straightened themselves. He still bore traces of that illness which had so nearly ended fatally. His face, always thin, was now almost emaciated, and the fine modelling of cheek and brow showed more plainly than ever, and in his thick, crisp hair some grey streaks bore eloquent witness to the strain of the last months.

Owing to his naturally good constitution, to the stamina which his temperate life had fostered, owing, also, to the marvellous care and skill with which Dr. Macintyre, seconded by Grania, had ministered to him, he won through in his fight for life; and his convalescence had been more rapid than Dr. Macintyre had dared to hope.

Looking back, the latter had often wondered how, with the scanty resources at hand, he and Grania had managed to escape infection themselves, to say nothing of saving their patient's life; and his opinion of women, always, be it noted, a high one, was now even more exalted since his experience of the way in which the Irish girl had proved herself a magnificent colleague in the battle which they had fought side by side.

He and Grania both grew to look strained and worn before the tide of battle turned in their favour; but on the day when he was able to pronounce Ian, humanly speaking, out of danger he saw a transformation in the girl's tired face—a light of pure joy in the heavy eyes, which confirmed his suspicion that all the love of her heart was given to this man who had so narrowly escaped becoming the prey of the Death whom he had fought and vanquished so many times in those weeks of horror preceding his own illness.

AS Ian, walking slowly to enjoy the balmy air to the full, entered the Tuileries, he saw a tall, beautifully-dressed woman approaching him with a graceful, rather arrogant walk, which seemed oddly familiar to him. If the idea had not been so fantastic he would have declared that the woman was his wife, so oddly did she reproduce all the little unconscious mannerisms with which Evelyn was associated in his mind. But Evelyn was not in Paris. To the best of his belief she was in England, either in the big handsome house in Queen Anne Street or at her father's home in Kent—the great house set in its wonderful gardens with acres of rolling grassland beyond, bounded by a high wall whose weather-stained bricks betrayed its antiquity.

In the moment when recognition came to Ian, the woman appeared to become conscious of his identity, and with the quick adjustment to an emergency which comes more naturally to woman than to man, Evelyn Keble met the situation unfalteringly.

"Is it really you, Ian? Rather a surprise to meet you here. I thought you were still in Egypt."

"No." He strove, not unsuccessfully, to emulate her nonchalance. "I arrived in Paris yesterday. You're staying here—at the Crillon, I suppose?" He remembered her predilection for that finely-situated hotel.

"Yes." Her glance strayed to the corner of the Place. "And you?"

"Oh, I didn't want a fuss—I'm at a little place in the Rue Hyacinthe—quite small and rather dingy outside, but clean and comfortable, and a nice staff. I felt I couldn't stand the noise of a big place—after the desert, you know!"

"I see." She hesitated for a second with a rather unusual effect of uncertainty. "Well, it's a lovely morning—shall we sit down for a moment? The sun is really warm for once."

"Yes. Let us sit down."

Side by side they moved forward to a seat and sat down in the sunshine, whose genial warmth was delightful to Ian, accustomed to the burning desert heat. When they were seated Ian turned to his wife with a question on his lips.

"And you, Evelyn? What are you doing in Paris?"

"Renewing my wardrobe." She smiled, showing her perfect teeth. "I found I had positively no clothes, so I flew over two days ago, and shall be here till the end of the week. I suppose you are just passing through?"

"Yes. I left the boat at Marseilles and thought I'd have a couple of days here. Paris in spring is so pleasant."

"Yes, isn't it?" Though they continued speaking, each of them was conscious of a great reserve in the other's manner and speech, and the thoughts of both were busy with conjecture. Beneath her usual indifferent nonchalance Evelyn, indeed, was filled with a very real and keen curiosity; and presently she put a question which surprised her hearer by its assumption of a knowledge he had not supposed her to possess.

"That epidemic of—cholera, wasn't it? that you had to fight, Ian. Was it really so terrible—were you so hard-pressed as the papers suggested?"

"The papers? What on earth do you mean, Evelyn?" He spoke quickly, abruptly, and Lady Evelyn's beautifully pencilled eyebrows elevated themselves slightly at his brusquerie.

"Didn't you know the story of your fight almost single handed with an outbreak of cholera in some desert village miles from anywhere was given prominence in several newspapers some weeks ago?" Her clear blue eyes held a look of half-mocking incredulity. "My dear Ian, surely you yourself authorised the story for publication?"

"I did? Good God, Evelyn, do you think I'm the sort of fool to talk about an affair like that to any twopenny-halfpenny newspaper out for sensation? Of course, I never authorised any paper—how could I, when we were miles away from any newspapers?"

SUDDENLY he stopped, a mental picture flashing before his eyes—a picture of Grania, half-laughing, half-annoyed, telling him and Dr. Macintyre the story of a visitor, a person whose visit was made, openly and blatantly, in the hope of hearing the full history of the disease which raged in the village and the measures taken to combat it by the three white people who lived in the stone house on its outskirts.

Grania had stated that she had extracted a promise from the man to keep silence on the matter, but he was, after all, a journalist; and Ian told himself bitterly that apparently all was fair in love—and journalism.

He turned to Evelyn with a suddenness which rather surprised her, accustomed as she was to his usual calm courtesy.

"See here, Evelyn, I have an idea I know what you are driving at. There was a man, a journalist fellow, who came to the village one day in my absence and asked a lot of impertinent questions about the situation out there, but he swore to make no use of the information. Do you mean to say he wrote it up for anyone to read?

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And, by the way, what exactly did he say, Evelyn?"

"He said that he had stumbled by chance on a village which was being—or had been—decimated by a scourge of cholera, and had been amazed to find an Englishman—a doctor—living and working among the wretched natives with, apparently, very little regard for his own health or safety."

"I see." She had paused; and Ian wondered how much more she had learned of the situation out in that unhappy village. "Was there any more of this precious story? Did the fellow give any names?"

"Oh, yes." Between her lashes he caught a glimpse of a half-languid, half-malicious twinkle. "There was quite a lot more; he gave your name and said you were assisted by a Scotch doctor—whom I guessed, somehow, to be your friend, Doctor Macintyre—and by a young woman, the one, apparently, who told him the story. I couldn't quite fit her in; but I gathered she kept house for you two men."

"THE girl was a friend of my sister's." He spoke steadily. "She came out to visit Louise, but the cholera broke out and I sent her and little Jean away before Miss Dillon came. We had cabled her not to come, of course, but she had already started, and, greatly to my surprise she arrived one day expecting to find Louise, and instead found herself in the middle of a terrible situation."

"She didn't turn and go back?"

"She couldn't. Her porters—the fellows who had brought her over the desert—bolted when they heard the news"—if he stretched the truth a little here he felt no regret—"and I couldn't spare the time to take her myself, nor find a safe escort for her. So she stayed and did her best to help. Then luckily Jock McIntyre turned up, and I was going to send the girl back with him when I myself went down with typhoid."

"You've had typhoid?" Her tone betrayed interest, but none of the consternation some wives would have expressed.

"Yes. A bad go, too." He spoke rather grimly. "It's only by a miracle that you're not a widow at this moment, Evelyn. If Jock hadn't been on the spot I'd have handed in my checks all right."

"And did the girl—what did you call her? Miss Dillon?—well, did she help to save your life?" Ian could not be sure what lay behind her casual tone.

"Yes." He spoke quietly, but his eyes looked a little hard. "Miss Dillon did a great deal for me, and I shall always be grateful to her and to Jock MacIntyre for what they did."

"Of course, and so shall I." Her voice was casually sweet. "I hope I may meet Miss Dillon one day and thank her myself. And by the way, Ian," her blue eyes rested calmly on his face, "may I ask, without presumption, your plans for the future—the immediate future, I mean, of course?"

"You have a perfect right to ask," he said steadily. "But just at the moment my plans are a trifle—shall we say, vague? You see, I have only just got here——"

"And where are Doctor Macintyre and Miss Dillon? Are they also in Paris?" Beneath the narrow brim of the little yellow hat her eyes were suddenly keen, but he was looking at the great bronze fountains with their sparkling cascades, and missed the danger signal—if such it were.

"Oh no—they went home by sea. I left them at Marseilles."

"I see." She glanced at the tiny watch on her wrist. "I'm afraid I'll have to go, Ian. Madame Stephan—you remember her, she was Lucie de la Riviere—is taking me to a marvellous dressmaker at twelve, and it's nearly that now. But will you dine with me to-night—oh, I've a suite at the Crillon and we'll dine alone. There are a good many things I want to talk over with you, and I'm free to-night."

"Very well, Evelyn." He realised that there must be some kind of reckoning between them, that Evelyn had a right to know what he had planned for the future. "I'll come to-night—about eight o'clock, I suppose?"

"Yes. Now I must go. Walk to the hotel with me, won't you?"

"Of course." He rose and accompanied her across the Place de la Concorde, which looked attractively gay and spacious in the April sunshine. "By Jove, Paris is a treat after the desert. It's so much gayer, more friendly than smoky old London; one feels years younger here than one feels in Piccadilly or Portland Place!"

It seemed that Evelyn was not listening to his panegyric—at any rate, she ignored his outburst.

"I think that must be Lucie's car outside the hotel. Can you tell what color it is—blue or black?"

"Black, picked out with cream." His eyes, accustomed to the desert light, saw with ease what she could not see. "Is that your friend's car?"

"Yes. You'll come and renew your acquaintance with her, Ian?"

"I think not, if you'll excuse me. I don't feel equal to meeting your smart friends, Evelyn!" He smiled, stopping as he spoke. "I'll have to renew my wardrobe a bit; my things were bundled away anyhow in the desert, and I'm not at all sure I've got a dress-suit in my baggage!"

"Well, don't trouble to dress, then." She spoke carelessly, though her fine eyebrows had lifted a little at his speech. "Anyway, I'll expect you at eight o'clock. Till then, au revoir."

"Au revoir." He lifted his hat, and turning, walked away, leaving her looking after him with a rather inscrutable expression in her eyes.

Her friend, a vivacious and extremely smart Frenchwoman, had descended from her car, and was a witness to the parting, as was evidenced by her first words after the informal greeting.

"Ma chere, who is your most attractive cavalier? Me, I adore those tall, slim men with deep chests and slender—what you call flanks, non? I catch only a glimpse of his face—thin, yes, as though he had suffered lately—but, oh so much more attractive than the fat ones!"

FOR a moment Evelyn Keble hesitated, for once in her self-possessed life uncertain what to say. Then she smiled rather ambiguously and answered quietly:

"You didn't recognise my husband then? Yet it's not very long since you met—in London."

"C'est votre mari! Ah, ma chere, que je suis desolee!" Madame Stephan's face expressed indeed a lively chagrin. "Why, do you not remember how I have always adored the good doctor! Did he not cure me of a terrible throat—oh, but terrible! I have always the desire to meet him again, but since I cannot live in your smoky city I have never done so, helas!"

"He has not been in London for some time. He has been in Egypt, doing research work for some months," said Evelyn calmly. "He only arrived here yesterday."

"Vroiement! Well, my sweetest one, I beg you will bring him to dine with me—or invite me to dinner with you. I must renew my acquaintance with him without delay!"

"I'm sorry, Lucie, but we're already engaged to-night." She did not think it necessary to enter into details of the engagement. "Otherwise, of course—but isn't it time we went to visit your marvellous Fanchette, or whatever her name is? I positively must have some clothes. I haven't a rag to wear!"

"Ah, ma pauvre cherie!" The Frenchwoman was moved to compassion by this wholly mendacious statement. "Vite—vite—let us go at once and find something with which to clothe your so charming figure!"

And in the interesting discussion which followed Madam Stephan forgot her desire to meet her friend's husband immediately.

THAT night, at eight o'clock precisely, Ian presented himself at the Crillon, and was taken up by an obsequious official to the suite occupied by Lady Evelyn Keble.

"Here you are, Ian, punctual as usual!" Evelyn greeted him lightly as he entered the charming sitting-room of her suite, lavishly decorated with great branches of purple and white lilac, forming an attractive background to her beautiful figure in a wonderful, fuchsia-hued dress in shades of wine and purple and blue, blended and cut by a master hand. "I hope dinner won't be late. I had next to no lunch—Lucie is slimming violently, and one can't eat a decent meal with a hostess who lives on grapefruit and pineapple."

"It's all very well for you to talk, Evelyn." He smiled. "You're in no danger of growing fat—you're even slimmer than when I saw you last. You look marvellously well," he added, and Evelyn nodded carelessly.

"Oh, I'm always well—good conscience and good digestion. I suppose. Here is dinner—shall we go in"

The meal in the little dining-room of her suite was the work of an artist. From the oyster soup to the deliciously frivolous savoury which rounded off the menu, everything was perfectly cooked and served, and throughout the dinner Evelyn deftly kept the conversation to uncontroversial subjects, aided, cleverly enough, by Ian, who had no mind to spoil a perfect meal by the introduction of inauspicious topics.

As he drank the coffee with which Evelyn provided him Ian asked her if she would care to spend the evening anywhere with him.

"They're giving 'Romeo et Juliette' at the Opera, and I believe it's something of Puccini's at the Opera Comique. Would you care to look in at either of them?"

She shook her head, fitting her cigarette into the long jade holder he had given her during their honeymoon.

"I don't think I care about it, Ian, thanks all the same. I'd rather sit and talk—and if you've finished your coffee let us go back to the other room."

But although she had expressed a desire to talk Evelyn did not immediately avail herself of the opportunity, moving about the room with a rather undecided air, rearranging the flowers in a tall vase, taking up a book and replacing it unopened; and Ian, watching her, received the impression of a woman less sure of herself than was usual with the self-possessed Evelyn.

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Finally, feeling a slight strain on his own nervous system, he spoke rather abruptly.

"Well, Evelyn, aren't you coming to sit down? You fidget me, moving about like that."

"I'm sorry." With unwonted docility Lady Evelyn left the flowers she was touching and came to sit down on the low couch at right-angles to the chair which Ian had chosen. "Well, Ian, and what is going to happen next?"

He was glad of her directness and answered her as straightly.

"That, Evelyn, is just what I want to know. Have you any ideas on the subject?"

"YES, several." She lay back in a corner of the couch, and Ian noticed, unconsciously, the grace of her long limbs and slender body beneath the sheathlike gown which a no less perfectly proportioned woman would have dared to wear. "The only question is—will they match with your ideas, Ian?"

"That remains to be seen." He sat upright, and involuntarily his voice sounded rather stern. "We have been apart some time now, Evelyn, and we have had ample leisure to consider the matter from every point of view. I refer, of course, to the matter of our future life together."

"Yes. Something will have to be done about it." She spoke more lightly than he. "One thing is certain—we can't return to the old state of affairs. That is quite impossible."

"I agree. But it's going to be a difficult matter to settle, Evelyn, unless"—he spoke slowly—"unless we are both prepared to make sacrifices—to meet each other half way, as it were."

"You think it possible to come to a compromise?" Her blue eyes were rather hard. "Well, suppose you give me your suggestion first. No,"—he had begun to protest—"I would really rather you spoke now, and I'll have my turn afterwards. Now, will you tell me how you think we can make a success of our life together?"

"Well," he accepted the challenge unflinchingly, "in the first place I wish I could persuade you to give up that big house and live with me in my house as we did in the first months of our marriage. I have heard, fortunately, that I can get the lease back if I want it—and I admit I do." Unconsciously his tone was rather wistful. "Don't you remember how the sun used to shine over our breakfast-table, and the scent of the wallflowers came in through the windows, and the apple trees on the lawn used to be a picture of pink and white blossom——"

"And the dining-table held ten comfortably—and any more made a crowd!"

"Well, one needn't have more than ten people to dine as a rule," he said reasonably. "And you must admit the drawing-room was a good size, and the studio made a capital music-room."

"And we had two spare rooms and a cupboard of a dressing-room!" Suddenly Evelyn made a movement of exasperation. "My dear Ian, it was a good enough house as houses go, and it would suit an ordinary doctor well enough, but you know what's expected of people like us——"

"Evelyn——"

"Oh, I'm not being merely a snob," she said quickly. "I—can't help being well known in London and having heaps of friends, and being entertained a lot, but one must return hospitality, and one's friends aren't going to think it worth while to come out to the wilds to meet half a dozen people who mayn't interest them in the least. God knows one wouldn't choose to live in Queen Anne Street, but at least one has room to move there and can give a decent party now and then."

"Must we give constant parties, Evelyn? Oh, it's not the expense I'm thinking of, but the time. One can't burn the candle at both ends——"

"Oh, my dear Ian, don't become platitudinous!" For the first time there was an edge to Evelyn's voice. "I shall expect you to begin quoting 'early to bed and early to rise,' and so on, in a moment. You know, I'd like to shut up the house for weeks at a time and go abroad, see something of the world, but since you can't see your way to leaving your beloved patients, well, one must do something to make life a little less dreary."

"I don't find life dreary . . ."

"Of course not. You've got what you call your work." Now Evelyn sat upright and looked Ian straight in the face with her clear blue eyes. "But what have I? We've no children . . . whether that's lucky or not I can't say, but the fact remains. I've an efficient staff of servants, my household runs as smoothly as any in London, and by bringing brains to the job one needn't spend long over it. Well, what am I to do with the rest of my time? I'm not an executant in any of the arts, though I like music, and understand it, which is more than a lot of so-called musicians do. I'm fond of the theatre, I've excellent taste in literature and art, and I'm a really good hostess."

"WELL, it seems to me that with all those tastes and qualities you needn't find life dreary." In spite of himself the word rankled.

"My dear Ian, use a little common sense! I can't indulge in orgies of theatre-going by myself. One doesn't take an expensive box at the Opera to sit in it alone; and it's only by rubbing up against other minds and wits that one keeps one's own bright. You know . . ." for an instant her face looked oddly introspective . . . "you ought never to have married me, Ian. You ought to have married a nice, pretty, sympathetic girl who'd have kept house and gardened, and been content with an occasional theatre party and a month's holiday at the Italian Lakes or in Norway once a year. Then you could have lived happily in your nice little house behind the garden wall and let the big world go by. Why on earth did you ever marry me, Ian?"

"Are you meaning to be deliberately provocative, Evelyn?" Ian's voice was cold. "You know why I married you . . . because I was in love with you and flattered myself my love was returned. Naturally I knew that our lives had run on very different lines, but I imagined, possibly mistakenly, that we could bring them together in our marriage. Now it seems as though we can't do that. I gather that nothing will persuade you to leave our present house. Well, I suppose I must give you your way in that. But I can't promise to run all over London with you, Evelyn. I will play my part as host to your parties, though I beg you will not make them too frequent, nor too overwhelming. But if I settle down there, my work will quite definitely come first. To begin with, if any of my old appointments are open to me I shall take them up again, and I shall also endeavor to attend any of my old patients who still remember me. And I can't promise to take you holidaying very often."

He paused, but Evelyn sat in silence, looking down at the carpet, and presently he continued:

"If this plan suits you, Evelyn, I'll keep to it. We'll go back to Queen Anne Street and try once more to make a success of things. Well, what about it . . . what do you say?"

For an instant she said nothing. Then, raising her eyes, she answered in a voice which betrayed her distaste for this attempt at compromise.

"What can I say—except that I agree? You don't seem to realise, Ian, that my position as the wife of a man at the other side of the world, so to speak, isn't exactly an enjoyable one. Of course, the explanation of your absence was quite plausible and satisfactory. But I can't go on living like that for ever. And . . . to speak plainly . . . I'm tired of appearing before my friends and acquaintances as a grass widow."

"Then we'll go back and try again?" In spite of his endeavor to infuse some warmth into his tone, Ian's voice was singularly lacking in enthusiasm; but Evelyn either missed or ignored his lukewarmness and answered amiably enough:

"Yes. We'll try again. And let's pray we make a better shot at it this time. And now let's drop the subject, shall we? When do you want to go home?"

"I've nothing to keep me in Paris," he said quietly. "But I don't want to hurry you. If you like to stay a little longer I'll go by the afternoon train to-morrow and pick up the threads a bit, so to speak, before you get home."

"Well, just as you like. No need to settle to-night." She yawned rather ostentatiously. "Do you know, Ian, I think I'll send you away now and go to bed early for a change. Take me out to lunch somewhere to-morrow, if you've time? Yes, call here at twelve; I'll make an effort to be ready by then."

"Very well." Suddenly Ian felt an overwhelming desire to be alone, to realise to what he had irrevocably committed himself in the last half hour; and he took a rather hurried leave of his wife, in whose blue eyes lurked a half-mocking smile which he feigned not to see.

"Au revoir, Ian. We'll meet to-morrow. And I expect I'll be home by the end of the week. I rather want to go down to Kingfield as soon as I get back. Dad hasn't been very well lately."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Well, you . . . or we . . . can easily run down one day next week. Good-bye, Evelyn. Go to bed and a good night's rest."

When he was outside in the cool night air, he drew a long breath of mingled relief and dismay, and lifted his eyes to the starry sky with a strange nostalgia for the desert nights he had so often execrated.

TURNING a corner hastily he almost collided with a tall man hurrying in the opposite direction, and their mutual apologies ended in laughter as each recognised in the other an acquaintance of the short voyage from Port Said to Marseilles.

The tall man explained that he was having what he called "a night out," and invited Ian to accompany him to one or two of the less notorious cabarets—oh, merely pour le bon motif he hastened to add just to see what changes had come to Paris since his pre-war days there as a student, and since Ian was in no mood for sleep he agreed readily enough.

They looked in at one or two in the Montmartre district, in one of which a harpist with a coarse face redeemed by fine, almost tragic eyes, proved himself a master of his instrument; and, after a somewhat depressing half hour at the Moulin Rouge, finished up with a visit to

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the Lido in the Champs Elysees, which just then was a favorite resort among the Parisians. Some sort of an aquatic carnival was in progress in the fine swimming-pool, and forsaking the dancing floor the visitors crowded to the edge of the water to watch the spectacle.

IAN slept little during what was left of the night, and he was breakfasting in the quite little salle-a-manger at half-past eight in the morning when the waiter appeared with a summons to the telephone.

Wondering who could wish to speak with him at such an early hour Ian rose, leaving his coffee and croissants unfinished, and went to the instrument, to be greeted by an agitated voice, which he recognised as belonging to Elise, Evelyn's French maid.

"Oh, M'sieu," the girl's broken-English came rather indistinctly over the wire, "Madame—she 'as 'ad the bad news from 'ome . . . Milord—'er father, ze Earl, is ill . . . dying, they say, and madame must go to England and she say will m'sieu accompany her, please——"

"Dying! The Earl!" For a moment Ian stood silent, thinking rapidly. Then he spoke decisively into the telephone: "Yes, I'll come along at once. That's all—just say I will come at once."

Barely waiting to see if she understood he terminated the conversation, and, returning to the salle-a-manger, finished his breakfast and went upstairs to repack his suitcase. A taxi transported him swiftly to the Hotel Crillon, and very soon he was face to face with Evelyn, who, though beautifully dressed as usual, greeted him with a troubled face and anxious voice.

"Thanks for coming so quickly, Ian." She gave him a few particulars of the message she had received. "I've been making inquiries, and we can get a motor from here to Le Bourget——"

"You'd rather go by air?"

"Yes. You see, Father is in London, so it's quicker than going by boat. It takes about three hours, I think—they'll tell you the exact times downstairs if you'll go and book seats—only two, Elise will follow by train."

"Very well. I'll see about it at once. Cheer up, Evelyn"—her pallor disturbed him—"after all, things may not be so bad as you fear. In any case, we'll be in London by afternoon. Now, you finish your packing and all that, and we'll get off as soon as possible."

He patted her arm kindly, and, leaving her, went downstairs to make arrangements for the journey. These, facilitated by the fact that there was no necessity for economy were soon made, and a few hours later Ian found himself in the air, seated beside the woman whom he had once thought he had practically left forever.

THREE hours after their arrival at his bedside the Earl died. And Evelyn, who had loved her father with a depth of affection which no other human being had ever been able to arouse in her heart, was distressed to an extent which both surprised and disturbed Ian, accustomed as he was to her calm, and apparently imperturbable self-control.

The funeral took place from the family home in Kent; but though Ian took his place among the mourners he would not allow Evelyn to accompany him—a restriction which rather to his surprise she obeyed quite meekly. The title and estates went to the late Earl's brother, who was naturally staying at Kingfield; and Ian, who had formerly seen little of him, and had rather disliked what he had seen, found his dislike in no way mitigated by the new Earl's rather pompous attitude towards his niece's husband.

"You know, Keble, all this is going to make a difference to things." They were seated over the port at the dinner table on the night following the imposing funeral ceremony, the Earl, Ian, and the family solicitor, who in view of the business to be gone into had agreed to stay on for a couple of days. "My niece is likely to be, though by no means wealthy as wealth goes nowadays, at least a fairly rich woman. I mean that she will have something like six or seven thousand a year of her own, and possibly a fair amount more when an old aunt of mine—her great-aunt, and, incidentally, her godmother—is called away. I happen to know the old lady has made her will largely in Evelyn's favor. So you see, Evelyn is likely to be comfortably off for the rest of her life, in spite of all this iniquitous taxation."

"Quite so." Ian felt a great distaste for the conversation, but forced himself to speak amiably. "I am very glad, for Evelyn's sake, that it is so."

"Of course, with this pleasant little income assured for life Evelyn does not need to study economy too closely in her mode of living. I mean, she can afford to—well, to indulge in many of the good things of the world, to entertain, to travel, to lead a varied and interesting life." He broke off to fill his glass, and then continued. "You agree with me, I suppose?"

"Quite. That is to say, I see your point. But you must remember that Evelyn is my wife, the wife of a professional man, and as such it may not be possible for her to lead quite such a varied life as you suggest."

"Not possible, sir, not possible?" The Earl's beetling brows were raised in astonishment. "Why, may I ask, should it prove impossible for my niece to live on the lines suggested?"

"Because, besides being your niece, she is, as I have already reminded you, my wife." Ian spoke very quietly. "I am, as you know, a doctor, and a doctor's profession is an exacting one, which does not leave much time for the pursuits and avocations of rich people."

"BUT, my dear sir"—it was the solicitor who spoke—"must you, in the circumstances, continue to pursue your profession? Would it not be possible for you to retire—oh, I know you are a young man, but you have, I am sure, already done much excellent work; and you scientific men can generally find plenty of occupation for your spare time in writing treatises, or a little research work of some nature—some occupation, in short, which would be less exacting than the actual practice of medicine, and would allow you to share an enjoyable existence with your charming wife?"

"In other words"—Ian spoke slowly, fearing that otherwise the inward rage which consumed him at this cool proposition would betray him into violent speech—"you suggest that I relinquish my own profession to live on my wife's income, to enjoy those good things which I have not yet earned, and sink into the position of a—shall we say, of a parasite?"

"A parasite! My dear sir, my dear Dr. Keble!" The solicitor, a handsome, suave-mannered person of middle-age, was genuinely shocked by this crudity. "I assure you such an expression is totally unwarranted! Lady Evelyn herself would be the first to wish you to share her good—er—ahem!—I mean, of course—this very sad event . . . bound to make changes . . ." The rather sardonic smile with which Ian watched him floundering made him stammer more. "I mean that now that Lady Evelyn is a—a comparatively rich woman . . ."

The Earl glared at Ian with choleric blue eyes; and Ian put a question very quietly.

"Excuse me, sir, but has Evelyn asked you to be her mouthpiece in this matter? If so, you are entitled to a hearing. But if not, you are simply speaking off your own bat, as it were, I'm afraid I must decline to listen any longer."

"But you can't decline, sir, you can't decline!" The Earl looked fiercer than ever. "I have a right to speak, standing as I do in the position of a father to Evelyn. She has not asked me to act as her mouthpiece, as you put it, but I know—we all know her feelings on the subject. My brother knew quite well what she felt about it, how she felt that by keeping her away from the life which should have been hers you were taking advantage of her—her affection for you . . ."

"THAT will do, if you please." Now Ian's voice was steely and his eyes looked curiously cold and stern. "I allow no man to accuse me of taking advantage of my wife's affection for me. How we decide to order our future life is our own affairs; and I must decline to listen to another word on the subject. Evelyn married me, knowing my station in life to be different from hers; and she must realise that her life must run on the same lines as mine—unless, indeed, she prefers they should diverge—completely."

"One moment, Dr. Keble." The solicitor endeavored to ease the situation by the exercise of a little tact. "We are well aware that a physician's profession is one of the most honorable, as well as the most arduous in the world. And there are honors to be gained in it, Dr. Keble, gained legitimately and, may I say, most deservedly. Now what is to prevent you, my dear sir, from gaining such honors? A little influence a little representation in the right quarter—influence and representation which I am sure would be forthcoming most readily"—he glanced at the Earl as he spoke—"and a knighthood could quite confidently be looked for, as a mere earnest to further honors. Sir Ian Keble—the man who attends Mayfair's most distinguished invalids—ah, my friend, I assure you that with a little careful direction your practice, while by no means so exacting as at present, may bring you both honor and a less crowded life."

Suddenly the humor of the situation overcame Ian; and his resentment and annoyance dissolved in a quite genuine, though somewhat inappropriate burst of laughter.

"My dear Mr. Rixon, please don't start pulling any strings on my behalf! On the day when I earn a knighthood I'll accept it more or less gracefully; but until then I'll remain the undistinguished husband of a titled wife. And now, if we've quite finished this rather unedifying discussion, I'll ask you to excuse me. I want to see Evelyn before she goes upstairs."

Without waiting for a reply he rose and quitted the room, leaving the two elderly men to shake their heads over the folly of ignorant and obstinate fools who didn't know on which side their bread was—or could be—buttered.

Ian found Evelyn had already gone

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upstairs, and he sought her in her bedroom, where he found her lying back in a chair in front of the fire which a cold May evening made welcome; and coming to her side he asked her gently if the headache which had kept her from the dinner-table had lessened at all.

"Yes, I think so." She spoke in a low tone. "But I don't feel up to much. Oh, Ian"—suddenly she looked up at him with an almost childlike appeal in her eyes—"what am I to do without my dear father? I feel lost somehow—it's horrible to think of him gone—Uncle Piers reigning in his place, my home, my real home, gone for ever . . ."

"My dear, it's not gone . . . you'll often be here in the future."

"Not in the same way . . . Uncle Piers will never be the same to me as my father, and I shan't want to come here often. Ian, what are we going to do . . . what are we going to make of our lives—you and I? Mr. Rixon told me to-day Father had left me a lot of money. Can't we do something with it . . . go to India, or Australia, or somewhere . . . buy a yacht and go somewhere and forget this dreadful thing?"

"It's too late to discuss plans now, my dear." He stood looking down at her with more tenderness than usually showed in his face when he regarded his wife. "Go to bed, and we'll have a talk in the morning."

"Yes. I'm tired. I believe I shall sleep to-night. I suppose Uncle Piers and Mr. Rixon are all right?"

"Quite, I think." For a moment his tone was colored with bitterness. "I left them discussing my iniquities and pitying you for your unfortunate choice of a husband."

"Ian! What do you mean?" Forgetting fatigue Lady Evelyn sprang up and laid her hand on his arm. "Who says my choice was unfortunate? And what have those two men to do with my affairs?"

"Nothing, really, but I suppose they like to be officious." In spite of himself Ian had resented the older men's attitude, and he spoke without troubling to choose his words. "They think of course—or at least your uncle does—that it's impossible for you to be happy living in Queen Anne Street as the wife of a doctor who may be busy, but isn't really fashionable, and can't take you about as a more leisured husband could do. In fact"—he hesitated, then spoke more freely than he had intended to do—"they seemed to wish me to give up my practice, to retire and live, or so I gathered, upon your extremely comfortable income."

"WELL, what's mine is yours, Ian. You know that, don't you? And we could have a good time together without you feeling that way about it, couldn't we?"

"No. It can't be done—I couldn't do it." The words were an answer to his own thoughts rather than to her question; but she realised she had met with defeat, for the moment at least, and her hands dropped from Ian's shoulders and she turned away, yawning slightly, as though she had lost interest in the subject.

"Well, as you say, it's too late to discuss these things now. I'll go to bed—good night, Ian. I suppose we must stay here a day or two longer, till Uncle Piers has finished all the business."

"Yes, but it needn't take long. Good night, dear. Sleep well."

For a moment he hesitated, wondering whether to kiss her. Had she given him the slightest encouragement he would have done so; but, as though the interview had lasted long enough, she turned away, and he had no alternative but to leave her and enter his own room next door.

He regretted sincerely the incident of that last night in the desert. During the evening Dr. Macintyre had left them together for a short while to make sure he had packed all his belongings; and somehow—he was vague even now as to how it had come about—somehow Ian had found himself expressing his very real gratitude and his very real distress at the thought of the imminent parting to a startled and rather disturbed Grania.

She had disclaimed all need for gratitude, had spoken of her pleasure in her visit, of the happiness of having been able to help, first in the mere keeping of his house, then, later, in the fight for his life which Dr. Macintyre had so gallantly waged; and then, somehow—he never really understood how it had happened—he had found himself telling her what her companionship had meant to him, found himself, moreover, taking her suddenly in his arms, kissing the sweet lips he had resolved never to touch with his own . . .

It was only a hasty kiss—for in the very moment of the action he realised its danger, and released her almost violently; and as Dr. Macintyre returned even as they drew apart there was no chance of explanation or apology—a fact which was possibly fortunate for both of them.

CHAPTER 2

BY the middle of June Lady Evelyn Keble had begun to be thoroughly bored by existence in Queen Anne Street.

Although essentially modern in her outlook on life, even she realised the impossibility of entertaining or being entertained so soon after the death of her father; and to do her justice a good deal of her dissatisfaction with the present scheme of things arose from her sense of loss, for she had been devotedly attached to the Earl, with a devotion which, honest at heart, she realised she had never expended on the man she had married.

So dull and unenlightening did she find England at present that she had began to consider a short visit abroad, either alone or with some woman friend; but her plans were still too nebulous to be spoken of to Ian when one evening a letter arrived which contained a suggestion rather apropos to her frame of mind.

It was brought to her with other letters as she sat alone in the drawing-room after dinner; and when she had read it she rose and went directly to Ian's own sanctum, where he had withdrawn to write, so he said, some important letters.

He was sitting at his desk when she entered, but at the moment he was not writing, being engaged, apparently, at looking at a sketch which was spread out before him; and as Evelyn came forward he closed the book in which the drawing lay and turned to face his wife with a faint look of surprise in his gaze.

"Well, Evelyn, what can I do for you?" He drew forward a chair, and she sat down with her usual graceful ease and took the letter from its envelope.

"I've had a letter from Countess Bocchi—you know who I mean? She's the daughter of that charming Signor Mascagni we used to meet at the Italian Ambassador's parties."

"I remember her perfectly—a pretty woman, typically Latin."

"Yes. We've been rather friendly while you've been away—we went to Cap Martin together for a fortnight after Christmas, and now she writes to say she is going to Germany almost immediately and offers me her villa on Lake Lugano if I care to go out for a few weeks."

"It sounds attractive."

"Yes. Of course, I expect Lugano is pretty poisonous," said Evelyn, who detested tourists and their ways. "But it's a lovely part of the world, close to Lake Maggiore and Como, and those delightful Borromean Isles. And with a car—Margherita offers to leave hers, or, of course, I could take one over—one would be able to put in a short while quite pleasantly."

"By Jove, it does sound attractive!" Ian had never visited Italy. "I only wish I could come, too."

"Couldn't you—just for a few weeks, Ian? It would be nice seeing those lovely places with you." For a moment there was a quite unwonted look of appeal in the eyes she raised to his, and in that moment Ian almost recaptured the illusion of soft surrender which had carried him away in the first days of his love-making to the Earl of Danesborough's lovely daughter.

"I wish I could, Eve!" The long-disused diminutive rose unconsciously to his lips, and she was quick to take advantage of his new mood of acquiescence.

"Well, why not come, just for a week or two?" She still spoke gently. "You could take me out, anyway, and perhaps come back later. If you will, I'll accept Margherita's offer. She seems quite genuine about it—look, here's her letter. Read it for yourself—it's in French. She knows my Italian is rather elementary."

He rose to take it from her, and stood reading it by the light of the tall standard lamp behind her chair. As he did so she stretched out her hand idly to the sketch-book on the desk, and, opening it, began to look through its pages.

The book was filled with water-color sketches of the desert, slight, barely-finished sketches, yet pure in color, instinct with life and feeling, feeling for the great, multi-hued wilderness. Here and there were tiny, hasty pencil sketches—one a cleverly-done presentment of a large Persian cat, with all the delicate haughtiness of that aristocratic tribe; and here, on a loose sheet of paper, was a portrait . . .

WITH a sudden exclamation Evelyn inadvertently let the paper drop to the floor, and Ian, who had been too intent on the letter he was reading to notice what she was doing, stooped instinctively to retrieve the thing she had dropped.

Now it was his turn to exclaim; and his voice was almost harsh as he asked a question.

"Where did you get this, Evelyn? Out of that book? But I didn't know it was there."

"Neither did I, till I shook it out." She held out her hand for it, and after a momentary hesitation he gave it back to her slowly.

When at length she looked up she asked a question.

"Who did this, Ian?"

"Miss Dillon, the girl who was with us in the desert, did it one night."

"I see. It's very clever, Ian; you in one of your aspects to the life. Are there any more of you in here?"

As she spoke she laid her hand on the sketch-book again, and after an almost involuntary movement Ian stood still and let her take it up.

"I don't think there are any more attempts at portraiture." He spoke quietly.

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"No, so it seems. But—ah, here are some snapshots. These look interesting." She glanced up at him, and the blue eyes which had looked almost soft a few moments ago now had the glacial coldness of blue-shadowed Arctic ice. "I suppose I may look, Ian? There's nothing private?"

"Of course not," he said steadily. "They are just snaps taken by anyone who picked up the camera. Macintyre or Miss Dillon or myself—there's one, I believe, taken by Naoul, my boy, after I'd persuaded him it wasn't forbidden by the Koran to take photographs of other people."

HE laughed as he spoke; but she was too much engaged in looking at the little prints to listen; and he fell silent while she went on studying the "snaps."

"Well, Evelyn?" Suddenly the silence became unbearable to the man who watched her, and he spoke more sharply than he realised. "What's your opinion of our efforts?"

"Excellent." She put them down quietly. "I don't think I quite realised what a cheery party you were out there. Somehow I fancied all your time was spent wrestling with disease in very primitive surroundings. But Miss Dillon looks as though she found time to dress herself charmingly, and you all look happier than I'd pictured you."

"Well, the conditions in the village were primitive enough, heaven knows!" For a moment a shadow crossed Ian's face. "But the house was outside the village and Louise had made it pretty comfortable before she left. We"—he smiled rather hoarsely—"we weren't exactly savages, you know! We preserved the amenities as far as possible, and for hygienic reasons we were obliged to perform our ablutions as frequently — and a good deal more thoroughly than the Mohammedans!"

"I see. From these photographs"—she touched the top one with a slim finger—"Miss Dillon seems a pretty young woman. Was she pretty, Ian?"

"Yes." He would not lie unless forced to do so. "She was an exceedingly pretty girl, an Irishwoman, with real Irish eyes."

"I see," she said again. "And she was agreeable—witty—clever?"

"She was charming," he said in a low voice. "Witty?—I don't know exactly what you mean by witty."

"Well, did you laugh a good deal—did she see the humor of things as Irish people are supposed to do?"

"The humor of things? My dear Evelyn, there weren't many opportunities for humor out there. I assure you life was a pretty serious affair for us all. As to laughing a lot—no, I don't think we did laugh much."

His voice died away. For a moment he was back in the past, re-living those days in the desert. Now he came to think of it, he didn't remember very much laughter. He had been too weary at the end of the day to laugh easily; and Grania had been, he supposed, too sensitive, too sympathetic, to seek to rouse him to mirth or gaiety. There had been—he realised it now—something rather pathetic in her surrender of herself, her own natural desire for a little relaxation at the end of what must have been rather long and boring days for her, shut up there with no companion save Naoul—and the big Persian cat—unable to get exercise save by working in the garden, since she could not ride alone and Naoul was unable to accompany her.

"Well?" Evelyn's voice recalled him from the mental journey in space; and he came to himself with a start. "Are you thinking of those days, Ian? Quite romantic, I think, you and a charming young woman alone in the desert."

"I was remembering them, yes." He spoke steadily. "I was remembering Miss Dillon with pleasure—and gratitude. She was a girl in a thousand."

It is improbable that until that moment Evelyn Keble had even dreamed of the possibility of any feeling warmer than friendship existing between her husband and the Irish girl whom Fate had, so to speak, thrust upon him in that far-off land. She had always imagined that Ian had only two interests in his life—herself and his profession; and the expression of this totally unnecessary, though retrospective, solicitude on behalf of another woman brought Evelyn Keble up with something of a shock.

"Ian!" Suddenly Ian saw before him a new Evelyn, one whose existence he had never suspected; and immediately he was on guard mentally. "Tell me something—did you—did she—well, was she in love with you?"

Instantly Ian decided that this was the moment for prevarication if the fabric of their mutual life were not to be rent in twain; and he spoke decisively.

"My dear, you are simply being absurd. Don't you think it possible for a man and a woman to spend a few weeks together in the same house without falling in love? Especially when one of the two is married already?"

"But if you had been free?" Evelyn's voice, though slow, was insistent; and Ian's blue eyes looked angry as he answered.

"What we might have done in that case doesn't enter into the matter. Let it suffice that we lived there as friends—a very harmonious duet, you might call it, which turned into an equally good trio when Jock Macintyre came unexpectedly to give me a hand."

When she had gone Ian picked up the snapshots and the sketch of his head and replaced them in the drawer from which he had taken them. Evelyn had not attempted to destroy them — such an action would have been foreign to her proud and fearless character; but he locked the drawer carefully before finishing his own correspondence, and his face looked even more serious than usual as he wrote till far into the night.

Before she slept Evelyn had written to her friend the Countess.

CHAPTER 3.

WHEN, in accordance with the plan made before leaving Egypt, Ian left the P. and O. liner at Marseilles to continue the journey home overland, Grania Dillon felt, rather to her own dismay, as though something important, something vital, had been torn away from her life. All these weeks she and Ian had been in such close companionship that his departure left a great blank in her existence; and, although she and Dr. Macintyre were the best of friends, all his kind considerate society could not make up for the loss of Ian's companionship.

She tried gallantly to hide the fact, to appear as bright, as interested in everything around her as before; but Jock Macintyre's keen eyes saw quite well with what an effort she maintained her pose, and his kindly heart was grieved to see the evidences of a hurt which might, he feared, take a long time to heal.

When, after two or three days of cloudless weather the liner berthed for some hours at Gibraltar, Dr. Macintyre invited Grania to come ashore with him, she accepted the invitation gladly, spending a pleasant morning visiting the beautiful little cemetery, buying souvenirs in the shops in Waterport Street, where Grania made her first acquaintance with the handsome Spanish girls who paraded up and down with their lace mantillas arranged over high tortoiseshell combs, or hung, bright-eyed, over flower-wreathed balconies to watch the passers-by in the streets below.

HERE Dr. Macintyre was able to buy some English newspapers; and, after lunching excellently on a marvellous omelette, tiny lobsters, a dish of veal, and some wonderful fruit, with a bottle of light and rather sweet Spanish wine, which pleased Grania's youthful palate, they returned to the ship and, finding a sunny corner on deck, sat down to read the rather belated news from England. Some of Grania's purchases had been wrapped in an old copy of an American edition of the "Daily Tribune," and when she had unwrapped them she looked idly enough at the paper itself. It was there she found an allusion to the happenings at Den-Afar; and her exclamation startled Dr. Macintyre from his study of the "Financial News," which he was reading with interest.

To match the flaring headlines the story was told with a flamboyancy of style which brought a frown to Dr. Macintyre's forehead. The writer related how, returning from an expedition into the desert with a film company intent on making a wonderful Egyptian film, he had stumbled on this little village where cholera raged; and—here he slyly implied a tribute to his own heroism in the cause of journalism—had decided to visit it and see for himself what was taking place within those narrow and squalid alleys. Although he gave Ian's name, he had so far respected his promise to Grania as to keep her identity a secret, alluding to her as the charming young Irishwoman who very kindly ministered to his pressing bodily needs of hunger and thirst; and Dr. Macintyre's name was also unrevealed, though that Grania explained as due to the fact that she had taken care not to mention it, merely alluding to him as a friend of Dr. Keble.

The journalist had, it seemed, waited till his return to America before "writing up" his visit to Den-Afar, the story being incorporated in a series of desert impressions and experiences, which accounted for the fact that this particular "impression" had seen the light only about three weeks previous to its perusal by Dr. Macintyre and Grania; and when he had read it through the former laughed rather ruefully.

"Poor old Ian! He'd be simply furious if he knew he'd been found out! His one idea was to keep the whole affair quiet. Let me see—it's the 'Tribune.' I don't know if Lady Evelyn reads it, but it will give her a bit of a jolt if she sees that story. And serve her right," he added fervently.

"Don't you like Lady Evelyn, Dr. Mac?" Grania let the paper slide to the deck as she spoke, and her manner was carefully casual.

"No, my dear, I don't." His voice was decisive. "Oh, she is a handsome woman, though not so bonny as you, Miss Grania! And as clever as a cartload of monkeys." Fortunately Evelyn could not hear this disrespectful tribute to her intellect. "But she's selfish to the bone, thinks of herself first in every moment of her life. Ian's worth a

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dozen of her, but she wants to make him take the second place in everything; and if she could stop him carrying on his work she would do it like a shot.

"Doesn't she care for him, then?"

"Oh, I dare say she likes him well enough in her selfish way. But she feels aggrieved that he won't give up everything to fall in with her wishes, so honestly I don't see much hope for either of them." He gave a quick glance at her out of his shrewd grey eyes before he spoke the next words. "Still, there are many people in their position—or variations of it, and I suppose they'll rub along somehow."

"Yes." But her voice was troubled. "I'm sorry. I'd like Ian to be happy. He's so—so splendid."

"Yes. There aren't many like him. But there it is. Now tell me—what is your next step in life going to be? You're rather by way of being alone in the world, aren't you?"

"Yes, worse luck! I kept house for my father after I left school, and when he died"—her voice was a trifle unsteady—"I went to stay with an uncle and aunt for a bit—in Ireland, you know—until things were settled up. Then Louise's invitation came, and I dashed off to Egypt. Now I'm going back to Ireland for the summer, at least. I love being with my cousins: we have such jolly times."

"A big family, eh?"

"Yes. Tony and June are twins, twenty years old; then there's Pat, eighteen, and Anne, fifteen—she's a beauty, Anne—and little Sheila, only seven. We are all very fond of one another, and we have great fun, especially when we go away for holidays together."

"Then you're fixed up for some time? That's good. I hope we may meet again some day—in less strenuous circumstances." He laughed.

WHEN a few days later he bade Grania good-bye at Euston, whither he had insisted on escorting her, he repeated the hope of a future meeting.

"It would be jolly if we could all get together one day, you and I and old Ian! Jove, what a good old chin-wag we'd have, wouldn't we?"

"Yes." Something wistful in her voice made him wish he had not mentioned Ian's name. "It would be wonderful to talk over those days—though there are some I'd rather forget. Do you remember that awful night when you said you wouldn't give a piastre for Ian's chance of living?"

"Did I really say that? How very unprofessional!"

He turned suddenly to Grania again.

"Well, my dear, it's no use thinking of that now. Thank God Ian was spared after all—and one day, as I say, we'll meet and talk over those days together! Now you're off . . . Good-bye, lassie—and God be with you in that land over yonder!"

A minute later she was gone, and Dr. Macintyre stood looking after her until the train had vanished round a curve of the shining rails. Then, with something suspiciously like a sigh, he replaced the hat he had been holding in his hand and strode off down the platform with his quick and bustling step.

Grania arrived in Ireland to find her relations in the throes of plan-making for the summer holiday, which was this year to be spent abroad. It was taken for granted that Grania would accompany them, and after days of animated and sometimes argumentative discussion they were able to find a place to suit the varying tastes of the O'Keefe clan.

It was perhaps something of a coincidence—one of the coincidences which only the most materialistic of human beings find extraordinary—that the letter containing Lady Evelyn's acceptance of the Countess Bocchi's invitation to stay in her villa on the Lake of Lugano travelled in the same mail bag which held Dr. O'Keefe's application for rooms in the Hotel Internationale du Lac, Lugano.

For it was destined that Evelyn and Grania should meet; and where could a lovelier meeting place be found than the shores of that beautiful lake, fringed with white villas set in flowery gardens, with tall cypresses pointing dark fingers to the almost Italian blue of the sky, and feathery willows dipping their green tresses into the water, which beneath the trees was a translucent green, unlike the sapphire hue farther out in the sparkling centre of the lake?

CHAPTER 4

ONCE settled down in the Countess Bocchi's charming villa on Lake Lugano, Evelyn Keble congratulated herself on having accepted the invitation so cordially expressed.

There were only seven people in the party beside the Contessa herself: Signor Toselli, a handsome and courtly Italian diplomatist with a beautiful young daughter; an American named Elmer Cronin; a young Englishman and his attractive sister; Evelyn Keble, and an artist who, originally Spanish, had lived so long in Paris and London that, except for his dark eyes and a certain unconscious swagger in his walk and bearing, he might have passed for an Englishman with a tincture of Gallic leaven to lighten the English solidity.

They were all agreeable and well-bred people, and Evelyn found herself in her element, talking politics to Signor Toselli, discussing art with Mr. Cordova, or vieing with the young English people in swimming feats in the lake.

It was the latter who persuaded her to accompany them to the beach proudly named by the authorities the Lido, and kept by them in an astonishing state of comfort and convenience for the visitors to the beautiful lake-side town.

In the end the party proved to be a quartet, and the contessa's big car deposited them at the entrance to the Lido as the great clock over the gate pointed to a quarter to eleven.

HAVING established their camp under a couple of adjacent umbrellas, the party from the villa took to the sunlit water, and Evelyn felt a sudden quite unexpected feeling of bien-etre stealing through her veins as she swam lazily through the warm blue water towards the huge raft, which was already occupied by half a score of gaily-clad swimmers, looking like a flock of bright-hued seabirds perching on the slippery boards.

This being her first swim of the season she decided to take things easily, and after a rather half-hearted race with Oonagh, who beat her shamelessly, she climbed on to the raft and sat there in the sun chatting with Mr. Cronin, who professed himself somewhat out of condition, although the rippling muscles under his smooth skin, and the clear eyes and firm outlines of chin and jaw, betokened perfect health.

"It's lovely here, isn't it?" Evelyn basked in the heat like a lazy, graceful cat. "If only we had a climate like this at home!"

"Well, this part of the world can put up some pretty storms," said Cronin with a smile. "And I've known it cold and wet even in Italy. You should cross the Atlantic for climate, come to Florida, California—"

"But you live in New York?"

"My business is there, yes." Looking at his lean, tanned face, Evelyn could believe his business a successful one. "But I don't live there—or anywhere—all the time. I like change of scene, variety—I hate to see the same faces, eat the same food for months together."

"So do I!" Evelyn spoke fervently. "My husband is a doctor in London, so naturally he has to spend a good deal of time there, but I love to get away, meet fresh people, see new places, do new things."

"You should come to America—as a starting point." His slow smile was rather fascinating to her. "Can't you persuade your husband to come to New York to see our hospitals and clinics? He could lecture, perhaps—Americans love to be lectured at—or, a still better idea, you could lecture to the American women. You'd be a huge success, I'm sure."

"But I couldn't lecture on anything!" She laughed. "I'm not a bit learned or intellectual!"

"That wouldn't matter." His smile robbed the words of sting. "Anyone so charming to look at and to listen to—you don't mind me saying your voice is a delight after our American voices—would be sure of a welcome. And I'd enjoy showing you some of our beauty spots over there."

THEIR conversation was interrupted by the sudden arrival of Oonagh Rossiter who, after a long swim with her brother, now climbed on to the raft, the two rising like water-sprites from the lake and flinging themselves down on the hot boards with sighs of rapturous fatigue.

"My word, it's grilling to-day!" Bill Rossiter swung himself to his feet again and sat on the edge of the raft dangling his legs in the water. "Lady Evelyn, you and Mr. Cronin are slackers! You ought to be made to swim all the way back to the villa."

"I'm afraid I should sink half-way," said Evelyn, smiling. "I'm not a first-rate swimmer like you and your sister, and I've a tendency to cramp, though in this warm water I don't suppose there's any danger of that."

"Well, you've promised to come on a raft behind a motor boat one day."

"Yes, I'd enjoy that, especially as I understand if you do get upset the boatmen soon haul you into the boat."

"Oh, yes, it's quite safe . . ." The young man broke off to stare at a couple of swimmers who were making for the raft from the centre of the lake. "Jove, that girl's some swimmer—she's better than you, Oonagh, and that's some compliment!"

"Is she? I must have a look at her." Oonagh rolled over on her side and gazed out to the indicated direction. "Yes, she can swim all right, and so can the boy. How lucky she is not to have to wear a cap—I suppose that wave's natural."

"I say, Oonagh"—Bill's voice sounded surprised. "I know that girl's face! Isn't it that pretty Irish kid who came to us once or twice in the holidays—from your school, you know?"

"Is it?" Clasping her wet knees, Oonagh sat up, the better to observe the approaching swimmers. "You mean Grania Dillon? I believe it is! Her hair does wave naturally, too—I'll be certain in a minute. She can swim, there's no doubt of that!"

A minute later the boy and girl reached

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the raft and as they clung to the edge, laughing, before attempting to climb aboard, for the first time Evelyn Keble looked, all unknowing, on the woman who had shared the most arduous, the most danger-filled hours of her husband's life.

Her face flushed with her long swim, her black hair clinging to her head in sleek and shining waves, her grey eyes dancing with the joy of triumph in her own physical strength and fitness, Grania looked like some radiant and rosy nymph rising from the waters of the lake; and the other swimmer, a fair, bronzed boy of some twenty-one years, was a fitting companion for her joyous youth.

As they clambered aboard the raft, Oonagh, conscious now of the girl's identity, called out a gay greeting; and with a stare of amazement Grania Dillon answered her in kind.

"Oonagh! Well, of all the queer places to meet. And Bill, too! How lovely to see you both again. This is my cousin, Tony O'Keefe."

"How d'you do?" Oonagh's eyes wandered approvingly over the young man's good looks. "It was Bill who recognised you first, Grania—he was praising your swimming, said you beat me hollow!"

"Nonsense." Grania laughed, tucking her rosy feet in their gay blue sandals, under her as she sat hugging her knees in the hot sun. "But what are you doing here? Staying in some hotel, I suppose, like us?"

"No. We're not holiday trippers," said Oonagh with mock superiority. "We're staying in a lovely villa with a real live countess—oh!" she broke off suddenly, remembering the presence of other of the countess' guests. "Lady Evelyn, may I introduce my friend Grania Dillon? We were at school together. And her cousin, Mr. O'Keefe."

For a moment there was a short silence. Then:

"Miss Dillon?" Evelyn included both the cousins in her charming smile, but it was Grania to whom she spoke. "There can't be two Miss Grania Dillons in the world, so I think you must be the one who helped my husband so splendidly in the desert."

"Your husband?" For a moment Grania's cheeks lost their wild-rose tint—the announcement had taken her by surprise. "Then you are Lady Evelyn Keble?"

"Yes. Ian is my husband." To herself Evelyn was thinking that this girl was terribly, dangerously, attractive, but her long social training stood her in good stead, and she smiled agreeably. "I'm so glad to meet you. I feel I owe you a tremendous debt of gratitude which I hardly know how to pay."

She turned, with her usual languid grace, to Mr. Cronin, who had been watching the little scene with interest in his face.

"Mr. Cronin, let me introduce you to Miss Dillon. She shared a very trying experience with my husband and another doctor in the desert not long ago. Oh, don't disclaim your share in it, Miss Dillon!" Grania had begun to protest, her cheeks more warmly flushed than ever. "Ian tells me if it had not been for you he would never have been able to carry on all those dreadful weeks, to say nothing of your care of him during his own illness."

"Please don't say any more about it, Lady Evelyn!" The girl's voice held an appeal which struck the interested American as curious. "It was as you say, a dreadful time, and we were all very lucky it wasn't worse. I—I hope Doctor Keble is quite well again? He very nearly died, you know. . . ."

"Yes. He is quite well, thank you, and very busy, as usual. You are staying here, I gather?"

"Yes. I am with my uncle and aunt at the Hotel Internationale."

"Well, we shall probably meet again," said Evelyn rather drawlingly. "And I hope we shall see you at the Villa aux Etoiles. I'm sure the Countess Bocchi will be delighted to see you, especially as you and Oonagh are old friends already."

She paused a moment, then turned to Mr. Cronin with a query on her lips.

"The time? I expect it's getting on for noon . . . yes, it's past twelve already. I suppose we'll have to be making a start for shore pretty soon."

At the age of forty-one Elmer Cronin was unmarried, owing, so his intimates said, to a disappointment ten years earlier, when the young girl to whom he was engaged literally flew from him, eloping with a richer and unsuspected rival who owned a super-aeroplane, which was at the moment the latest word in luxury.

That within the ensuing ten years Elmer Cronin became one of the richest men in America, while the flying rival lost one fortune after another, and finally crashed to his death in a spectacular attempt to beat a world record of some kind, seemed to some of Cronin's friends a sufficiently poetic justice; but Elmer Cronin himself had never looked upon it in that light, and no one but himself and his lawyer knew whence came the unexpected windfall which raised the young widow from poverty to comparative affluence. . . .

He had been strongly attracted to Evelyn Keble at his first meeting with her in the contessa's lovely villa. Her marvellous coloring, her beautiful figure had first engaged his admiration, and her social poise and knowledge of the world seemed wonderful to him in a woman who was still under thirty; and he had been surprised to learn from his hostess that the husband of this brilliant and attractive woman was merely a clever London doctor of no particular rank or fame, and not, as he had half expected to find, a diplomat, or some other important figure in English politics.

Later, as the party sat at lunch with the lovely panorama of the lake visible between the flower-wreathed pillars of the loggia in which luncheon was served, Oonagh referred to the meeting with her former friends, and Evelyn explained, in her clear, rather drawling tones, the circumstances of Grania Dillon's acquaintance with her husband.

"It seems Miss Dillon was a friend of Ian's sister, Louise . . ."

"Louise Keble, of course!" The interruption came from Oonagh. "She was at school with us, though she was lots older than Grania or me."

"And when she found herself out in the desert with Ian—his sister, I mean—she invited Miss Dillon there to keep her company. But cholera broke out, and Ian sent her away with her little girl before Miss Dillon arrived."

"She went out, after all?"

"Yes. It seems she had started before the cable putting her off reached England." Evelyn's explanation sounded faintly bored. "So she arrived unexpectedly, and as no one could be found to take her back to Cairo, she just stayed on and kept house for my husband while he tried, to cope with the cholera in the village."

"Fortunately I was spared the knowledge of the episode till it was all over," said Evelyn carelessly. "There was no time for writing letters in those days, and the affair finished with my husband going down with typhoid. Besides, they weren't alone all the time. A doctor friend turned up more or less unexpectedly, and when Ian fell ill he and Miss Dillon worked so heroically that they pulled him through, though he tells me he very nearly died." She smiled rather wanly. "So you see I could hardly be expected to feel jealous of a woman who practically saved my husband's life."

"She is then, a veritable heroine!" The Countess spoke warmly. "And beautiful, too! May we not know this lady also, my beloved Evelyn? Will you ask her to make a visit with us here? And since she is already well known to Oonagh it will be easy to invite her."

"I'm sure she'd like to come," said Oonagh eagerly. "And her cousin, too—she's got the handsomest cousin, Contessa! You'd simply love him, he's like a young god in his swimming kit!"

"Then of a certainty they must come!" The gay little Contessa loved all handsome young men. "We will make a supper-party on the lake, perhaps—and they shall come. The launch will hold us all, and for the night we will be Italian and romantic and make love — those of us who know how!" She laughed mischievously. "Nina shall bring her guitar and sing songs of love and passion, and I will tinkle gaily on my mandolin!"

"Oh yes, do let us!" Oonagh clapped her hands delightedly. "But you can't have the handsome cousin Contessa—I want him for myself!"

If Evelyn had been somewhat discomfited to find Grania so attractive, the latter had been rather surprised by her first meeting with Ian's wife.

Although she had always realised from Ian's description of her that Lady Evelyn was a handsome woman Grania had pictured her as an older, more mature person, a woman beside whom she herself would look and feel a mere schoolgirl, devoid of any charm or grace, her very naturalness and youth being transformed into rawness and gaucherie beneath the other woman's poise and general effect of polished worldliness.

No. Prejudiced as she had been against Ian Keble's wife, her prejudice unconsciously strengthened by her own deep, if hopeless love for the man with whom she had shared the most fateful hours of her life, Grania was far too honest to deny Evelyn charm, and she told herself sadly that no man, having loved—and married—so attractive a woman could ever find the same thrill in any other woman's championship.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" Grania sprang up from the bed on which she had been sitting and began feverishly to pull off her thin white frock. "Lady Evelyn's his wife, and Ian would never, never let her down. But I would like to meet her again, get to know her a little better, find out what attracted Ian in the first place. I don't suppose I'll have the opportunity though, unless Oonagh asks me to join them on the beach one day."

Her wish was to be gratified, however, for the Countess Bocchi, anxious, so she said, to see the handsome cousin of whom Oonagh spoke so enthusiastically, invited Grania and Tony to lunch, postponing the suggested river party until she had made the acquaintance of the prospective guests.

As they were drinking coffee and drinking the vermouth which was a speciality

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f the villa's cellars the chug-chugging of a motor launch disturbed the midday silence of the lake, and looking down Signor Toselli drew Grania's attention to the party on board the elegant little vessel.

"There, Miss Deelon—" his English was fluent but rather oddly pronounced—"there goes a—what you call a star in the feelm world—Miss Rosa Nissen, the pride, they say, of Hollywood."

"Rosa Nissen? By jove, I've seen her lots of times!" Tony spoke eagerly. "Lovely creature, isn't she? Is that her boat?"

"Si—and that is ze Bella Donna herself—ze one lying back in a chair with ze men buzzing around her like the bees after ze honey-flower!" The Signor laughed at his own neat description.

"She is very pretty," said Evelyn languidly. "Such wonderful coloring. But do you think that gold hair can be natural?"

"Oh, I expect so," Grania spoke quickly. "She's a Dane or a Swede, isn't she? And they have marvellous coloring."

"The lady seems interested in your party, Countess." Tony had observed the film star's fixed stare directed at the loggia. "You don't know her, do you?"

"No, I do not know the lady—the 'star,' as you call her."

"BUT she wishes very much to know you, Contessa!" Signor Toselli smiled and turned to Grania with an explanation on his lips. "You must understand, if you please, that ze feelm queen 'as also a villa on ze lake, where she gives parties—oh, quite wonderful parties which are much spoken of among ze visitors to Lugano; and until our own bella Contessa"—he bowed to her—"arrived and began to entertain 'er friends, ze parties of ze feelm star were what you call all ze rage. But now, ze Contessa, 'oo belong—scusi, cara Margherita?—to one of ze oldest of Italian families, naturally 'er parties are more chic, more smart than that of Rosa Nissen—and ze lovely Rosa like it not. In fact she is envious, ver' envious of ze Contessa, and she give more and more parties, does more and more extraordinary things to gain notoriousness—zat is not right, no?—notoriety? Ah, yes, notoriety."

"It is very kind of her to be jealous," said the Countess gaily. "Some day I must become acquainted with her, and then we can visit each other's parties!"

"It wouldn't be difficult, I imagine," said Evelyn. "People in Miss Nissen's class are always ready to accept the smallest advance. I shouldn't expect, personally, to find her very interesting."

"They seem to find it difficult to leave your neighborhood, Contessa." It was Elmer Cronin who spoke. He had been watching the smart little launch intently for some moments, and his shrewd wits had come to a rather amused conclusion. "I believe they're short of petrol—they've stopped the engine anyway, in which case they'll probably wish to borrow some from you."

"But how amusing!" The little Countess clapped her hands delightedly. "Here is the opportunity of an introduction to your famous star, Signor Toni! But do you really think that is why they do not pass away from here?"

"Well, shall I inquire?" Tony's eyes danced with excitement.

Anything done in the Countess' service would be a pleasure, and when Margherita agreed to his proposition he leaned out over the stone balustrade, and, cupping his mouth with his hands, called out at the top of his powerful young voice:

"Ahoy there! Are you all right, or do you need assistance?"

"Run out of juice. Could you lend us a spot to get back to Lugano?"

"Right. Just wait a moment, will you?" Tony turned back to the loggia, his eyes sparkling. "You heard, Countess? What about it? Can you help them?"

"But of course. We have plenty of petrol for our own, carina." She spoke quickly. "How can they get it? They are not far away—do you think they can bring their launch to the steps? If so, Guiseppe can give them all they need."

As the launch approached the steps the Countess herself, with one or two of her guests, descended to meet them, and while the pilot, an Italian youth, explained his needs to Guiseppe, the villa's private boatman, Rosa Nissen and her three masculine guests were cordially invited by the Countess to come ashore for a cup of coffee and a petit verre—an invitation which the film star accepted readily.

"Guess we'd be silly to refuse, eh, boys?" The flashing smile showing exquisite teeth was immediately in evidence, and Miss Nissen sprang ashore with an agility which betokened the physical fitness needed apparently by a famous film star. "I'd admire to see your villa, Countess—I believe it's even sweller than mine, and that's saying a mouthful, believe me!"

No one was sorry when Miss Nissen and her companions rose to take leave, the former bestowing a comprehensive invitation to all and sundry to visit her at the Villa Rose; and when at length their launch had chug-chugged noisily away the Countess heaved an ostentatious sigh of relief.

"DIO, but how the woman talks—chatter, chatter, like a monkey in the Gorge des Singes! And is it possible that voice is heard in pictures?"

"Perhaps she has a voice substitute who doubles for her," suggested Mr. Cronin with a smile. "That's often done, you know, and I doubt whether even the most besotted of film fans could listen with rapture to that raucous shriek!"

"But a party at her villa would be awfully amusing," said Oonagh gaily. "If she asks us, do let's go, Contessa! I expect it would be the wierdest thing ever, and I'm all out for new experiences!"

"I guess if she does invite you, she'll go all out to show you what's what!" This was Tony's contribution. "I only hope she includes us, don't you G.?"

"Yes, indeed." Grania laughed. "And now, Tony, it's time we said good-bye. Thank you so much for your delightful party, Countess. The view from your villa is a dream of beauty, and we've much enjoyed meeting the famous Rosa!"

"You must come again, Signorina!" The little Countess embraced her pretty guest enthusiastically and pressed the handsome Tony's hand with much warmth. "We will have a supper-party on the lake, and he really what you call Bohemian—go and perhaps dance at Campione with the good tourists. Si si, I will arrange an excursion!"

"Good-bye, Miss Dillon." Evelyn's voice was expressionless as she shook hands. "I will tell Ian that I have met you; I'm sure he will be much interested."

"Good-bye, Lady Evelyn." With an effort Grania retained her farewell smile as she answered, but a pang of something like jealousy pierced her heart at Evelyn's casual mention of her husband, and she was glad when at length she and Tony were safely seated in the Countess' car which was to take them back to their hotel.

TONY was full of enthusiasm over the Countess' hospitality and friendliness. He found all the company attractive, and declared he had never seen so many pretty women together before.

"The Countess is charming, isn't she, Grania? And of course the Italian girl—Lucia. What's-her-name—is a real Southern beauty, only she hadn't eyes for anyone but that English fellow. And Oonagh's pretty, too, if she didn't make up so much."

"Oh, that's all the rage nowadays," said Grania carelessly. "I should do it myself if I hadn't plenty of color already. After all, Oonagh wouldn't be so attractive if she didn't make up a trifle—she was too pale at school. And you mustn't be so old-fashioned and early-Victorian, Tony."

She paused for a moment before continuing her speech, but Tony, engaged in admiring the exquisite fittings of the luxurious car, did not notice her hesitation and presently she put the question she was longing to ask.

"You've not mentioned Lady Evelyn, Tony. Don't you think she's very good-looking, too?"

"Oh, by Jove, yes!" He was instantly all animation. "In some ways she's the best-looking of the lot. There's something so—so thoroughbred about her. And her coloring's marvellous."

"Yes." She tried to infuse some warmth into the monosyllable.

Tony regarded his cousin with a twinkle in his eyes. "I'd have thought Lady Evelyn was good enough for any man. Wish she'd look at me, anyhow. She wouldn't have to look twice, I can tell you!"

At his fatuity some of Grania's discomposure vanished in an involuntary smile, and she spoke more naturally.

"What an ass you are, Tony! As if Lady Evelyn would ever look at a gossoon like you!"

Her deliberate use of the national term made Tony "come over all Irish," as he expressed it, and he replied with the assumption of a brogue which would have done credit to a stage Irishman.

"Shure, an' it's the broth of a boy she'd be thinkin' me, mavourneen! It's jealous you are—and if I set meself to put the comether on her, d'ye think even himself would be able to stop me carryin' off the swate thing?"

"Oh, Tony, don't be so daft!" Grania laughed outright, and the boy subsided and became intelligible again.

CHAPTER 5

WHETHER or no Lady Evelyn Keble and Grania Dillon wished to become better acquainted, that better acquaintance was to be their lot.

The gay party at the villa had no intention of remaining shut up within even such fascinating walls as those of the countess' home. The charming chatelaine herself strongly deprecated a self-contained existence, and by day and night she entertained her guests with a light-hearted gaiety which brought them constantly into contact with their fellow-beings.

To Evelyn, whose inner life at the moment was not altogether serene, this carefree existence in a world of sunshine and blue skies was doubly welcome. She

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found her companions agreeable, especially the courtly and well-read American, who was an excellent specimen of his sometimes maligned race. In return, Elmer Cronin admitted to himself that he had never expected to meet an Englishwoman with just this combination of qualities he most admired in women—poise, graciousness of bearing and manner, combined with beauty, wit, a fastidious outlook on life, and a keen sense of values which led her to desire the best of everything, material and mental, to reject the spurious, the pinchbeck, and to make life a well-ordered, dignified, yet amusing and interesting affair.

This was just such a woman as he would have liked for his wife, the mistress of his many houses, the mansion in New York, the so-called bungalow in Florida, the big dwelling in California, the "cottage" on Long Island. He would have liked to introduce her to his friends, many of them rich and respected business men, financiers, like himself; others, surprisingly, perhaps, artists, musicians, writers. He would have enjoyed going about with her, voyaging with her in his luxurious yacht to lovely and little-known tropical isles; would have liked to show her the wonders for which his country was famous, the Rockies, the great lakes and prairies of Canada, the redwoods of California, and with her have penetrated the, to him, as yet unexplored mysteries of the East.

Elmer Cronin was pre-eminently a man of the world; and he had been quick to suspect some odd current of feeling between the fair Englishwoman and the pretty Irish girl—a feeling for which at first he could not account, though some measure of enlightenment came when the countess, skilfully interrogated, told him something of the story of Ian Keble's gallant fight against disease in the cholera-stricken village of Den-Afar, dwelling with perhaps the slightest tinge of malicious amusement upon Grania's inopportune arrival and subsequent sojourn in the stone house on the edge of the Arab settlement.

MISS NISSEN'S parties were notorious over a large area of the lakeside resorts. Her huge black-and-white car, her showy motor launch, were familiar to all the dwellers for miles along the shore, as they dashed about on land or water; she would often bring a score of friends to camp like gay seabirds beneath the orange umbrella of the Lido, and here, if their natural hilarity was a trifle less resonant, their swimming-suits and beach pyjamas shrieked more loudly than their voices.

Miss Nissen herself was a fine swimmer, and she was no laggard in advertising the fact, challenging any other good swimmer to race with her, and generally, it may be remarked, coming in an easy winner.

But there were other good swimmers on the Lido, among them Grania and her cousin Tony; and after their unexpected meeting at the Countess' villa, Miss Nissen lost no time in inviting them to pit their skill against hers, feeling complacently assured that victory in such contests must be hers.

To her surprise and annoyance she found that she had under-estimated their prowess, and, as the result of a long and strenuous race between two given points, she herself came in third, with Tony first, and Grania close behind him at the finishing post.

The rest of the beach displayed a lively interest in the race—which the film-star had rather indiscreetly advertised beforehand—and the big raft was crowded with swimmers and sun-bathers of both sexes as the combatants drew near to shore. Many of the visitors, thrilled with even this contact with the famous Rosa, cheered her wildly as she came in, cleaving the water like a marvellous green and orange fish; but the more discriminating spectators pinned their faith to the cousins in their workmanlike blue swimming suits, and the result of the race justified their powers of selection.

There was in reality a very brief interval before Rosa followed her victorious rivals on to the raft, from which willing hands were extended to help her to scramble aboard, but Miss Nissen's expression as she flung herself down was not very pleasant, and her congratulations were by no means flatteringly hearty.

TO add to her annoyance the fame of the race had spread to the hotels and villas along the shore, with the result that the local paper, which devoted a large part of its space to the doings of the visitors to the lake, came out with an elaborate account of the affair, an account which was immediately copied by correspondents of the Continental editions of English and American papers, which found a ready sale amongst those staying in Lugano and adjacent resorts.

From that day Miss Rosa Nissen's energies were devoted to outdoing the activities, social and otherwise, which filled the merry days and nights of the guests at the Villa of Stars. A very great personage in the Italian world spent two days with the Countess. Miss Nissen responded by entertaining an ex-royalty from a distant country to three hectic days and nights, whose echoes penetrated, via the Press, even to that distant land whence the ex-Royalty emanated. The Countess Bocchi gave a musical party, to which she invited a large gathering, whom she entertained with singing and playing of the most distinguished variety. Miss Nissen replied by giving a dinner-party, at which fortunately for her she was able to install a very famous male planet from the film world as her chief guest, and once more the Press rang with the gay doings of the Villa Rose.

To Rosa Nissen, of course, publicity was the breath of life, and she could hardly be blamed if she made it easy for enterprising young journalists—some of whom frequented her parties to chronicle her doings in the Press. But she resented the presentation of counter-attractions; and the affair of Lady Evelyn's narrow escape from drowning, and her subsequent rescue—an affair which was rapturously fallen upon by the journalists aforesaid—caused Rosa genuine annoyance—an annoyance which was to have widespread and far-reaching consequences.

AS the days passed the weather grew ever warmer and more summer-like, and the Countess's guests were content to laze away their time in the shady villa garden, and in—or on—the waters of the lake which washed the flower-wreathed walls and balustrades of the said garden.

At last, however, a morning cooler than the rest, though still brilliantly hot and fine, tempted them away from the villa. The countess, whose present guests included a sister, a stately widow many years older than herself, had been obliged to accept an invitation to a family luncheon-party at Stresa, and she begged her friends to excuse her absence and amuse themselves in any way which seemed good to them.

Some of them voted for an excursion to the Borromean Isles, whose horticultural beauties would be at their best on a day like this. Evelyn, who had visited the islands several times already, refused the urgently-worded invitation to accompany the party, and in the end she agreed to accompany some newcomers to the Lido, which they were extremely anxious to visit.

As usual, the scene was cheerful and animated; Evelyn and Mr. and Mrs. Rodney established themselves under an orange umbrella, and spent a lazy half hour before taking to the water. As they sat down again after a rather dawdling swim, Grania and her youngest cousin, Sheila, passed them on their way to the lake and greetings and introductions followed, after which Evelyn inquired smilingly what had become of Tony. He, it transpired, had gone rather unwillingly with Dr. O'Keefe to Milan, and the rest of the family had started early for the long expedition to St. Moritz, an expedition which Grania and Tony had already made with their friends from the Villa of Stars.

"Aren't you coming in, Lady Evelyn?" Grania spoke more impulsively than usual. "It's lovely this morning, and I'd adore to go on a raft, but my uncle doesn't like Sheila to go without him in case she gets upset a long way out, and I don't care to go alone."

"I've been in already," said Evelyn, "but I wouldn't mind going in again and I'd rather like a tow behind a boat this morning."

SHE had frequently made trips to the centre of the lake in company with the cousins, and although on one occasion their three rafts had capsized almost simultaneously, none of the three, all expert swimmers, had been the worse for their immersion, which had been indeed a cause of much reminiscent merriment in the respective circles of the victims.

"Shall we go then? Won't your friends come and try it too?"

Mr. and Mrs. Rodney, however, declined, alleging that they would like to practise a little before venturing on the frail-looking rafts, which were apparently only too ready to tip up and fling their occupants into the depths of the smiling lake, and they sat down again and invited the pretty Irish child to keep them company while the two intrepid adventurers gave a display of their prowess as raft-riders.

Grania and Evelyn accordingly made their way to the little quay from which the boats started, and having carefully selected their craft from the smiling boatman they started off on their tour, each balancing herself carefully on the rather slippery boards and bracing herself, reins in hand, for what is surely one of the most exhilarating of all water sports.

They had reached the outward point at which the boatmen deemed it advisable to turn back, and were in the act of turning when the disaster occurred. This, as all participants in the sport know, is the crucial moment, the moment which calls for the greatest skill in adjustment to the turning manoeuvre of the boat behind which one is more or less precariously poised; and although Evelyn Keble had performed the feat several times in safety, on this day either her nerve or her judgment failed her, and she swayed several times, lost, apparently, her balance on the boards—very slippery by now—and the next moment the raft appeared to tip up under her jerky movements, and with an

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involuntary cry Evelyn plunged off the swaying raft into the lake.

The boatmen, well used to these happenings, and not unduly disturbed thereby, since few people indulged in this pastime unless well able to look after themselves, laughed cheerfully and slowed up, expecting the lady to appear again immediately and swim to the side of the boat, whence it was easy for their experienced hands to lift her in; and for a moment Grania, engaged in keeping her own balance behind the turning boat, did not realise what had happened to her companion in the adventure. When she suddenly noticed that Evelyn had not only disappeared from her raft but had failed to reappear, according to schedule she did not hesitate a second, but letting go of the ropes by which she was guiding herself dived neatly into the lake in an attempt to rescue her companion, who was evidently in difficulties.

"Cramp! She once said she was subject to cramp!" The thought tore like a lightning flash through Grania's consciousness as she dived, and she breathed an unspoken prayer that she might be in time to rescue Evelyn before she sank. . . .

The boatman, who was preparing to dive when Grania forestalled him, watched breathlessly to see whether his assistance would be necessary. He knew the dark, laughing-eyed young lady well by this time and had often admired her prowess in the water, so his hesitation was excusable enough and seemed, indeed, justified when, a moment later, Grania rose to the surface a short distance away, supporting the limp green and white form which seemed totally unable to do anything to help her in the task of rescue.

Grania's surmise had been correct. Even as she slipped off her raft in. . the water Evelyn had felt an agonising pain shoot through the calf of her left leg and guessed with an indescribable terror, that she had been attacked by the horrid foe of cramp, dreaded by all athletes, but more particularly perhaps by swimmers, since to them it constitutes a deadly menace against which they may fight in vain.

Trying, quite fruitlessly, to go through the motions of swimming Evelyn was conscious of a feeling of uncontrollable panic, and as she felt herself sinking like a stone through the green water which in spite of the hot sunshine of the summer day seemed to her oddly, terrifying cold, she sent one wild, despairing thought to Ian, who would never, so she told herself wildly, have allowed her to drown thus in the icy waters of this cruel lake. . . .

THE next instant she was conscious of a warm hand grasping her shoulder, of a strong arm holding her up, of an eager voice in her ear bidding her relax and allow herself to be saved without attempting to help by any movement of her own . . . and with relief came an utter loosening of the tension which had held her in its grip since she took that involuntary plunge into the water, a great peace engulfed her soul, and Evelyn Keble lost consciousness in the arms of the girl whom she had sometimes almost hated. . . .

In this mercifully unconscious state she was hauled aboard the motor-boat, followed by the dripping Grania, and the little craft then sped for the shore at a speed it had probably never attained before.

The accident had, of course, been witnessed by scores of horrified visitors, and when the motor-boat came to rest at the little pier an Italian doctor was the first to offer his services to the unfortunate lady.

Luckily Evelyn's faint was not of long duration. Beneath the skilful ministrations of the doctor she was soon restored to consciousness; and since she and Grania were equally anxious to avoid notoriety they made all possible speed to return to their cubicles and resume their dry garments preparatory to returning to their respective abodes.

The identity of both young women had, of course, quickly been established. There were several of the O'Keefes' friends on the beach, and Sheila, whose pretty little face had at first been white with terror and then pink with pride at her beloved cousin's performance, was surrounded by eager questioners, to some of whom Lady Evelyn Keble was known only as one of the guests in the marvellous Villa of Stars.

While Grania was dressing Sheila answered such questions as were put to her; and a smart young woman journalist, seeing no reason why, although holiday-making, she should not benefit her London paper—and herself—by a genuine piece of news, soon drew from the impulsive little Irish girl the story of Grania's heroism in the desert when, according to her, Grania and Lady Evelyn's husband had fought, side by side, through a terrible cholera epidemic, an experience which had nearly ended fatally for Dr. Keble.

Not realising that she was being skilfully "pumped," Sheila readily gave her attractive questioner such information as she possessed; and when she had run off to join her cousin Miss Lil Hamilton hastened back to her hotel and dived into her suitcase for the notebook and pencil which accompanied her even on holidays.

Which happening accounts for the fact that Dr. Ian Keble, sitting over his breakfast in the big dining-room of the Queen Anne Street house, opened his paper two mornings later to find his own name—coupled, mirabile dictu!—with that of Grania Dillon, staring up at him from the printed page . . .

ALMOST disbelieving the evidence of his own eyes, Ian Keble read the paragraph through to the end, and having done so turned back and read it once more, his face clouding as he took in the sense of the words.

"The visitors to Lugano's very gay and attractive Lido were treated to an unexpected sensation on Wednesday morning, when the beautiful Lady Evelyn Keble, who is one of the guests of the Countess Bocchi, at her poetically-named lake-side home, the Villa of Stars, nearly met her death by drowning in the lake, owing to an attack of cramp following the capsizing of the raft on which she was standing to be towed by a fast motor-boat, a sport which is highly popular among the visitors to the Lido. Lady Evelyn, although a fine swimmer, was rendered helpless by cramp, and would possibly have been drowned but for the prompt action of another visitor, Miss Grania Dillon, who dived off a neighboring raft and succeeded in bringing Lady Evelyn to the surface and supporting her until she could be lifted into one of the motor-boats. Except for shock, neither lady was the worse for the immersion, but an interesting fact emerged when it became known that Lady Evelyn's husband was the Dr. Ian Keble of Queen Anne Street, London, who was the hero of the recent desert affair in which he, almost single-handed, fought and vanquished an epidemic of cholera in a native village, almost losing his own life in the attempt. A still more interesting fact is that Miss Grania Dillon, the rescuer of Lady Evelyn, was by chance visiting the desert village at the time, and not only did she lend valuable assistance for many weeks, but eventually nursed Dr. Keble through the severe illness which was the reward of his own heroism. Thus, Miss Dillon may be said to have saved the lives of both husband and wife, and both, we may be sure, feel an immense debt of gratitude to the charmingly modest Irish girl, with the delightful grey eyes 'put in with a smutty finger,' as the Irish say, and the quick wit which enables her to act promptly and efficiently in an emergency."

"GRANIA! And Evelyn! Evelyn never mentioned having met Grania . . ." He put down the paper with an unsteady hand. "They might both have been drowned—and how in the world did all that desert stuff get out? Grania wouldn't talk, I know that—and Evelyn will hate this cheap notoriety I suppose some nosing journalist got on to it—I wish there was some way of suppressing those fellows and their impertinence!"

He rose impatiently.

"I'd better send a wire and find out if they're both O.K."

His telegram, asking for reassurance, was duly sent, and the answer came quickly, followed by a letter from Evelyn, making light of her own alarm, but emphasising with a generosity for which he loved her, the courage and skill which had sent Grania flying, literally headlong, to her rescue. At the end of the letter she made a tentative suggestion that Ian should come out in a week or two to bring her home since she could not yield to the Contessa's pressing invitation to remain with her for much longer; and Ian was angry with himself for the sudden leap in his pulses which he experienced at the mere possibility of a meeting with Grania.

Ian Keble was not the only person to whom the news of the lake affair brought apprehension and dismay.

Elmer Cronin, returning from his solitary expedition to Locarno, whither he had been to visit an old friend, was passed in the street by the huge black-and-cream car belonging to Miss Rosa Nissen, and as he raised his hat in salutation the film star stopped her chauffeur with a shrill word and beckoned the American to approach her.

"Well, Mr. Cronin, and what do you think of this morning's tragedy on the lake? I wasn't there—unfortunately!—but I suppose you know all about it. How are they at the villa this evening?"

"Tragedy?" He spoke sharply. "My dear Miss Nissen, I know nothing of any tragedy. Tell me what you mean."

"But surely you know?" She raised her eyebrows significantly at her commanding tone. "You've not been away—oh, you have? Then I suppose you've not heard of the accident to Lady Evelyn Keble."

"Accident? What do you mean? Kindly tell me at once." Now he was absolutely peremptory, and Miss Nissen flushed beneath her make-up as she answered, with a trace of resentment, that she thought everyone knew by this time that Lady Evelyn had been thrown off her raft into the centre of the lake . . .

She paused dramatically, but although Elmer Cronin's soul was literally torn with anxiety beneath his quietude, his face, the face of a poker player, betrayed nothing.

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and, rather disappointed, Miss Nissen went on with her story.

"Well, I guess it would have been all up with her ladyship if that other dame—the one they call Granis—hadn't dived in to the rescue. Dived from a raft close by, y'know, and had Lady Evelyn to the surface in no time. They got them both into the boat and brought 'em in; then they both went home, and that's all I know about it."

"I see. You tell a story graphically, Miss Nissen." He smiled enigmatically. "I suppose you get in the way of seeing things as though they were pictures on the screen—that's why you describe them pictorially, I mean.

"Your description is so vivid that I feel I must hurry to the villa to see for myself that no one is the worse for the adventure." He smiled, and stood back from the car. "Au revoir, Miss Nissen. I hope we may meet again before long."

"So long, then," she replied airily. "Don't forget my lake party next week. I sure count on seeing you, so don't dare let me down!"

"Oh, I'll be there, all right." He smiled and lifted his hat in farewell; and when Miss Nissen had rolled away in her huge car he did not, as he intended when meeting her, proceed to the Villa of Stars where the dinner hour would soon be at hand.

There was a reason for the delay in his return to the villa. He had something of the utmost importance to meditate upon, and he did not wish to meet Evelyn herself, nor indeed any of the gay crowd until he had considered the problem in all its intricacies, had mapped out the course he must pursue if he wished to gain the prize upon which his heart was set.

THE news of Evelyn's escape from death that day had shaken even Cronin's strong nerves. He was possessed of a powerful imagination with which few of his intimates would have credited him, and the thought of a world which no longer held the beautiful and brilliant Evelyn appalled him. True, she was the wife of another man and therefore, apparently, unobtainable, but Elmer Cronin was an American, to whom the idea of divorce was almost a commonplace, and he did not think the marriage need prove a serious obstacle provided Lady Evelyn was willing to look upon him with favor.

It was nine o'clock when he left the restaurant and took a little carriage back to the Villa of Stars. The Countess and her guests dined late on these beautiful summer nights, but he hoped fortune would favor him to the extent that the meal would be finished by the time of his return, since he was in no mood for noise and feasting. His hope was realised, for the party from the villa had decided to go for a moonlight lake excursion; and when at length he came out on to the loggia overlooking the water he found only one occupant, and that the woman with whom for the last four or five hours his thoughts had been so fully occupied.

Evelyn lay on a chaise-longue drawn up to the balustrade of the lamp-lit loggia, a bright Italian shawl thrown over her thin black dress, and as he approached quietly he saw that she was paler than usual and that there were faint shadows under her blue eyes. Evidently her adventure had not left her unscathed; and Elmer Cronin, hard-headed business man as he was, felt his heart melt in a quite unexpected impulse of compassion towards this pale and tired Evelyn who was so unlike the poised and brilliant young woman with whom the world was familiar.

She did not know he was there until he stood by her side in the warm moonlight, and then a sudden flush spread over her pale cheeks, and she looked at him with an expression he did not quite understand.

"Mr. Cronin — you're back then? Have you had dinner?"

"Yes, thanks. I asked Luigi to bring me a drink. I gather the rest of the party are on the lake?"

"Yes." She picked up a large fan and began to wave it to and fro languidly as the butler brought the tray of drinks and put it on the table at Elmer Cronin's elbow.

"Well, Lady Evelyn, I guess you've been making history while I've been away today. Do you care to tell me — or is it a thing you don't care to talk about?"

"Oh, I don't mind." She spoke rather listlessly. "But how did you hear of the affair? You've been away all day."

"I met Miss Nissen, and she told me." He brushed the unimportant issue aside. "But I'd rather hear it from you. You were seized with cramp and couldn't swim —isn't that so?"

"That is so." Unconsciously she imitated his rather crisp manner of speaking. "I slipped off my raft as the boat turned and fell ignominously into the lake. And not being able to swim, owing to an attack of cramp, I'd have been drowned if Miss Dillon hadn't very pluckily dived into the lake and held me up till they could haul me into the boat."

"Miss Dillon's a fine swimmer — and a fine girl . . ."

"Yes. She is — a fine girl." Evelyn spoke rather impressively, as though arguing with herself. "You know, of course, she saved my husband's life in the desert—or helped to save it, anyway. And now, I suppose, we owe her a double debt of gratitude. Odd, isn't it, that she should be instrumental in saving us both from death?"

"Odd? I don't know about that." He spoke rather absentmindedly, as though thinking of something else. Then, with a change of voice he went on swiftly: "I know one thing, however, and that is that I owe Miss Dillon a debt of gratitude I can't hope to repay."

"You do." For a second her fan paused in its rhythmical swaying, and she turned her eyes from their contemplation of the silver lake, lying like a great jewel in the mellow moonlight, to look at his face. "I don't think I understand."

"DON'T you? No, I don't suppose you do." He moistened his lips with his tongue, and as Evelyn noted this sign of an agitation very foreign to his usual calm composure her heart seemed, unaccountably, to lose a beat. "It has never occurred to you, of course, that if, at any time, or for any reason, you found your existence as the wife of Doctor Keble unpleasing to you, it would be an easy matter for a woman like yourself — beautiful, clever, attractive as few women are attractive — to exchange that mode of living for one which might prove more—well, more interesting?"

She stared at him with an almost frowning intensity, and the fan dropped unheeded to the floor.

"Mr. Cronin, I dare say I am very stupid, but I don't know in the least what you mean. I am married to Ian, and even if I don't always enjoy life in London as his wife, the wife of a man who is heart and soul in his profession — well, I can't slip out of that life and into a different one as easily as I can change one frock for another."

"Yet it wouldn't really be hard, provided you didn't mind a little initial trouble, and—possibly—publicity." Now he spoke almost musingly. "And once that was over, no blame attaching to you, you might possibly learn to enjoy life from a new angle, a new viewpoint, so to speak. But, of course, it would only be possible if you were able to forget that former existence and all its obligations and attachments."

Below the loggia the lake lay like a symphony of silver light and darker shadow, and up the sides of the opposite mountain a chain of stars spoke of the result of man's ingenuity in rendering the mountain slope easy of ascent. At the very top a single light shone bravely, but whether it were indeed a star or another tribute to man's efficiency could not be ascertained at this distance with any surety.

THE moon herself, a splendid silver disc, passed slowly, superbly across the sky, and to the man who waited for Evelyn's reply her ray turned the face of the woman who meant so much to him to the likeness of a luminous pearl.

"Well?" Suddenly his voice, hoarse with feeling, shattered the moonlit peace of the loggia, and Evelyn started with a sudden terror born of the knowledge that the man was waiting for the reply she dared withhold no longer.

"Mr. Cronin, I'm afraid I don't understand — or at least I — if I do understand, I don't want to — to answer you. You must see that I can't even think of any other life than that of Ian's wife. It's impossible, absolutely and entirely out of the question."

"Is it?" He spoke very quietly, but there was a note of steel in his voice. "Lady Evelyn, you must excuse my plain speaking, and if you can truthfully tell me I'm mistaken I will apologise and leave you in peace. From the first moment I saw you I admired you more than any women I've ever known — save one — and since I've grown more intimate with you I have believed you were not happy, not as happy as a woman like you has a right to be. And I have wondered, from time to time, whether you and your husband were, if I may put it so, congenially married."

He paused, but Evelyn said nothing, her eyes fixed on the marble tiles of the loggia floor, and he went on with a shade more confidence in his tone:

"I've asked no question of anyone. I'd have scorned to do that, even if anyone would have answered them. But I've gathered that your ideas — or perhaps I should say ideals — differ from those of your husband, and that in the nature of things it is you, generally speaking, who have to give way. And from what I have seen of you here, of your beauty, your intellect, your talents, your wit and knowledge of the best kind of worldliness, it seems to me you were born to adorn a much larger and more cosmopolitan circle than is usually open to the wife of a physician, however able he may be."

Suddenly Evelyn found her voice, and she spoke almost impatiently.

"And if it were so, if, as you so flatter-

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ingly suggest, I am thrown away, so to speak, in the rather limited circle which is all a hard-working doctor's wife can expect — well, what remedy do you propose? I can't go about the world by myself, you know, and I don't think a great many influential and intellectual circles would welcome a woman who had no background, as it were, except a possibly attractive appearance and a fairly quick wit."

"No. But I wasn't proposing that." He hesitated for a moment, then took the plunge with the proverbial steadiness which had made him at once one of the richest and at the same time respected men in New York. "See here, Lady Evelyn, we have been good friends, you and I, and if my proposition angers you I shall be sorry. But, in any case, I'm bound to go ahead; so is it understood you'll listen to me quietly and not be annoyed with me for putting it to you?"

FOR a moment he waited patiently enough for her reply, and presently he caught a whispered sound which he interpreted as one of assent.

"I think you must have seen that I have thought a great deal of you during these weeks, Evelyn." He used her name deliberately. "I don't know your husband, though I gather he is a man of distinguished personality and a brave fighter. But you I do know, and I believe that if you could find it possible to get over the initial difficulty of substituting one man for another you would find that I could make you happier than possibly your husband can do."

Again he paused, but she said nothing, and he did not wait long for a reply.

"As my wife you would have unlimited opportunities of seeing the world. Oh, I'm not talking in terms of money. I dare say you have always had plenty, and money cuts no ice with me, anyway. But the things best worth having don't need a tremendous lot of dollars. We could motor about the world, cruise among tropical islands, stay awhile in cities here and there to meet the best worth-while people in both hemispheres."

Once more he stopped speaking, and this time the pause lasted so long that the woman who had listened to his speech realised that the time had come for her reply. But it was by no means an easy task and she hesitated a long time before she began, rather haltingly, to answer the unspoken question which she had heard in his words.

"Mr. Cronin, I've listened quietly and I won't pretend I haven't understood what you are trying to convey to me. Well, a good deal of what you say—or imply—is true. The life you suggest as an alternative to my present life is very attractive in lots of ways. I suppose I have rather a restless soul. I like variety and change, though I'm not particularly adventurous. I wasn't meant for an explorer, a pioneer. I often choose flying as a means of travel because it's quick and convenient, but I don't feel any desire to pilot my own machine. I like to see the world, but I admit I like to see it comfortably. I like to meet clever, interesting people, but I like them well-washed and of my own class. My own tastes, by the way, are quite simple. I'm not really materialistic, fond of luxury, but I admit I like the cream of life better than the skim milk. But"—suddenly she realised that she was simply juggling with words, enlarging on her own characteristics in a most uncharacteristic fashion in an effort to postpone the moment which must come—"all this is beside the point. And yet . . ."

She stopped, an unusual flood of color transforming her pearly pallor into the semblance of a rose, and Elmer Cronin told himself that here was indeed the most beautiful woman he had ever beheld.

"Well, because I can't lead exactly the sort of life I want doesn't justify me in thinking of exchanging it for another more attractive one. Besides"—for a moment her face softened, grew almost wistful—"Ian is the best man in the world—too good for me, if it comes to that."

"He may be the best man in the world, but is he the right man for you?"

The question was one which Evelyn had often asked herself without attempting seriously to find an answer, but on the lips of another it took on an almost ominous significance, and for perhaps the first time since she married Ian Evelyn glimpsed the possibility of a life shared not with Ian but with another man, a man whose tastes, opportunities, and predilections were more in harmony with her own.

But what of Ian? What of his emotions, his sensations, did he lose her from his life? Would that loss mean as much to him now as it would have done a year, two years, ago?

Did she, after all, stand for as much in his daily round as she had once done, or had she, by her constant withdrawals from his life, created a void which might well be filled by the figure of another woman, by the bare notion sent an exquisite pang through her heart, but her fundamental honesty insisted on the pronouncement of the name—by the figure of Grania Dillon?

She could hardly bear to think of Ian being attracted by Grania to the extent of disowning all their mutual memories, breaking the strongly-forged ties which bound them, yet oddly enough the thought of Grania made the possibility of a final severance of those ties more bearable, more credible than it would otherwise have been

FOR one flashing second, indeed, Evelyn pictured herself free, free to be the wife of this very attractive American, leading the existence he had so cleverly presented before her mental vision, a life rich in interest, in variety, spent in the movement, the changing scenes she adored, at her side a man who might, so her instinct assured her, be trusted to treat a woman fairly, a man, moreover, who had very rapidly learned to estimate her at her true worth. That he was alive to her social and decorative value to an extent which Ian would never have acquired was an asset in her eyes. He saw her, she knew, not only as a sympathetic and charming companion, a talented, interesting woman, but as a gracious hostess, a fitting chatelaine for his many houses, a woman with whom his political and diplomatic friends might talk as easily as the less stately, less formal citizens of the artistic world. . . .

Suddenly, at this stage of her reverie, Evelyn came to herself with a terrific start of surprise that her vagrant thought had carried her so far.

"Please don't pursue the subject any further, Mr. Cronin. It's not a very happy one to discuss, and in any case nothing can ever be done to alter existing conditions."

"Well it's for you to decide, Lady Evelyn." He spoke very quietly, almost, she thought, coldly. "Don't forget, though, that to me divorce isn't the sinful—or perhaps shameful's the better word—matter to me that it is to you and your country-folk. Over there in America we look upon marriage as a more or less impermanent contract which can be cut short if it's found unsatisfactory in the carrying-out. There's a big percentage of satisfactory marriages, of course, and I'm not saying that isn't the highest state. But to me it seems saner, more moral to cut one's losses than to carry on and try to persuade yourself it's all O.K. when you know in your heart that daily association with a partner whose companionship no longer gives you pleasure or ennoblement doesn't make for the ultimate good of either of you. And of course"—was it her fancy, or did he stress the point?—"over there one's social status isn't affected by divorce in the manner it is over here."

"I quite realise that, Mr. Cronin. But I don't think we need go any further into the matter." To herself Evelyn was saying that she must cut short this agitating conversation, that it was a reflection on Ian as well as on herself, and her voice was colder than she knew as she went on to say good-night, alleging unusual fatigue, the result, she supposed, of the morning's shock, as an excuse to close the discussion.

To her relief he accepted her decision readily enough.

"Sure, it's been too bad of me to worry you like this when you're all in after a trying day." He spoke warmly. "Good night, Lady Evelyn, and I hope it is a good night, without disturbing dreams of the lake!"

"Oh, I shan't dream I'm drowning," she said lightly. "Good night, Mr. Cronin. Please make my apologies to Margherita and the rest."

He promised to do so, and a moment later he was alone in the moonlit loggia.

For nearly an hour he sat there, almost motionless, and all sorts of pictures floated before his mental eyes, pictures of a marvellously dressed Evelyn acting hostess to all that was best in the cosmopolitan world of New York, an Evelyn wearing the riding kit which would best show off her beautiful figure, riding with him over his ranch, an idle Evelyn lying at ease on the deck of a yacht voyaging over sunny seas—and perchance another Evelyn, a soft-eyed, mysteriously gentle Evelyn, with whom might be spent wonderfully alluring hours of companionship of intimacy, of tenderness. . . .

"What a damn' fool I am!" With an impatient exclamation Elmer Cronin threw away his cigar and rose to his feet as he saw the Countess's motor-launch approaching the villa, and knew that for that night at least the time of quiet meditation was at an end.

CHAPTER 6

GREATLY to the annoyance of both the protagonists in the lake affairs, though greatly also to the amusement and entertainment of the lively Countess Bocchi and her guests, the story of Evelyn's rescue from drowning by Grania became common property in the little English community of Lugano and, indeed, further along the shores of the lake where the gay Margherita was well known and highly popular.

The one person to whom this notoriety was equally unwelcome was Miss Rosa Nissen, who felt that her claims to notice as a famous Hollywood star on vacation were being unduly slighted. Unlike many people famous in the cinema world, who are often really extremely modest, Miss Nissen had an almost unappeasable appetite for adulation, for admiration, and for advertisement.

On the morning on which the aforesaid

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photograph appeared in the local papers her publicity agent, a sleek young American, had received a quite unmerited rebuke from the lady for the comparatively small amount of publicity she was enjoying during this visit to Lugano.

"It's absurd," said Rosa sharply, "but quite a lot of people don't seem to know I'm here at all. You know quite well that over in Hollywood they watch our notices here, and just because I'm resting till I go back to start the big picture is no reason why I should drop out of the public eye—is it now?"

"Of course not." Mr. Van Dine knew on which side of his bread he must look for butter. "But, my dear Miss Nissen, even a Philistine can't make bricks without straw." Mr. Van Dine's biblical knowledge was not profound. "And I'll make all the bricks in the world if you'll give me a few straws."

"NONSENSE," snapped Miss Nissen. "It's your job to find the straws. You don't expect me to get half-drowned in the lake or anything like that before you can find anything to say about me, do you? Surely my parties are gay enough, aren't they? But you don't get hardly anything out of 'em; even when Prince What's-his-name stayed at the villa you didn't work it right. And that Italian Countess over yonder has only to give a tea-party and the whole town knows about it. You're a wash-out, Van, and that's a fact."

"My dear lady," Van was still reasonable, "have a heart! Do something spectacular. If you don't feel like drowning, have a motor smash—lose your famous emeralds; have 'em stolen if you like—but do for the love of Mike give me at least a couple of straws to build a brick with!" His eastern simile apparently pleased Mr. Van Dine.

"I don't care to lose my emeralds, though that would be good publicity, and a motor smash is dangerous. No, those won't do. Well, I'm off out, so good-bye, Van. Try to think out some really good stunt."

When the young man had gone, inwardly execrating the vanity and folly of women who must always be in the limelight, Miss Nissen sat alone for nearly an hour thinking profoundly, playing the while with the magnificent emeralds without which she was seldom seen.

Only when her mind had reached its appointed end did she rise and fare forth into the garden of the Villa in search of her chauffeur, a young American, though Irish by birth, who had been in her service ever since her sudden rise to fame three or four years ago, and adored his capricious, inconsiderate, but always generous employer.

With him she had a long and confidential talk, and later he in turn talked long and earnestly with the two Italian brothers who acted respectively as gardener and launch-driver to the film star.

The result of this conversation was duly reported to Miss Nissen, and she dismissed Larry, her chauffeur, with a rather absent-minded nod and returned to her cogitations.

THE O'Keefes' stay in Lugano was drawing to a close. Dr. O'Keefe was a physician with a large practice in Ireland and could not afford to stay away very many weeks. The whole family, including Grania, loudly lamented the imminence of their return, but being Irish they accepted the inevitable with philosophical resignation, and set to work to wring every drop of enjoyment out of the remaining time.

Evelyn had thanked her for her share in the rescue with a real and earnest sincerity which Grania appreciated the more in that she had long since realised that between herself and Ian Keble's wife there was an intangible barrier which effectually prevented any genuine friendship. The barrier had been assuredly mostly of Evelyn's making, but with Grania, too, there had been a reluctance to advance, a kind of instinctive shrinking from any close acquaintance which had its root, surely, in the fact that to both women Ian stood in a somewhat intimate relation. Evelyn was his wife, but Grania had been privileged not only to share his work, but to help to save his life, and it was these factors in the situation which made it always a trifle strained.

It was on one of the mornings following an almost sleepless night that she met Miss Rosa Nissen, and thus, little as she suspected it, laid the foundation for a startling event in her own life and that of others.

Grania had been to Cook's office on the lake front to change some money, and as she came out of the doorway Miss Nissen's huge car drew up and the film star descended, meeting Grania on the pavement outside the office.

Grania had not troubled to put on a hat, and her black hair shone in the sun with a natural wave and glossiness which Miss Nissen, who spent a small fortune in beauty culture, noted enviously. From her tanned and rose-flushed face Grania's grey eyes looked out between their long lashes with the luminous transparency which Ian had found so attractive, and her slim figure awoke fresh envy in Rosa, who was obliged to keep down her weight by a rigorous self-discipline which was abhorrent to her soft and luxury-loving disposition.

FOR a moment after greeting Grania, Miss Nissen hesitated, as though wondering whether to pass on or say something further. Suddenly, however, she appeared to make up her mind and laid one white-gloved hand on Grania's bare arm.

"Miss Dillon, I've never had a chance to tell you how much I admired your bravery the other day. I didn't see it, but I'm told you surely saved Lady Evelyn's life."

Grania colored uncomfortably and murmured something about the spur of the moment, but Miss Nissen continued smoothly:

"I'd like to be better acquainted with you, Miss Dillon. I've not often seen you at my parties, though your handsome cousin and his sister have honored me several times."

Grania, who had avoided the star's invitations when possible, murmured an excuse.

"You see my aunt doesn't care to go out at night much, and I like to be with her—"

"Of course, a very dutiful niece!" Grania did not quite like Miss Nissen's smile, but the latter continued to speak most amiably, inviting her to motor over to Stresa on the following day to see a villa which was for sale at a very moderate figure.

"I think, if it is really all it's said to be, it would be a good investment for my spare dollars," said Rosa frankly. "I shouldn't be able to use it a lot, but it would be there when I wanted a holiday, and I could let it easily to English or American visitors, I guess."

"You've seen it?"

"No, only pictures, but if they're truthful it's a stunning little place, with a good garden. Say, I'd admire to go over it with you, Miss Dillon. Your cousin tell me you're an artist, and you could tell me if it was all right—the architecture and all that. Do say you'll come. Otherwise I'll have to go alone. All my guests have gone to-day, and I don't have any more come till Monday."

"It's very kind of you, Miss Nissen, and if my cousins haven't made any plans for to-morrow I'll be delighted to come. When do you start?"

"Oh, about three-thirty would be a good time. I'll call for you, and it should be a nice run. We'll have tea there and get back for dinner. It's real kind of you, Miss Dillon. And I think you'll enjoy it."

Having completed the arrangement to her satisfaction Miss Nissen terminated the conversation somewhat abruptly; and Grania went back to the hotel feeling a vague dissatisfaction with the proposed expedition for which she could not in any way account.

When, over dejeuner in the airy salle-a-manger of the hotel, Grania related the story of the meeting and the subsequent invitation, her hope that the cousins might have made other arrangements for her was dashed by their reception of her news.

"Well, it doesn't matter you going to-morrow, mavourneen," said Tony, with mock indulgence, "because I've promised to go motoring with a chap—that Italian fellow we met last night. I ran into him this morning, and it seems he's a crack motorist, goes in for all the big races, and he's invited me to try a run in his new Bugatti."

"I hope he doesn't break your neck, my boy," said Dr. O'Keefe, smiling at his handsome son, who was a replica of himself at the same age. "I suppose he is really a good driver, but I believe those fellows take hair-raising risks sometimes."

"Oh, we'll be O.K.," said Tony carelessly. "And as I shall be away, Grania acushla, you may go and play with Rosa the Vamp."

"I don't think she is really a vamp," said Grania doubtfully. But Tony shook a wise head.

"Don't you? Take it from me, my child, she's the vampiest vamp ever."

The arrival of a particularly delicious vol-au-vent fortunately turned the thoughts of the O'Keefe family into a new channel; and over this and the particolored ices which followed the subject of the morrow's engagements slipped out of the conversation.

A word with her aunt later set Grania's mind at rest as to her acceptance of the rather unexpected invitation from Miss Nissen.

FROM the very beginning of her expedition with Miss Rosa Nissen Grania felt as though there was something unusual in the atmosphere. The celebrity was surely in a strange mood—at one moment gay and entertaining, full of amusing if rather malicious stories about other stars in the Hollywood firmament, the next distraite and pensive, asking questions without waiting for answers and making the same remark twice in succession without, apparently, noticing her own maladroitness.

When after an enchanting drive they

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arrived at the villa, which stood on a hillside above a small village, Rosa appeared to have recovered her usual vivacity and jumped gaily out of the car.

"Come along, Miss Dillon—or may I call you Grania? We will leave the car here. Larry, you can go and walk in the gardens if you feel that way; I guess we'll be a good time looking over the place."

The caretaker was an old Italian woman who, having duly inspected the passes with which Rosa was armed, left them to wander at will through the house and garden, reappearing only when they showed signs of departure, in order, as Rosa said cynically, to make sure of the tip she had certainly not earned.

On entering the car Grania expected her companion to express her views on the suitability—or otherwise—of the villa, but again Rosa proved rather incomprehensible, for she seemed to have lost all interest in the place, and began instead to talk of Hollywood, recounting some of her triumphs there and anticipating a successful return in the autumn.

"I've been pretty fortunate," she said carelessly by and by. "I got a fairly good salary from the first, and invested a good deal of it in these beauties." She held up her chain of emeralds, whose green fire shone and glittered in the sunlight.

"They're lovely," said Grania sincerely. "If they were mine I'd be afraid to wear them in case they were stolen."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Rosa offhandedly. "They're insured, of course, and I always wear them, night and day, so that to steal them anyone would have to steal me too!"

"I'm afraid we shan't be home in time for your table d'hote," said Miss Nissen presently. "But if not you must come and have a bite with me; we can ring up your hotel, anyway. The car seems to be going rather badly. By the way, I wonder if there is anything wrong?"

As if in answer to her speculation, the car slowed up as she spoke and the chauffeur got out and came to the door with a rather glum face.

"I'm sorry, madam, but there seems to be something wrong with the bus—I mean the car," he corrected himself hastily. "She doesn't run good, somehow, but I can't make out just what is wrong."

"Well, go on and do the best you can," said Rosa resignedly. "If you want help, stop at a garage, there are sure lots of 'em on the road."

It was still warm and balmy, though the sun was beginning to decline, and Grania was rather glad that Rosa had again fallen silent, so that she could sit and think in peace. So deep in thought was she that she failed to notice how slowly the car was travelling, and when finally it stopped altogether she came to herself with a start to hear Rosa utter an exclamation of annoyance.

"Now, what's wrong, Larry?" She raised her voice, and again the chauffeur got down and came to speak to her.

"I guess there's something gone broke in the works, Miss Nissen." Like many American servants he affected this form of address. "Seems as if she couldn't get a move on nohow, but I ain't located the trouble yet."

"Well, you'll have to do something about it," drawled his employer ruthlessly. "You don't propose to leave us sitting here all night, do you? Because if you do, you can think again."

The young man took off and replaced his cap meditatively. "Well, Miss Nissen, I reckon the best thing I can do is to get down to it. But you and the lady can't sit here——"

"Of course we can't," snapped Rosa. "But what do you suppose we're goin' to do? Is there a hotel anywhere near?"

"Why, yes, Miss Nissen." He spoke quickly. "There's a swell hotel just a bit ahead—I remember it on the way here, and if you'd not object to walking there—it's quite handy—I could get on with the job."

"Not much good minding," grumbled the lady discontentedly. "Well, get to it, Larry, and let me know when it's O.K.

When he had gone she turned to Grania, who had been looking out of the window at the darkening lake.

"See here, Grania, it's a darned nuisance, and I feel real mean about it; but there's nothing to be done, so I reckon we'll have to make the best of it. What do you say if we eat here? Oh, you can phone first, and then we'd best see what sort of eats they provide here. That O.K. with you?"

"Quite," said Grania, making her assent the more hearty because her usually casual hostess looked really troubled. "It will be rather jolly dining here, and it will be a lovely drive home in the dusk."

The dinner to which she and Grania sat down was worthy of even a film queen's praise. Discreetly served by waiters who were fully alive to the identity of one of the diners, it was a pleasant interlude in the evening's adventures, and Rosa Nissen talked and laughed, flashed her large eyes and her pearly teeth for the benefit of all and sundry.

Grania did her best to respond, but somehow she found it difficult to appear as gay and light-hearted as Rosa.

Rosa, happy in the attention she herself was attracting from the other guests who thronged the room, barely noticed the girl's silence, but Grania was glad when the meal came to an end and Rosa ordered coffee and a fin in the lounge.

A message to the hotel garage brought the news that Madame's chauffeur was still at work on the car, but hoped to be ready shortly. Yes, the young man had had a meal, and was doing his best to hasten over the repairs.

For nearly half an hour longer Rosa waited, grumbling all the time, and then at length word was brought that the car was waiting for Madame.

Catching a glimpse of the chauffeur's face as he tucked the rug round them, Grania thought he looked oddly pale and anxious, and she wondered whether he were nervous about the car and reluctant to drive the twenty odd miles in the fast-darkening night.

The car was going smoothly enough now—evidently Larry had repaired whatever fault had existed; but Rosa was still fidgety, looking out of the window at intervals, and execrating the darkness of the night, and the perilous nature of the rather winding road.

Following a tremendous thunderclap came a brilliant sheet of lightning which for one startling moment illuminated the scene—the narrow winding road, bounded on the right-hand side by a low wall, the high mountain on the other side, and the whole panorama of the lake which lay far below them, again on the right-hand side, at the foot of the hillside which climbed up to the road itself.

Following the Continental custom, the car was travelling on the right-hand side of the road; and as the lightning flashed again Grania saw two men appear from below the stone wall, black masks covering their faces, which were further concealed from view by big black hats drawn low over their brows. For a second there was darkness, then, as another vivid burst of lightning lit up the whole surrounding world, Grania saw with an indescribable nightmare-like sense of terror that one of the men held a pistol which he levelled at the chauffeur while he called a brusque command to the man to stop. There was a shriek from Rosa—an unintelligible shriek ending in the words, "My emeralds!" and then, as the darkness was pierced once more by a blaze of lightning, and the car rushed onward in response to Larry's touch, several things seemed to happen at once.

There was the sound of a shot, and Larry slumped forward with a bullet through his chest. Released from the control of his guiding hand, the car like some great unleashed monster seemed to leap forward and hurl itself at the stone wall which bordered the road with a terrific impact which shattered the wall like so much matchwood . . .

Grania was flung violently forward, receiving a terrific blow on the chest from the steering-wheel, and striking her head against some portion of the wrecked car with such force that she lost consciousness almost immediately. But even as she went out into black darkness she heard a wild cry from Rosa at her side,

"You fool! I told you not to shoot!"

And with that extraordinary cry ringing in her ears Grania sank into the dark abyss from which she was to emerge after many days into a changed and almost unrecognisable world.

CHAPTER 7

Grania's telephone message was received as the O'Keefe family were going in to dinner, and the young O'Keefes, who had arranged that afternoon to meet a party for dancing at the Hotel Eden, took the news unconcernedly, alleging that Grania would probably be too tired to dance when she did arrive home, but that they would wait till a quarter to ten for her.

As she had not put in an appearance by that time, and it was evident that the hovering storm would soon break, they went off without her, Tony looking very handsome in his black-and-white, the girls, June and Anne, charming in fluffy dance-frocks.

Little Sheila, having reluctantly departed to bed, Dr. and Mrs. O'Keefe stood by one of the big windows of the upstairs lounge looking over the lake and speculating as to how long it would be before the storm broke. Even as they spoke the first clap of thunder pealed overhead, reverberating round the mountains with the peculiarly alarming effect which a mountain storm evokes; and the next instant the whole panorama was illuminated by a sheet of vivid, multi-colored lightning—the very flash which heralded the tragic drama

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which took place on the narrow road a dozen miles away.

"What a vivid flash! I must go and look after poor little Sheila—the poor child will be terrified!"

Mrs. O'Keefe hurried away to find her "baby," as she still thought of her youngest child, and Dr. O'Keefe stood at the window watching the magnificent spectacle without. He was joined presently by another visitor, an Englishman, and the two watched entranced while the thunder crashed and roared and the scene was illuminated with great sheets of many-hued lightning.

Dr. O'Keefe was conscious of a sharp anxiety on behalf of his niece, which he communicated to his companion, but Mr. Roscoe tried to reassure him by stating that the ladies were probably waiting safely in some hotel until the storm had passed.

His conclusions were reasonable enough, and Dr. O'Keefe, an Irishman to the core, was ready enough to endorse his companion's comfortable belief in his niece's safety. Just as Mrs. O'Keefe joined them, to report Sheila safely asleep, a page-boy came running up the stairs and approached Dr. O'Keefe with the information that he was wanted on the telephone, and the doctor turned to his wife with a relieved smile.

"FROM Grania, he said. "Possibly they're staying somewhere for the night. I'll just go and see what she has to say."

But the smile with which he began to listen soon turned to a look of consternation, and he put a series of questions sharply, listening with the closest attention to the replies.

For this was indeed a tale of tragedy which was coming to him through the stormy night. The speaker, whose English, though fluent, was not always easy to follow, was a Viennese, Dr. Paul Gratz, speaking from his own clinic on the hillside about ten miles from Lugano, and he spoke of a terrible accident which had taken place on the mountainous road, an accident which had involved the death of the chauffeur and serious injuries to one of the ladies who were travelling in the car at the time.

"Dead—the chauffeur dead? How terrible! But the lady who is injured—is it my niece, Miss Dillon?"

The good doctor much regretted having to answer in the affirmative. It was the younger lady who had suffered the more severely—the other, whom he understood to be a cinema actress, had no actual injuries, but was terribly upset and hysterical over the death of her chauffeur and the misfortune of her friend . . .

"But my niece—what are her injuries? I'm a doctor—for heaven's sake tell me what is wrong!" Dr. O'Keefe was brusque in his anxiety to know the worst."

"The young lady was suffering from severe concussion, and several fractured ribs."

"The other lady was unhurt? It seems impossible when my niece was so badly damaged."

This was explained by the fact that the car door had burst open and the lady had been flung out, luckily on to the soft grass of the wayside. She was considerably bruised, of course, and the shock to the nervous system was doubtless immense, but she was certainly the fortunate one of the party.

"You say the chauffeur is dead? What happened to him?"

"Well," for the moment the Austrian seemed to hesitate, and then he spoke in a lowered tone . . . "the cause of death—M'sieu will understand it is not, perhaps, politic to speak openly over the phone. There is a suggestion that all is not quite right . . . there is talk of shooting . . . You have doubtless heard of motor-banditry on the Riveria and elsewhere, and there is talk here, but as to that, M'sieu, I know nothing."

ON hearing the news of the accident—Dr. O'Keefe carefully suppressed any hint of the darker side of the affair—Mrs. O'Keefe much wished to accompany her husband to the clinic, but desisted when he pointed out to her that for her to do so would be to alarm all the rest of the family unnecessarily, as to return to find themselves deserted by both parents would immediately cause them to leap to the worst conclusion.

He kissed his wife good night, and went down to enter the car which the efficient proprietor had procured. The chauffeur, it seemed, knew the Clinic Gratz well, and a moment later Dr. O'Keefe was on his way.

The sight of Grania, still unconscious, lying strapped up and bandaged in the narrow bed, her eyes closed beneath a cruel bruise on her forehead, gave her uncle a shock, but he concealed his feelings and listened to all Dr. Gratz, an attractive-looking man of early middle-age, had to tell him without interruption.

"Poor Miss Nissen. I suppose it has been a terrible shock. To see her chauffeur killed in that way—and, by the way, didn't you say there was something rather queer about the affair—a suspicion that the man's death was not due to the motor accident alone?"

Dr. Gratz stood silent for a moment, though his folded lips betokened thought. Then, apparently deciding that there would be no harm in confiding in this calm and eminently level-headed brother-physician, he spoke rather slowly and weightily.

"As to that, M'sieu, it is perhaps too early to say. The lady, the one who owns the car, is so—so unnerved by the shock that it is possible she speaks without thought of her meaning. She fainted as we carried her in—you understand the ladies were brought here by M. Landry and some friends who happened to be passing?—but when she recovered her first words were: 'Is he then dead? Was the shot fatal?' But when, horrified, I tried to interrogate her, all she said was: 'It was my emeralds—they wanted my emeralds, and they have shot him dead!' Of course," said Dr. Gratz, shaking his head, "I thought at first the lady raved, but she persisted that the car had been stopped by bandits who desired her emeralds and shot the man who would have defended her."

"HAD she seen these bandits?"

"Yes. According to her story there were half a dozen or more, armed with weapons of many kinds. One, she says, poked a gun of some sort into her face, and it was only when the car lurched forward, after the chauffeur's death, that he fell back. But, to be frank with you, M'sieu, I did not quite believe the lady's story."

"Perhaps I'd better see her for a minute, I know her pretty well, and she might like to see me."

But when Dr. Gratz softly opened the door of the room which had been assigned to Miss Nissen, a Sister came to meet them, finger on lip.

"The lady sleeps; we will not disturb her," Dr. Gratz said softly, and Dr. O'Keefe was only too ready to obey.

But when a little later he saw the body of the murdered chauffeur lying on the couch where it had been placed, saw the boyish eyes open, staring widely into the quiet room, the lips of the boyish mouth hanging slightly open, noted the expression of startled horror with which poor young Laurence Hearst had met his tragic death, far from his boyhood's home in New England, Dr. O'Keefe's heart turned in his breast, and he moved away with a murmured prayer for the soul of the murdered boy on his lips.

Miss Nissen's appetite was fully satisfied, if not glutted, by the publicity which followed what was looked upon as an abortive attempt to steal the famous emeralds.

It may be said that no trace of the would-be bandits and assassins was ever found. No suspicion, naturally, attached to any of Miss Nissen's own staff, with whom the laughing, blue-eyed Larry had been a favorite; and although as a matter of course Miss Nissen's servants were interrogated at much length, each one proved a water-tight alibi, those in particular of the man in charge of the launch and one of the gardeners who happened to be brothers, being sworn to with so much wealth of circumstantial detail that no suspicion could possibly be attached to them. Although the district was thoroughly scoured, no trace could be found of the black-masked men of whom Miss Nissen spoke, and after long and exhaustive search for the murderers the authorities were obliged to confess themselves baffled, and the case passed into the category of unsolved mysteries, since the one person who might have thrown some light upon the matter was the unconscious Grania.

The chauffeur was dead—so much was certain, the magnificent car was a shapeless wreck, and of the two passengers one was in the throes of a nervous breakdown, while the other younger lady who had accompanied her on that ill-fated excursion lay between life and death in Dr. Gratz's well-known clinic.

IT was Elmer Cronin who finally gave Evelyn the true facts of the case, so far as the results of the hold-up were concerned.

He had gone, solely on her behalf and without consulting her, to interview Dr. O'Keefe, and the latter, just returned from the clinic, was only too willing to give what information he could to this grave and pleasant American, whom he already suspected of something approaching a tendresse for the beautiful wife of Ian Keble.

Evelyn received this rather unsatisfactory report in silence; but when, three evenings later, Cronin told her quietly that they were losing hope at the Clinic Gratz, she spoke with an impulsiveness unusual to her.

"Elmer"—to such lengths had their friendly intimacy progressed—"I have a dreadful presentiment that the girl is going to die. And I think it is up to me to let Ian know."

"Ian? Your husband?" For a moment

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Elmer was genuinely taken aback, unable to fathom her meaning.

"Yes. You see, I've never told him about it and I hate even to think of it"—indeed, her face flushed an almost unbecoming red as she voiced her idea—"but Ian and Grania are—are fond of one another. Oh, it's perfectly honorable; they have not—what's the word?—betrayed me. They wouldn't do that. But they were out in the desert together for weeks, all alone, and I am sure she is in love with Ian.

"I don't see how you can be sure of that. You've never seen them together?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" She shrugged a weary shoulder. "I tell you I know it. As people say, I've a feeling in my bones that it is so. And I can't, as a decently honorable woman, let that girl die without giving Ian a chance to see her first."

"Your impulse does you honor, Evelyn." He spoke very quietly. "But have you realised just what such an action would involve? If you send for Doctor Keble—for I suppose that is what it amounts to—you imply that you not only know of his feeling for the girl, but you also, so to speak, sympathise with it. And if so—well, aren't you going to find life a little complicated later on?"

"You mean if the girl—dies?" They were sitting in the darkening loggia, and as she spoke Evelyn was slowly pulling the petals off a white rose she had plucked from the flower-wreathed balustrade.

"Well, yes—but even more so if she recovers. You see, it would be rather hard to go back to a state of simulated ignorance, to pretend you didn't know there was anything between them."

"Yes; that would be impossible." She spoke jerkily, her eyes full of troubled impatience. "We couldn't do that. And yet—what else can I do? Oh, it's a horrible tangle, and I can't see any way out."

"There is one way, Evelyn."

HIS voice, quiet as it was, startled her, and she dropped the white rose and turned to face him.

"Suppose Doctor Keble himself feels your marriage a failure, and yet can't bring himself to let you suspect he feels that way?"

"Touche!" Although she tried to smile the crimson flush showed him his shaft had gone home, and for a moment he regretted his candor. Then, for he knew or thought he knew that salvation lay that way, he went on speaking.

"Well, what about it, Evelyn? Granted Doctor Keble feels he is not getting the best out of life, that you, lovely as you are, neither make him happy nor are happy yourself, wouldn't it be a thousand times better to cut your marriage short, to divorce him, and set you both free to seek happiness elsewhere?"

"To divorce him? But—that's impossible. I know Ian, and he would never give me cause for divorce."

"No; I realise that, but there are lots of ways in which it can be done. No names need be mentioned—come, Evelyn, you don't mean to tell me that you believe all the decrees obtained are obtained by fair means? Isn't there any way of doing it quietly, so that very little need ever come out?"

"Oh yes, there are ways—I wasn't thinking of that. But"—for a moment she hesitated, then lifted her clear eyes to his face—"you don't quite realise that divorce in England isn't looked upon in just the way American people look upon it. To begin with, a divorced doctor would soon find his practice shrinking."

"Is that so?" He was genuinely surprised. "You mean his patients wouldn't stand for it?"

"Well, something of the kind. You see, a doctor, like Caesar's wife, must be above suspicion; and for me to divorce Ian on any pretext would be to strike a blow at the very foundations of his life."

"I get you." For a moment he paused, his forehead lined with thought. Then he said slowly, "In that case there is only one alternative—to let the divorce come from the other side—his side."

NOW her face flushed hotly, this time with indignation. Indeed, she felt as though he had struck her a physical blow, and her voice was hot with anger as she replied to his surely monstrous suggestion.

"Take your time, Evelyn. I'm in no hurry. But if you do honestly think it would be wrong to divorce, or let yourself be divorced, if you feel that once married in the sight of God and man you've entered into a contract that can't be broken without sin, well, I'll accept your word and leave you alone. But think it over. I can wait."

"Elmer"—she had risen and now she came towards him, looking rather fragile in the dusk in her frock of a moth-grey color and substance—"I can't decide to-night. I'm not a religious woman, but I have certain principles—I won't call them ideals, but principles—and I don't know whether, even for Ian's sake, I could agree to divorce. Besides, should we be any happier, you and I, than Ian and I have been?"

An unexpected wistfulness in her voice dictated an answer which surprised him as much as it startled her. Without a word he took her in his arms and kissed her for the first time; kissed her with a passion which was yet controlled. A moment he held her to him, and he almost believed she responded to his caress. Then, with a rather hoarse laugh, he pushed her from him.

"There's the answer to that!" His voice was fairly steady. "As for your answer, I'll wait for it till to-morrow night. And now, one more question before I leave you and go and play bridge with the Countess and the rest. Are you going to let your husband know of Miss Dillon's serious illness?"

"You think I—should?"

"There's no obligation, of course. But being the woman you are, I think you will."

A moment later she had vanished from the loggia, and he was alone with the moonlit lake and mountains.

THE report of Grania's condition the next morning was still more serious. For all her youth and strength her cruel injuries were slowly sapping her vitality, and Dr. O'Keefe and Dr. Gratz alike began to fear that all their efforts were to be made in vain, that all their skill and care would prove unable to keep this hitherto radiant youth from the embrace of the grim bridegroom Death, who waited with an inexhaustible patience for the moment which should deliver his reluctant bride over to his grisly caress.

Elmer Cronin telephoned early for news, and within an hour of its receipt a message was flashing its way to England, a message which was as significant to its sender as to the man who was presently to receive it—and all that it implied.

CHAPTER 8

CURIOUSLY enough, the first intimation of Grania Dillon's illness came to Ian through the medium of the Press, on the very morning on which Evelyn's message flashed over half a Continent to tell him of her danger.

Turning the pages, his eye was caught by a caption, "Famous Film Star About to Return to Hollywood," and with an idle reflection as to the mentality of the readers to whom such news is of thrilling interest, he was passing on to another column when, in the curious manner in which such phenomena occur, a name leaped out of the paragraph which would otherwise have remained unread—the one name which had power to quicken his heartbeats, to bring the color to his face.

Pushing aside his coffee-cup he opened the page more fully and read the paragraph with closest attention.

"Miss Rosa Nissen, the famous Hollywood star, whose work in the picture, 'Big Sister,' was a delight to all picturegoers, is leaving Lugano to return to Hollywood very shortly. Since the hold-up on the mountainous road, which was fully reported in our columns some days ago, when Miss Nissen's car was stopped and her chauffeur killed in an encounter with bandits, presumably after Miss Nissen's famous emeralds, she has been the victim of a serious nervous breakdown, and her physicians advise a sea-voyage to restore her to health. She is therefore leaving Lugano immediately, though reluctant to go until Miss Grania Dillon, the young Irish lady who was her companion on the fatal night, is out of danger. The latest report is that the condition of Miss Dillon, who is lying ill in the Clinic Gratz outside Lugano, is critical. No clue to the identity of the bandits has yet been obtained."

After a hasty search through the other papers to make sure nothing had escaped his notice, Ian rose and went to his own room, where he drafted a telegram to his wife, asking if she could give him any particulars of the illness of Miss Dillon.

Having given his telegram to Roberts with instructions to send it off without delay, Ian went about his morning's work unknowing of the despatch which was even then on its way to him from the distant lake-side town.

It was a "hospital" morning, and as Ian had calculated he could get no reply till early afternoon he left no instructions should an answer come during his absence. He was surprised, therefore, on entering his house at lunch-time to find a telegram awaiting him, and on inquiry learned that it had arrived two hours earlier.

He went into his room—he could not open the telegram in the presence of Roberts—and his hand was unsteady as he tore open the envelope and took out the message.

At first, so convinced was he that this was the answer to his query, he did not take in the significance of the wording, but as he read it a second time he began to

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realise that there was something unexpected about this telegram.

"Think you should know Grania Dillon seriously ill here following motor accident doctors anxious Margherita invites you here if you can come Evelyn."

THIS was obviously no answer to his question, but an independent statement, and in the midst of his dismay Ian felt a sensation of very genuine gratitude to his wife for the generosity which had made it possible for her to send him this message, so worded, moreover, that the natural reply would be his immediate departure for Lugano.

To arrange for a locum to take his place was not easy, for his was a one-man practice and he had no partner who would step into the breach. . . .

Suddenly a thought flashed into his mind, and he uttered an exclamation of relief.

"Jock! Of course!" Dr. Macintyre had come up from Devonshire and was staying with a Scotch friend in Kensington, preparatory to a final week-end of golf at Sunningdale. "Shame to cut his holiday short, but it can't be helped. I'll get on to him at once."

Disregarding the luncheon gong he hurried to the telephone and was lucky enough to catch his friend just sitting down to his own lunch, and in a short space of time the thing was done.

At half an hour after noon on the following day the Countess Bocchi's beautiful car drew up at the railway station at Lugano and Evelyn, rather pale, but quite composed, descended from it and walked slowly towards the barrier which marked the platform on to which the train from Basle would run. She had timed her arrival well, for the train was already steaming in, and since Ian had only a suitcase he was soon past the barrier and by her side.

"Evelyn! I say, it's good of you to come to meet me!" His voice was hurried, and she answered his unspoken question with generous swiftness.

"I'm glad you were able to come, Ian. She—Grania—is still terribly ill, but she is holding her own and they have not given up hope."

For a moment, so overwhelming was his relief, for in spite of himself he had feared to be met with the news of her death, Ian could not speak; but Evelyn did not wait for a reply, and her voice was very gentle, if a little sad, as she went on speaking:

"You can see her this afternoon—but in the meantime we will go to the villa for lunch. Margherita is out with all her other guests, but her car is at your disposal."

The luncheon-table, laid as usual in the flower-wreathed loggia, was a welcome sight to a tired and hungry man, and in spite of his anxiety Ian enjoyed the delicious meal which the Countess had provided for her new guest.

When they had finished their repast with sun-warmed peaches and small sweet grapes, a little table was placed close to the balustrade and coffee and liqueurs, in little squat bottles, placed thereon.

WHEN they were alone Evelyn poured a cup of coffee and handed it to Ian.

"I don't feel tired now, after that excellent lunch. It's lovely here, Evelyn. I expect you've had a nice time, haven't you?"

"Delightful. Margherita is kindness itself, and her friends are all such pleasant people."

"You've been here quite a time," he said slowly. "When will you be ready to come home, Evelyn? Or have you planned to go anywhere else first?"

Her answer was so long in coming that he looked at her in surprise, and seeing the look she spoke rather hurriedly.

"Oh, no, I've made no plans—yet. But we'll talk things over later on, Ian. I don't seem able to decide just now what I'm going to do. Now, if you don't mind, I'm going to leave you a little while. I slept badly last night, and I feel tired today."

"Of course, dear. I'll sit out here a bit. I expect I can find an odd Tauschnitz or two, and in any case it's a treat to sit and look at that lovely picture. Jove, how blue the lake is, and the white villas are very picturesque among the green trees!"

But although Evelyn had stated her intention of resting, she did not carry out that intention, wandering instead aimlessly about her bedroom, now pausing to look out at the lake, then going to stand by the other window which gave on to the terraced side-garden, with its tall cypress trees, black and grim against the burning blue of the sky.

EVEN now Evelyn could not fathom her own feelings. At one moment she felt inclined to throw away this new chance of happiness, to return to England with Ian and make the best of the life she had chosen for herself. After all, there were compensations for living in London. It was her home, her natural setting, and did she elect to leave it for ever, to go to America as Elmer Cronin's wife, would she not find herself longing for the place in which she felt really at home, comparing the glittering new world with the stately and dignified old world with its wealth of tradition, its customs and manners rooted in the soil of centuries?

Of course, if Ian really loved Grania . . . but, oddly enough, although she knew the girl meant a great deal to Ian, she did not really believe that Ian would willingly let his wife go. She was the woman he had chosen out of all the world, and although she had disappointed him in many ways—she was honest with herself—she could not believe—perhaps her pride would not let her believe—that any other woman could fill her niche in his heart.

For more than two hours she stayed in her room, walking about, sitting down at one or other of the windows for a few moments now and then. But when she came out to join Ian over the tea-cups her face was calm, her eyes apparently untroubled.

And when, tea finished, Ian descended the terraced garden to enter the car which was to take him to the Clinic Gratz she came too, walking beside him in her pale-colored frock, her golden head shaded from the rays of the sun by a rose-hued parasol.

"You won't come too, Evelyn? I'm told it's not a long drive, and if Grania is—is conscious I'm sure she'd like to see you."

No, I won't come to-day, Ian." To herself she said she could not bear to witness the meeting between the two—supposing always that Grania was able to receive a visitor. "Besides, Margherita and the rest will be home soon, and they'll want an audience after their expedition! But you go, and you need not hurry back. You can have dinner any time you like—we all feed at different times here."

So she gallantly sped him on his way, and as the car passed on down the hilly road Ian told himself that there was a fineness, a nobility, indeed, about Evelyn which he had been too blind to perceive in days gone by.

CHAPTER 9

DR. O'KEEFE and Herr Dr. Paul Gratz greeted Ian as a welcome colleague when he arrived at the clinic. To Dr. Gratz his arrival signified little, of course, beyond a natural desire to inquire into the condition of a young friend of his wife, and, presumably, himself. The Viennese knew of the desert episode and had a genuine desire to meet the man who had carried out so difficult an enterprise with so large a measure of success, and the fact that this charming and unfortunate young lady had not only been associated with him in the trying adventure, but had been instrumental in saving the life of his beautiful wife, seemed to Dr. Gratz sufficient reason for the English doctor's visit.

"Doctor Keble?" Dr. Gratz held out a welcoming hand. "I am glad to see you here. Your desert exploits are well known to me, and I have long wished to shake so brave a colleague by the hand."

"You're very kind, Doctor Gratz." Much as Ian disliked any allusion to that desert affair he could not resist the good doctor's warmth. "Since my arrival in Lugano I have heard wonderful accounts of your clinic here."

"You are indeed too kind, my dear doctor." The Austrian beamed. "Now let me present you to your—how do you say?—compatriot, Doctor O'Keefe. But no, I mistake myself. You are not compatriots—you are two separate nations, England and Ireland, nicht wahr?"

"At least we have an entente cordiale, Doctor Keble," said Grania's uncle with a smile. "And I need not say how glad I am to see you here."

"And your niece—Miss Dillon? How is she? Is there any improvement?" The question shot out impulsively, and Dr. O'Keefe grew grave immediately.

"I'm afraid her condition doesn't show much improvement. She has been terribly ill, you know, and even yet we dare hardly hope for her life."

"May I see her?" In this tragic hour subterfuge was useless. This was no moment for evasion, for in spite of all attempts at sophistry Grania was, or might be, dying; and he could not let her die without seeing her once more, though for the last time. Besides—the thought flashed through his mind—these men must know why he had come, what force had brought him headlong from his London house to this quiet, white-walled clinic above the lake; and whatever happened later, at least in this hour he must be sincere.

"Yes, you may see her now—at this moment." Dr. Gratz turned to the door. "You will come with me—ja? And Doctor O'Keefe will come too. This way, mein Herr, if you please."

Ian found himself in a fairly large room, with green walls and a polished floor, covered, however, by one or two soft-hued rugs. One side of the room was almost entirely window; and although the room was on the ground floor of the house, the villa itself was built so high on the hillside

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that there was a glorious view of the lake beneath. There was little furniture in the room and that plainly of a utilitarian kind, and on a table was a big bowl of multi-colored flowers, carnations, roses, lilies, which made the fresh cool air delicately sweet.

But Ian had no eyes for the room or the flowers. He went directly to stand by the bed in which lay the girl for whose sake he had forsaken his patients in London, whose image had gone with him through the long night journey through the plains of France and the mountains of Switzerland.

But—was this indeed she? Was this shrunken, grey-faced doll lying with closed eyes in the narrow bed the laughing radiant girl from whom he had parted on the quay at Marseilles, her grey Irish eyes smiling beneath the silky black waves of hair, her cheeks aglow with the color the sea-breeze had given? Pain and fever had wrought a devastating work indeed if this were she, and for a moment he was ready to believe that these men were deceiving him, that this pinched and pitiful girl lying, apparently, at the point of death was not Grania . . .

"M'sieu sees a great change, doubtless?" Dr. Gratz spoke quietly in his ear. "He has seen the young lady in health—and now this."

"She is terribly changed—terribly!" Ian found his voice with some difficulty. "Doctor Gratz . . . you consider there is a chance . . . for her life?"

Dr. O'Keefe, who had been feeling his niece's pulse, now spoke softly.

"Doctor Keble, will you try to speak to her? A word—anything, so that we may see whether this unconsciousness is as complete as hitherto. She is more likely to respond to you, a newcomer, than to us."

"I'll try." He longed to ask the others to withdraw, and, as though his wish had communicated itself to them by some strange telepathy, the two doctors moved towards one of the windows, where they stood conferring, their backs to the bed with its pathetic occupant. As they moved away, Ian leaned low over the bed and took the limp hand very gently in his own.

"GRANIA." His voice was a whisper. "Grania, dear, it's I—Ian. Won't you open your eyes and say you're glad I'm here with you?"

But there was no recognition in the once lovely eyes. They stared upwards at him, dim, as though drained of color, for a minute; but it was evident there was no real consciousness in the glance, and after a moment the heavy lids dropped again. And Ian, bitterly disappointed, straightened up and turned away from the bed just as the other two men finished their colloquy and approached.

"No luck, Doctor Keble?" It was Dr. O'Keefe who spoke, and Ian shook his head.

"Well, we must wait a little longer, it seems. Now Doctor Gratz proposes, if you choose, to give you an outline of the case from the outset, and we shall see whether you approve of the treatment we—oh, yes, Doctor Gratz has kindly admitted me into partnership for the moment—have employed."

"You will come this way, Herr Doktor?" Dr. Gratz moved to the door. "I will call Soeur Monique, and we will leave the young lady in her most efficient charge."

With one last look at the bed Ian followed the older man from the room, and in his consulting-room Dr. Gratz gave him the whole history of the affair, from the moment when Miss Nissen and Miss Dillon were brought to him. And as he listened Ian realised that Fortune had certainly favored the victims of the accident by bringing them to this excellent place of healing; and when Dr. Gratz had finished his exhaustive summary of the case he thanked him, with genuine sincerity, for the lucid manner in which he had put the newcomer au courant with the situation.

"I am sure, Doctor Gratz, that nothing more could have been done than has been done. And if you will allow me to come again——"

"But certainly, my dear sir, at any moment you will be welcome. Are we not all colleagues, working for one common end? If, indeed, it would be a convenience for you to remain here I can put a room at your disposal——"

"Oh, no, thank you very much. I must get back to the villa at Lugano. My hostess has several cars and there will be no difficulty of transport. In the meantime . . . you will not hesitate to let me know if . . ."

He paused, but the quick-witted Austrian spoke swiftly.

"You shall be informed frequently of the lady's progress. And—if I may venture—be of good courage. Do not forget that God is good, mein Herr, and youth has marvellous powers of recovery."

FOR some days after Ian's arrival at Lugano the news from the Clinique Gratz continued to be noncommittal at best. During that time Ian was, of course, a visitor at the Villa of Stars, where he speedily found favor with the Countess Margherita and her other guests. The day after his arrival Mr. Cronin departed on a visit to some friends in Maloja, being pressed by his hostess to return at the end of the week. Evelyn found an odd relief in his absence, for she had not been able as yet to make up her mind what answer to return to his suggestion, and she was glad of this breathing space in which to classify and, if possible, clarify, her emotions.

In company Ian spoke of Grania quite simply and quietly, listened to the telephoned reports which were sent daily by the wish of the countess, who had taken a great fancy to the pretty Irish girl; and after their first visit he did not suggest visiting the clinic.

On the third day a reassuring report was received. The patient's temperature had fallen, she was fully conscious, and though still very weak was able to talk a little to her uncle and Dr. Gratz.

At the end of a week, indeed, she had recovered so far as to be able to receive visitors, and although Mrs. O'Keefe was the first to accept the invitation to go to the Clinique Gratz, it was natural that Evelyn and her husband should be the next to visit the girl.

Her surprise at seeing Ian, whose arrival had been kept a secret, was genuine; but Evelyn explained with a smile that Ian, hearing of her illness, had timed his long-promised visit so that he might be among the first to congratulate her on her convalescence; and Grania was still too weak, too bewildered by her halting return from the Valley of the Shadow, to feel any very poignant emotion.

Henceforth Ian saw Grania every day, and she accepted his presence with a tranquillity which did not prevent her looking forward secretly to his daily visit with a kind of half-remorseful excitement which brought a flush to her cheeks and a light to her eyes which sometimes caused the conscientious Soeur Monique to whip out her thermometer in anticipation of a rise in temperature.

Once on the way to recovery, Grania's youthful vitality and stamina reasserted themselves. Day by day she regained strength, and when at the end of ten or twelve days her departure from the Clinique Gratz was spoken of, the Countess Bocchi was insistent that Miss Dillon should be her guest at the villa until she was able to return to England.

The villa, she stated, would be practically empty. She herself was remaining for another fortnight, when she proposed to close the house for some months, unless, she suggested eagerly, her friends would care to remain there, in which case everything—house, servants, motors—would be at their disposal.

When, gratefully but firmly, Evelyn refused the offer, alleging with truth that Ian must return to London, the Countess proposed that Ian, Evelyn, and Mr. Cronin should stay until she herself must go, and that Miss Dillon should also stay in the villa before returning, as had been suggested, to England with Ian and his wife, and this plan was finally adopted.

Arriving at the villa, she was sent to bed immediately, the Countess' maid in attendance; and when, later, Ian paid his professional visit, he found her lying in front of the large window, her eyes fixed on the marvellous sunset which reddened the waters of the lake and lent a touch of fictitious color to her pale cheeks.

"Well, Grania, quite comfy?" Contrary to his expectation, he found it possible to speak easily, without embarrassment. "Not very tired with your journey?"

"No; I feel quite well." She smiled up at him, and he noticed with pleasure that the deep shadows beneath her eyes were fading fast. "Doctor Keble, I don't know how to thank you enough for all your kindness to me. I can't help feeling I've spoilt your holiday—and it ought to have been so lovely for you out here."

HE understood at once that she had not realised to what his presence in Lugano was due, and he told himself quickly that it was better that way.

"My dear child, you of all people needn't feel like that! Didn't I spoil your holiday in the desert? Would you ever have come if you'd known what you were in for—first, weeks of dullness, with only poor Naoui to keep you company, and then weeks of nursing with no one to look after you and see you had proper food and rest? No, Grania. If there's any debt between us, it's still on my side. And"—for a moment his voice was a trifle unsteady—"you can't realise how glad I am to have had an opportunity of paying a fraction of that debt. Nor how glad—no, that's not the word, how grateful I am to—well, to God, I suppose—for giving you back to me—to us." His heart jumped as he realised his mistake, but she did not seem to notice it, and when, a few minutes later, he took her slender wrist as though to count the pulsations, she lay very still, a faint smile on her lips, until he laid her hand gently down again and bade her good night in a rather low voice.

Evelyn had excused herself from play-

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ing bridge by pleading a slight headache, and on hearing her plea Elmer Cronin had asked permission to sit quietly with her in the loggia while the others played in the salon. She could not refuse—possibly, indeed, she was relieved that the moment had come for the interview which could not be much longer delayed—and, accordingly, Elmer drew two chairs forward to the balustrade so that they could look into the beautiful night while they talked.

Evelyn was in black to-night, a thin and transparent frock which set off her creamy skin and emphasised the pale gold brilliance of her hair. She looked a trifle wan, her eyes were perhaps less luminous than usual; but she made a very alluring picture to the man who sat beside her, and the faint suggestion of fatigue—could it be nervousness?—which hung about her made her doubly appealing in his eyes.

"Well, Evelyn?" It was the man who opened the conversation at last. "You have had time to consider my proposition, I think? What is your answer going to be? Are you going to throw in your lot with mine, to face whatever unpleasantness there may be—though I'm pretty sure we can avoid any real publicity—or are you going back to England to make the best of things as they are?"

"I don't seem to know anything with any certainty these days," she said rather sadly. "But I'm not thinking only of myself or even of you. I'm thinking of Ian; what is best for him—and for her, too—Grania."

"You think she is fond of him?"

"Yes. Oh, she has not betrayed herself in any way. She is much too reserved, too self-controlled for that. But I can see it; and I feel she and Ian would make each other happy. And that's why I feel, if I could only make up my mind to all the hateful publicity and—and worry of it all, we might find happiness, all of us, when once things were settled."

"Then you feel you could be happy with me, Evelyn?" Quietly as he spoke, she heard the sudden excitement in his voice, and her heart throbbed quickly as she realised how much she meant to this man, who—she acknowledged it unwillingly—was beginning to mean so much to her.

WHEN at last she answered Elmer's question her voice was very gentle.

"Yes, Elmer, I could be happy with you. And if you think it could be done without a terrible lot of publicity, I am ready to do it."

"You are?" His voice was quiet, but a marvellous light had leaped into his eyes. "You feel quite sure? Pardon the question, but I must know. You feel sure your husband will not—well, will not be completely broken up if you do leave him—for me?"

"He'll be surprised, of course. He won't think it possible for me to do such a thing. But in the end he will accept it, and then perhaps he'll have a chance to be happy in his own way."

"Well, that's settled, then." He did not mean to give her time to retract. "The only thing now is to plan the affair. I gather you're taking Miss Dillon back to England when you go next week?"

"Yes. She will stay with us for a day or two, and then Ian will probably take her over to Ireland."

Suddenly Evelyn knew that this was the biggest moment in her life. In her hands she held the future happiness not only of herself but of the two men she esteemed most in the world; and that of the girl who had saved, or helped to save, not only Ian's life but hers, the girl who would pass out of her existence without a sign of her own frustrated happiness, who had asked, would ask, nothing at her hands in return for all she had done. And Evelyn told herself, with an outburst of passionate generosity, that she could make an adequate return, that by the sacrifice of her pride, the traditional pride of a great and ancient family, she could indeed reward Grania with a fullness which the girl herself would never have dared to expect.

She rose suddenly, and, turning to Elmer, held out her hands with a gesture of surrender.

Elmer Cronin said nothing in words, but as he took her in his arms and she saw the look in his eyes with which he accepted her surrender, she felt that God had indeed been good to her; that, although she was forsaking one man in whom any woman might safely put her trust, He had so ordained that the man of her second choice would fail her no more than the first would have done.

And the knowledge, though it brought reassurance, made her feel strangely humble.

CHAPTER 10

ON a beautiful morning at the end of July, Grania Dillon bade Lady Evelyn Keble a grateful good-bye before setting out on her journey to her uncle's home in Ireland, to which, by Evelyn's desire, she was to be escorted by Ian, who had received a very hearty invitation to spend a few days with Dr. O'Keefe and his family.

This state of things had come about very simply. As soon as Grania was considered fit to travel she had returned to England as the Keble's guest, and had spent several days in their house in Queen Anne Street, recovering from the fatigue of the long journey. So successful had Evelyn and Ian been in concealing from her their mutual knowledge of Ian's feeling for her that Grania, to whom Ian had never again betrayed himself by word or look, had experienced no awkwardness in being their guest.

To Ian the situation was perilously sweet. He knew that Grania would never forgive him did he speak to her of the love which burned, like a white-hot flame, at the core of his heart; and believing as he did that with her departure for Ireland she would pass out of his life once more—this time permanently—he resolved to carry on the pretence of non-recognition of her feelings to the very end.

As for the third member of the trio, knowing as she did what was to happen when Ian and Grania were safely away on the journey to Ireland, it was Evelyn who found the days the most trying.

It took all Evelyn's pride, all the traditional and hereditary courage of her race, to bid Grania good-bye calmly and unemotionally, knowing as she did so that in a few short months this pretty, grey-eyed girl, who still looked rather pale and delicate, would cross the threshold of the house as its mistress, would take the place she would be supposed to have quitted so lightly, so callously.

For a moment she almost hated Grania. Then the innate nobility which underlay all Evelyn's selfishness, all her hedonism, her ruthless disregard of ideals, standards, desires other than her own, rose to the surface and enabled her to kiss the girl with genuine friendliness, for the first and last time, as she told herself with a passing wonder at her own cynicism.

"Good-bye, Ian. Take good care of her." Ian had decided to accept the O'Keefe's invitation for a couple of days. "The weather looked settled and you should have a good crossing."

"Oh, we're good sailors, aren't we, Grania?" Ian spoke laughingly; and Evelyn told herself she was a fool to feel a pang of envy at this easy coupling of their proclivities. "Au revoir, Evelyn. Expect me back on Friday. You're sure you'll be all right alone?"

To his surprise Evelyn came out, on to the steps this time, and stood, bareheaded in the sunshine, to wave good-bye once more. And that, although he did not know it, was to be his last glimpse of Evelyn Keble, though he might one day see another Evelyn—the successful, popular wife of Elmer Cronin.

So his final picture of her was that of a beautiful but rather pale Evelyn, the sun shining on her wonderful gold hair, her clear, sea-blue eyes, kind but just a little sad. And in the years to come that was how he would remember her—not the cool and brilliant Evelyn of Society, clever, popular, a little hard, but the gentle, rather wistful Evelyn who stood on the steps in her simple morning frock of lilac-colored linen and waved her slim hand in farewell . . . .

WHEN the car had turned the corner of the street, Evelyn came back into the hall, and her eyes were no longer pensive but rather anxious. There was so much to do and so little time to do it in. True, her plans had been carefully laid and were complete to the last detail, but she was anxious to do everything properly and in order, to leave as little confusion behind as possible, and to that end she must ensure that the lines she had already laid down must be carefully adhered to.

Half an hour after Ian's departure she sent for her housekeeper, a stately person who had been in the service of her family for many years; and Mrs. Mimms listened in respectful silence to her ladyship's rather surprising directions.

For the rest of the day mistress and maid were hard at work choosing, rejecting. Beside her personal wardrobe—in itself an extensive affair—there were other things which Evelyn felt she could not leave behind, belongings endeared to her by use and association, or family possessions, which she wished to carry with her overseas. Larger things—her bureau, the magnificent grand piano which had been a wedding present, odd pieces of silver and furniture—these must be left for the present, though perhaps some day they might adorn her new home on the other side of the Atlantic.

Not until all her preparations were complete did Evelyn sit down to write her final letter to Ian. She would post it from Southhampton—her spirit shrank from the traditional course of leaving a letter on the mantelpiece—and Ian would receive it on his return from Ireland on Friday.

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The opening sentence read as follows:—

My dear Ian,—

When you receive this I shall be on my way to America, where Elmer Cronin will be waiting for me."

This was, it seemed to Evelyn, the only way of representing the situation so that Ian would believe he had grounds for divorce.

The letter proceeded in this manner:

We have honestly tried, you and I, to make a success of our marriage. But we have failed, and as I feel that it is not too late for me to seek fresh happiness I am taking what may seem to you a drastic, if not cruel step. Ian, I do beg of you to believe I am grieved to cause you pain, and I can only ask you to forgive me and to set me free. We shall not attempt to defend the case, and your truest kindness will be to hurry on the proceedings. I know you will do things with as litle publicity as possible. In spite of appearances I do not forget that I am incurring the just wrath and censure of my family; but, since my father is dead and I have no great affection for his successor, I have decided that my chance of personal happiness must not be destroyed by the fear of my family's disapproval. Once more, Ian, I beg you to forgive me, and believe that I am acting for what I think the best. There is yet one thing which I must try to impress upon your mind. Although I have not always seemed to sympathise with your fine and noble ideals, and your standard of life is too lofty for me, I can admire and reverence those ideals and standards. And although it seems a hard thing to ask of you, please understand me when I say that Elmer Cronin, in his own way, is an idealist. You have not lost me to a worthless lover, Ian, though his views on the subject of marriage as a lasting contract differ from yours—and, perhaps, my own. Whether that is a condonement or an aggravation of my offence I do not know. But please believe I have not left you in order to adopt a lower standard. A different, perhaps an easier one, yes. But I still hope to make something worth while of my life. Yours, I know, will always be that, and I pray that you may one day find the happiness I was not fine enough to give you.

—EVELYN.

In spite of herself, and to her own utter amazement, Evelyn was in tears by the time she was ready to sign her name. But she had gone too far now to draw back, and with the tears running down her face, and her breath catching with involuntary sobs, she enclosed the letter in its envelope, stamped it, and placed it in her bag, to be posted on her arrival at Southhampton.

IAN'S first sensation on reading Evelyn's letter was one of almost stunned amazement.

"Elmer Cronin! A man who showed me friendship, shook me by the hand, talked to me as any honorable man might talk to another. And all the time he was planning to take my wife from me. The blackguard—to take advantage of any incompatibility he suspected between us—but then, how could he suspect such a thing? Surely Evelyn—"

They had spoken more than once in days gone by of the position of a doctor divorced by his wife on real or imaginary grounds, and he had expressed his real conviction that a decree of divorce was the end of a doctor's career.

That, then, was why Evelyn had taken this way of dissolving the tie between them; and suddenly Ian realised that in this, as in every other way, she was acting up to what she believed to be the only standard for a woman of honor rather than following merely her own desires.

When Lady Evelyn was informed that a wireless cable had been received on board addressed to her, her first thought was that it was a message from Elmer Cronin; certainly she never expected to read Ian's carefully-worded question.

Will you wait for me in New York—can take next boat—please reply wireless—Ian.

For one wild, flashing moment Evelyn felt an almost overpowering impulse to call him to her. Evidently he was ready to try again . . .

"No. We've tried, lots of times, and it doesn't work. It never would—we're too fundamentally different. I'm not good enough for Ian and I'll be lots happier with Elmer. And I can't—I can't go through it all again!"

Appreciate offer but too late—would be a wasted journey—Evelyn.

Evelyn, too, had worded her message carefully; and no one reading either Ian's question or her reply could have guessed the tremendous decision which the latter of the two short messages implied.

IN a beautiful evening in early May of the following year Ian Keeble and his young wife Grania sat on the verandah of their pretty home in St. John's Wood with coffee-tray on a table between them.

They had been married quietly a week ago; and after a few days spent at the West Country inn to which Dr. Macintyre had introduced Ian in the previous year had returned to London to take possession of Ian's dearly-prized little house in its delightful garden.

The air was sweet with scent of the massed wall-flowers, and a tender fragrance arose from a bed of lilies-of-the-valley beneath the casemented windows.

Grania, in a lavender-blue frock which recalled to Ian the long-gone evenings in the desert, had lost the look of delicacy which had followed her illness; and in the girlish frock, her sleek head uncovered she looked almost like a radiant schoolgirl, so luminous her eyes, so clear and soft the wild-rose tints of cheek and mouth.

Ian, too, looked younger, less worn than in the days of Queen Anne Street and all that they had entailed. One of the first things he had done after the great upheaval in his life had been to regain possession of his own house; and there, during the months which had elapsed ere he ventured to seek out Grania in the safety of her Irish home, he had set about making it a fit dwelling for the girl who would, he felt assured, regard it in a very different light from that in which it had appeared to the Duke of Rossborough's daughter.

TO-NIGHT, the night of their return to London, they had been sitting in silence for a short time, busy with thoughts of the changes which in the last few months had so completely transformed their lives.

"It's just a year since we all left Den-Afar after your illness, Ian. It's odd, isn't it, that I should have been terribly ill too, and that you nearly gave me up just as dear Doctor Mac. and I rave you up in the desert?"

"Yes. We've both had narrow escapes from death. But don't let's talk of it, Grania. Even now I can't bear to think how nearly we let you slip through our fingers after that dreadful accident out there."

"You know"—she spoke rather dreamily—"there is one thing I have never been able to understand about that hold-up. Just before I struck my head and fainted I heard Rosa Nissen call out—'You fools! I told you not to shoot!' And I have wondered sometimes whether the whole thing was what people call a 'put-up-job.' What do you think, Ian?"

"Well, it was suggested at the time, but it couldn't be proved. If it were so, Miss Nissen's responsible for that poor lad's death, and for your illness. She certainly went back to America in a very subdued frame of mind. And no wonder if she had that on her conscience!"

For a moment neither spoke, but sat looking over the petal-strewn lawn which looked like a fairy carpet in the May dusk.

"This is very different from the desert, Grania. Unconsciously Ian lowered his voice. "How little we thought then that we should ever be here together, you and I, in this English garden with the pale little stars coming out—so different from those big bright desert stars—and the distant noise of traffic instead of the eternal desert silence."

"No. She spoke quietly. "We never thought of this. Do you know, Ian, looking back, it's always the silence I seem to remember. It's silent and peaceful here, in this delightful garden, but it's not like the silence at Den-Afar."

As she spoke the telephone bell rang with shrill insistence in the house behind them; and Ian rose with a half-humorous, half-impatient exclamation and went to answer the summons.

"I'm so sorry, Grania." He came out again a moment later and she read departure in his face. "I've got to go to the Nursing Home—someone's worse and I'm wanted at once. Hard lines on our first evening at home, isn't it?"

"Never mind, Ian. She concealed her disappointment gallantly and lifted her face to his in the starlight for a farewell kiss. "I've heaps of unpacking to do yet, and there'll be lots more evenings like this."

"Yes." He stooped and kissed her with a warmth of passion he rarely showed. "Thank God there'll be lots more evenings like this!"

FAR away in a wonderful mansion in New York Elmer Cronin's wife, beautifully dressed and looking remarkably handsome, was entertaining a large party of her husband's friends, who had gathered together to congratulate him on his marriage to the lovely and brilliant Englishwoman.

"Yes," she was saying to an elderly diplomatist who questioned her, smiling gently, on her predilection—or otherwise—for his country. "I love America! I know I shall be very happy here. In fact, I don't think I shall ever want to go back to England."

. . .

It was her final renunciation.

The End.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed for the publisher by Sydney Newspapers Limited, 331 Pitt Street, Sydney, and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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